School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1314108

The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

LIFE AND THE IDEAL

581
B69
910
Dining Room

LIFE AND THE IDEAL

BY

J. BRIERLEY

AUTHOR OF
"ASPECTS OF THE SPIRITUAL," "SIDELIGHTS ON RELIGION,"
"OURSELVES AND THE UNIVERSE," ETC.

LONDON
JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14 FLEET ST., E.C.
1910

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

Author's Foreword

These essays are based on the view that every form of life contains its separate ideal; in other words, that in all departments of it there is a something better than we have yet seen or reached. And they are a search for that ideal. The best thing about our universe is that it is an unfinished one; and that we, in our several positions, are called in as co-workers in the finishing of it. In business, in politics, in our social systems; in religion, as it exists in our forms and beliefs, there is a something yet to be attained, an eternal progress which we are to help in realising. We can never do our best work except in fidelity not only to what is, but to what is yet to be. The topics discussed are various as life is various, but they will be found to be united in this common conception.

London, 1910.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL	9
II.	WORK AND THE IDEAL	19
III.	COMPANIONS OF THE IDEAL	28
IV.	SIN AND THE IDEAL	37
V.	FAITH AND THE IDEAL	47
VI.	INTELLECT AND THE MORAL IDEAL	56
VII.	PRAYER AND THE IDEAL	67
VIII.	PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION	78
IX.	EVENTS AND THE IDEAL	87
X.	IDEALS AND LIFE-PLANNING	98
XI.	ARISTOCRACY AND THE IDEAL	109
XII.	THE IDEAL IN DEMOCRACY	118
XIII.	NATURE AND THE POLITICAL IDEAL	127
XIV.	OF HUMAN GOODNESS	136
XV.	EN ROUTE	145
XVI.	THE IDEAL IN SELF-LOSS	156
XVII.	THE IDEAL AND THE WALL	167
XVIII.	STIMULANTS	176

Contents

		PAGE
XIX.	THE ESTATE AND THE IDEAL	185
XX.	LIFE AS TRANSFORMATION	194
XXI.	THE IDEAL AS INDEPENDENCE	203
XXII.	LAND AND PEOPLE	212
XXIII.	RELIGION AND THE STATE	221
XXIV.	OUR POOR RELATIONS	230
XXV.	THE IDEAL AND HEALTH	239
XXVI.	THE POWERS OF DARKNESS	248
XXVII.	OUR UNUSED SELVES	255
XXVIII.	FAILURE AND THE IDEAL	264
XXIX.	THE ETHICS OF TRADE	272
XXX.	MOODS AND THE IDEAL	280

I

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL

One of the commonest phrases in modern politics is "the swing of the pendulum." It means that a Government loses by governing. It is expected that the party in power will steadily diminish its popularity by being in power. It will use it up as a spendthrift uses up his capital. Why is that? Is it simply because our administrators, being human, make mistakes? Or that, in the full glare of their position, their failings, their limitations, come more clearly into view? That, of course, is part of the reason. But it is not the whole, nor the greatest part. The question goes deeper than most people imagine. The bottom reason lies in a fact of human nature. It is that man believes always in what is not more than in what is. It is the world's innate idealism that digs the grave of Governments. The Opposition is, for the moment, the untried. They represent the possible. And the possible always overshadows the actual, because we are never satisfied with the actual.

This fact, which forms so disturbing an element in politics, goes vastly farther than politics. It is the greatest thing in life. Man inhabits two worlds, the world of the visible and present, and the world

of his dreams. And this dichotomy of his being keeps him in perpetual unrest. He is never in a condition where he cannot conceive a better. Mephistopheles promises Faust enduring felicity if he is ever able to say of a given moment, "*Verweile doch; du bist so schön.*" He is sure that he will never find that moment. Mme. de Chantal's cry, "There is something in me that has never been satisfied," had more than a personal reference. It is the cry of humanity. It is reported of R. L. Stevenson that when he heard of Matthew Arnold's death, he exclaimed, "Poor Matthew! heaven will not please him!" We could easily imagine Arnold's feeling as our own. If we carried with us to heaven the idealising faculty which now torments us, the remark would be true of us all.

Meanwhile, in this world, our idealism, though an element of unrest, is not by any means to be reckoned as an argument for pessimism. On the contrary, it is our greatest asset, the finest thing we have. It means that, good as things are, there is always something better. May we not here say that the divine scheme of things, as an eternal progress, is, in this way, adumbrated in the human mind? That we are not content: is not this a hint from above that we have no business to be; that we are only at the beginning; that we are called in as co-workers in a creation that has unimaginable fruitions yet to be disclosed? A contented world would be a standstill world, and we are not meant to stand still. Above and beyond what we see is the divine idea, towards which the visible is working; and it is our privilege to be par-

takers in the idea, as well as in its present stage of realisation.

And note what a present happiness it is to be sharers in that idea! Possessing it, no life can be called merely sordid. A man may be in the humblest position, his work a drudgery, his habitation a hovel. But that is not all of him. For his mind is not shut up in his shoemaking, or in his bare room. The more monotonous his toil the freer is he in his other sphere. Above his mean surroundings, floating like glorious cloud pictures in the boundless blue of his imagination, he sees and revels in the scenery of that upper world. Tauler, the mediæval mystic, in one of his sermons, says: "One man can spin, another can make shoes; all these are gifts of the Holy Ghost. I tell you if I were not a priest I should esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and I would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all." He would have made good shoes, we do not doubt; but his happiness would have been, not simply in turning out good material, but in that, beyond the handling of the leather, there was open to him the free play of his soul in realms to which leather does not reach.

One of those compensations that go far towards redressing the balance of life lies in the fact that, ordinarily, the darker the actual, the brighter shines the ideal. When all is gloom in the lower story, the upper chambers are often ablaze with light. The splendid apocalyptic visions of the later Judaism were given when the Jewish political outlook was of the blackest. The earthly kingdom was gone, but in the mind of every Jew shone the ideas we get in the

Book of Enoch, in Ezra vi., in the apocalypse of Baruch, and similar productions. Their mind revelled in the thought of a kingdom safe from the shock of Roman arms. And it *was* safe, for the Roman could not assault their thought. The early Church lived on a yet finer idealism. Harassed by the foe, it looked up, like Stephen, and saw the heavens opened. These poor slaves, these slum-dwellers of Rome and Ephesus, partook of a hidden life which put the pomp of emperors to scorn. How illuminating as to their inner mind is that word of Pionius, martyred in the Decian persecution. As he was led out to suffer, the Smyrna populace said to him: "It is good to live and see this light!" "Yes," he replied, "life is good, but there is a better life. Light is good if it be the true light. All around us is good and fair; we do not wish for death or hate the works of God. But there is a better world in comparison with which we despise this." Whether a man quit life at the stake, or in a bed of down, he will hardly find a better spirit in leaving it than that.

So far as the history of the world has yet gone, it seems as though a certain external hardship were needful to secure the vividest spiritual joys. That is the idea of asceticism—which it has worked to death. But nature here has preached a certain asceticism. She has had always to hit hard to strike sparks out of us. It is recorded of the early pilgrims at Concord: "The edge of their appetite was greater towards spiritual duties at their first coming in time of want than afterwards." Methodism's mightiest fervours and its intensest joys were in the days of its hardships

and poverty. The well-to-do Wesleyan manufacturer of to-day knows a thousand things and a thousand pleasures. What he does not know is the ecstatic joy with which his predecessors, the weavers of Yorkshire, the fishers of Cornwall, sang that triumphant strain of Wesley—the apocalypse of the poor :

> Come on, my partners in distress,
> My comrades in this wilderness,
> Who still your bodies feel ;
> Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
> And look beyond this vale of tears
> To that celestial hill.

Religion is the idealism of man. And because it is so it is eternal. The triumph of materialism would be the surest way to prove that. Let its programme be carried out, and every man get all the goods he wanted. That would be the moment in which he would feel his emptiness. The divine faculty in him would leap from what he had to what he had not. The material triumph would be the beginning of the revolt against it. The American proletariat finds one of its bitterest sarcasms in the religiousness of its millionaires. But the sarcasm is badly applied. Might they not see in it rather the evidence that to fill a man full of all this world offers leaves him hungering still ?

Man has always lived in the ideal, but the character and quality of his ideals have varied enormously. He has placed them in such different directions. There are people, for instance, whose eyes seem set in the back of their heads. They are *laudatores temporis acti*. For them the best is in the past. The

golden age is long since over. This kind of thinking began very early. Theognis, the Greek poet, says "Hope alone of kindly powers remains with men; the rest have abandoned us and gone to heaven. . . . The race of pious men hath perished." The Roman satirists found no age so bad as their own. Juvenal declares they had reached the limit of vice and degradation. Horace says that their own generation, descended from fathers who were worse than their own ancestors, was producing another still more corrupt. This glorification of the past is a human habit, in a way common to us all, and by no means to be entirely decried. It is the mind's escape from the crudeness of the real. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." It is indeed a beautiful faculty of the soul, this of dropping out from its backward view all that detracts from life's higher and nobler conceptions, this endeavour to find the perfect somewhere, if even in illusion. Thus it is that heroes are made into demi-gods, that people who were very human are, later, canonised as saints. And we like to have it so; we like Tennyson's knights of the table-round better than the characters in old Malory; we prefer the Robin Hood and the Cœur de Lion of "Ivanhoe" to the men of that name in veritable history. This is all good so long as we keep things in their proper place; so long as our ideal of the imagination does not conquer and destroy our ideal of truth.

Yet, on the whole, in our search for the ideal, it is better to keep our eyes where Nature has placed them, and to preserve the forward rather than the backward look. Despite all the past has to teach us,

we say with Saint-Simon, "The age of gold which a blind ignorance places in the past is not behind but before us." The best prophets are those with "forward-looking thoughts." To be sure of man is to be sure of his future. The despairers are belied by history. While the Roman writers were depicting a world going from bad to worse, they were unaware of a power then working in an obscure corner of the empire, which was to rejuvenate humanity and to set it on a glorious new way upward. Despite Horace, despite Juvenal, we are a long way better now than they or their ancestors, and going on to something vastly better still. The Utopias are on the way to being realised. The dream of a universal peace, which Lucan depicted in his "Pharsalia," which Erasmus cherished, and which scholars and kings laboured for, alas! in vain, in the seventeenth century, is to-day a matter of practical politics, and an assured possession of the future. We are moving towards a better city, a better state, a better world. The experiments of the past, with all their story of disappointment and failure, are showing themselves as preparations for a real achievement. The new Jerusalem has yet to descend out of heaven from God.

The point here that we need to be sure of is that the ideal can only come through the ideal. The disastrous mistake of the past has been that of perpetually seeking it through materialistic short cuts. That so far has been the fatal blunder in religion, in politics, in social movements. Hosts of good people before now have believed in dragooning men into faith. Augustine set the bad example when, from the text

" Compel them to come in," he preached the doctrine of religious persecution. How this insult to the soul's primary faculties has been followed up, the grim later history of the Church is the deplorable evidence. We see Charlemagne offering to the conquered Saxons the choice of baptism or the sword ; we see Rome harrying the Albigenses and the Vaudois with fire and sword ; we see the Inquisition, with its ghastly tortures ; we see the horrors of the Dragonnades. As late as 1760 a French gentleman was burnt for not bending the knee at a procession of the sacrament. We see under this delusion the saintliest people urging the most horrible crimes ; Catherine of Siena proposes to the Pope, as the best means of reuniting Christendom, a *levée en masse* for the invasion of Turkey and the massacre of the Turks. And this obsession is by no means exclusively a papal one. There are people to-day in Protestant England, in the Free Churches of England, who are under this blindness. We have excommunication recommended as a means of preserving the true faith. What we have yet to learn is that to preach a doctrine in any other than the Christian spirit, to offer it on any other terms than those of love, is the worst disservice that can be rendered to it ; that to preach atonement or any other dogma with a threat at the end of it is the surest means of procuring its rejection. You cannot bully men into goodness. You cannot get heaven into them by a sledge-hammer.

And what is true of religion is true of the whole world movement. The notion that human happiness is to be secured by a mere mechanical rearrangement of

society is one of those ideas that hard experience ought by this time to have finally discredited. It is one of those short cuts that land you in the bog. Rearrangements we need, and on a great scale, and they will come. But town-planning, excellent as it may be, is one thing and life-planning another. You can redistribute property by carving it up. You cannot distribute happiness that way. Charles Fourier for twenty years and more brooded the project of his "Phalanstery," where, in model establishments, property, labour, education, amusement and the relation of the sexes were to be established on a new basis—a project which was in a given number of years to conquer the world and to make it a paradise. At length he met a capitalist who advanced money to start the experiment. But, alas! Fourier had forgotten one thing—human nature. The new paradise, after a few months, broke up in confusion, and the attempt has never been repeated. There have been before and since other cuts to Utopia, with a similar history. They all go to prove one thing: that, as we have said, the ideal can only come through the ideal; that the only way to a perfect society is through the perfecting of man.

We have discussed idealisms of the past and idealisms of the future, but there remains another, which is worth all our attention. It is that which is concerned with the present and now. "Alas!" says Carlyle, in "Past and Present," "the ideal has always to grow in the real, to seek out its bed and board there, often in a very sorry way." One may use his sentence without any "alas" to it; use it, indeed, as a glorious

fact and an inspiring admonition. Is it nothing to us that every humblest thing we handle has in it, if we inquire deep enough, mystic secrets of being that wait to be explored! And all the people that surround us, in the household and out of doors, what are we doing with them, making of them? Are we looking simply at their visible presentation; at this failing and that? It will be better for us to look deeper; to perceive the ideal in our brother, in our neighbour, and to make friends with that. It is this perceptive power of love that is the maker of the ideal home and of the ideal world.

The past is great, the future is greater, but they must neither be allowed to belittle the present. Jean Paul gives us here a litany which we might well chant every morning: "Be every minute, man, a full life to thee! Make not the present a means of thy future; for the future is nothing but a coming present, and the present, which thou despisest, was once a future which thou desiredst!" To find the ideal in the actual, a hidden best in what seems the worst; to search for the good in your brother as for hid treasure; to value every new moment of time as an unspeakable gift; to find, as Luther says, "God in every blade of grass, in every creature"; to discern in every material a hidden spiritual, in every temporal an aspect of the eternal—this is the soul's wisdom; its philosopher's stone, that turns all it touches into gold.

II

WORK AND THE IDEAL

If we could compose a decalogue of God's unwritten revelation, one of its first commandments would be, "Thou shalt work." The universe is organised on a basis of labour; is itself the supreme example of labour. From end to end of its immeasurable dominion there is no corner of it that is idle. The motionless things, closer seen, show themselves as full of movement. Matter, the scientists tell us to-day, is a mode of motion. The atom is a whirlpool of forces. The telescope shows us nebulæ that are forming into stars, stars that are evolving from one stage to another, and all driving onwards towards unknown bournes. And the labour here is organised; the work is according to a plan. You cannot study the universe anywhere, in its minutest portions, without feeling the mentality behind it. Take Huxley's description of what goes on in a salamander's egg: "The plastic material undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions. . . . And then it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the

spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body ; . . . so that after watching the process hour by hour one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to the vision than a microscope would show the hidden artist with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

Our working universe, under the guidance of this " Artist," takes, we perceive, its holidays not by rest, by mere inertia, but by change of labour. It keeps itself fresh by a constant flux. Its material, decayed and worn out by one form of service, becomes reborn as something else, to pursue a new career. The rotten branch of your dead tree, which fought so long a losing battle for life, leaps into new energy as you fling it on your winter fire—flies up into heat, into motion, into buoyant gases ; out of weakness made strong, it indicates once more its essential immortality. It is a spectacle for every tired man of us ; the cosmic whisper to us that weariness is only a passing phase ; that for us also are reserves of exhaustless energy to fall back on ; that decaying is only a form of new becoming.

We say that work in itself is a gospel, the primitive gospel ; one, if we will hearken to it, full of hope, of religion, of all morality. It is full of hope, for it rests on the principle that things as they are can be made better by effort. They are here to be made better, by their very structure inviting us to the task and to be happy in performing it. Think of that to begin with. Is it not good for us to find ourselves in an improvable universe, rather than in one where

there is nothing left to be done? To be invited as co-operators with the great Artificer, rather than to stand as mere spectators, with our hands in our pockets! "Come and do something!" Is not this a happier call than "Come and look at what has been done"? It is the highest of invitations; the final honour that God can offer us.

This gospel is full also of the faith doctrine. Atheists and Methodists are one in this, that they must believe in the qualities of the things they handle. The shoemaker begins his task to-day in the conviction that the leather he works in will prove itself leather. Suppose it took the character of glue or paste! The carpenter expects that oak and elm will be steadfast to their qualities. The sailor puts to sea sure that the sea in all its moods will remain a calculable element. The elements never strike work, never become turn-coats. They are faithfullest of servants. Observe how full of response they are, nay, even of appeal. Of unimpeachable character in themselves, they ask for character in us. The wood, stone, iron we work on reveal their treasures according to the character we bring to them. They lament our lack of skill, our laziness. When we bring to them our best, they respond with a visible gladness. They hasten to publish the artist's skill, the workman's fidelity.

And this gospel has a certain compulsion behind it. It has its own system of rewards and punishments. Nature is a humourist, and has her own way of dealing with her offspring. She knows her human; knows him for a lazy fellow. But she keeps him to the mark. For one thing, by a system of limited supplies. Actual

wealth, the commodities by which we live, can only be accumulated to a certain degree. Stop work for only a short period, and we should all speedily be in a state of starvation. Make us all millionaires to-morrow, and the same thing would hold. The world's shoes would wear out and need to be replaced ; we could only get coats and frocks by somebody making them. The coal would have to be won from the mines, the fish from the sea, the wheat from the field. The world, in short, would be just as busy a world as before.

Work, which is thus man's necessity, is also his health and his happiness. This, too, is writ deep in the nature of things. Your arm, your foot, your hand, your brain, will come to their perfection only through ordered, steady exercise. Skill is a winning fight with difficulties ; it comes from the alliance between your will and your intellect, the finest of combinations. You can only find yourself in work. It is also the happiness-maker. When you are cobbling shoes or sweeping a room, remember you are in a better condition, in a more joyous and life-developing condition, than if you were lolling in carriages, or gorging at feasts, or being waited on by menials. Do not seek to change places ; it would be a move downwards. Adam Bede, as George Eliot pictures him, with his feet in dry shavings, his window open to the spring air, whistling a tune as his plane flies over the board, is at the top of human living. Is your labour monotonous ? But *you* need not be monotonous in doing it. While the hands are at work the mind is free. Robert Burns pushes his plough and at the same time weaves immortal verse. Samuel Drew, the Cornish

Methodist, works in leather and ponders that fine bit of metaphysic on the soul's immortality. A Yorkshire lay preacher, whose humour and power were the delight of his countryside, asked where he got his ideas, said, "Where I get all my good things—behind my loom, sir!" Work in proper conditions is the salt of life. Good is the new eagerness we bring to it in the morning; good the mighty swing of it through the day; good the weariness of evening, with its countering bliss of repose.

It is wonderful how, with a will to work, our whole nature, conscious and unconscious, works with us. Hidden powers, that seem to have been waiting for us, join themselves to our industry. In mental effort especially there are all manner of reinforcements. Sir Benjamin Brodie gives an account of himself here which represents a common experience: "It has often happened to me to have been occupied by a particular subject of inquiry; to have accumulated a store of facts connected with it, and to have been unable to proceed further. Then, after an interval of time, without any addition to my stock of knowledge, I have found the obscurity and confusion in which the subject was previously enveloped to have cleared away; the facts seemed all to have settled themselves in the right places, and their mutual relations to have become apparent, although I have not been sensible of having made any distinct effort for that purpose." The brain, in fact, once set going in a given direction, works by itself. It works while we sleep. We have inspirations which seem to come from nowhere. Something other than ourselves speaks to us. Philo

of Alexandria gives us his own account of this. "Sometimes," says he, "when I have come to my work empty, I have suddenly become full; ideas being in an invisible manner showered upon me and implanted in me from on high." De Musset, from another side of the mental field, brings his witness: "I do not work, I listen; someone whispers me in the ear." Something like this goes on through all the working world. Whatever our industry, steady effort attracts unknown powers to our aid. We reach a point where, without understanding the process, we discover we have ceased to be bunglers, have struck upon the joy of competence.

Labour, backed thus at all points by Nature's sanctions, has, through Christianity, become a religion. It reaches its supreme consecration in Jesus the Carpenter. The world is at last slowly awakening to what that means. While the metaphysics of the Person of Christ are falling into the background, what is filling the people's imagination is the thought of Him as the Leader and Sanctifier of Labour. Pius IX., addressing once a number of the Roman aristocracy, laid stress on the fact that Jesus was of noble birth. That, for the modern world, is assuredly not where the emphasis lies. Not in the Pope's sense at least.

Let us say, indeed, that Jesus was of noble birth. He was born into the nobility of the workers. His nobility was that of Schiller's dictum: "Say not, am I in the nobility? But, is nobility in thee?" The highest soul this world has seen was a mechanic by trade. Behind His year and a half as a teacher lay long years in which He toiled in wood, "making

ploughs and yokes," as one of the earliest Fathers says. And that was a preaching mightier perhaps than His mightiest word. It was the inauguration of labour's day. It was the shifting of the basis of esteem. In the age He came into work of that kind was under taboo. The Greek, the Roman, thought it an occupation for slaves. And for long ages after that continued the current view. It was endorsed by official Christianity. The Pope in the splendour of his Court forgot the tradition of the Carpenter. To-day we are beginning once more to remember it. The Redeemer of our soul is becoming the Redeemer of our economics, of our social state. The age-long blindness is passing away. When we look at marble halls, at magnificent staircases, at exquisite furniture, our reverence goes not to the exquisites who parade here, at the do-nothing whose unearned money has bought all this, but to the horny-handed toilers, the foundation-diggers, the masons, the artists, who have wrought these things to their perfection.

The worker is at last coming to his own. The dream of Fourier, who in his "Phalanstery" decreed the chief honours to the doers of the humblest and most disagreeable tasks, has begun to haunt us. The other day the coal-miner—the man who, for our sakes, gives up in working hours his sunshine and daylight—combined in an irresistible host, gave us a hint of his power. That he is using it with such entire moderation is a proof of his essential nobleness. He, too, like Him of Nazareth, is of the nobility, and has his *noblesse oblige*.

We need not fear the ascendancy of labour, and that

for the reason that it will be, more and more, an ascendancy of character. Work, as we have seen, is the maker of character. It is the atmosphere in which the virtues grow. It is here men gain discipline, where they win depth and seriousness. It is from its ranks our religion came, and will continue to come. Since the beginning in Nazareth the great religious movements have had this sphere as starting-point. The English Free Churches, through all their history, have been communities of workers. You will not find a born idler among them. The essential sanity of labour to-day is seen in the choice of its representatives. The Labour Members in Parliament are elected on their character. Let a man lose that and the toilers will have nothing to do with him.

What is certain is that the working world will develop its own laws. And they will be good laws—Nature's own. They will exhibit a proper sense of values. Ability will always get its own, and be paid its wages. The master mind, that of the inventor, the organiser, will keep its kinghood. Nothing, it will be perceived, can be done without discipline, without obedience. Knowledge will always govern unknowledge. Let the captain be deposed, and the ship will fail to reach port. Labour, by its inherent qualities, its primal necessities, will follow the maxim that order is heaven's first law.

The highest labour takes its own wages and is paid in full. For here the reward is in the doing of it; in the development it brings to the inner nature, in the sharing of results with the whole world. These are the wages God takes for Himself; the wages

Jesus earned ; the wages earned in their degree by all who follow His high path. In theology there have been fiercest controversies over the doctrine of free grace *versus* the doctrine of works. In reality there is no room for controversy ; there is no opposition between the two. Free grace and good work are bound up in inextricable union. You never meet one without the other.

Labour, we perceive, is to-day moving towards its true position, but much has yet to be done. One of the chief modern tasks is to remove from it the hardships, the injustices, which prevent it from being, in all its departments, a health, a delight. Science must help in subduing the great world-forces more completely to our service, making the artisan less of a hand labourer and more of a thinker. Its inventions, its combinations, must be for the upbuilding of life, and not for slaughters and destructions of it. We want a century of science for the remodelling of the home, the saving of women from ceaseless household drudgeries. It has, too, to redistribute power so that the toiler may do his work in the open, and not shut up in stifling factories. We want a new social ethic which shall give greater honour to the humbler task. We must everywhere mingle grace with works ; the grace, for instance, of thanks, of praise. We have not paid our helper by giving him money. He must have our soul's coin, the expression of our appreciation, our obligation. " My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." There have we the eternal ideal—the law for a community where each, inspired by the highest, gives of his best in the service of all.

III

COMPANIONS OF THE IDEAL

COMPANIONSHIP is of the essence of life. We were made for our fellow. At every moment, in a thousand different forms, we are tasting his society. You are in touch with him—without speech—as you walk down the street. The group of children yonder is a feast for eye and heart. These happy faces play on every chord of you. And the grown-up crowd, too, each passer-by with a whole life-history written on those few inches of feature, how that stirs the inmost humanity in you, thrills you with a sense of oneness in the common mystery of existence!

That is a companionship in which you do the thinking. There is that other, closer one, where the thinking is shared. How good is great talk! It is better than oratory; it is freer, and is the product not of one, but of a mixture of high souls. Robert Hall's conversation was better than his sermons. It took fire from contact with other minds. "I have heard Coleridge," says Christopher North; "that man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday—or rather the genius within him—for he is inspired." What talk Plato gives us in the "Symposium"! The eighteenth

century, we suppose, could offer nothing finer, no richer flavoured wine of life, than was tasted by that charmed circle where Sir Joshua, and Burke, and Goldsmith and Garrick, with Johnson as centre, filled the swift-fleeting hours with glorious converse.

But companionship, we repeat, is by no means restricted to speech. You may have the keenest sense of it and no word spoken. We are never, indeed, truly intimate until we can do without speaking. And our fellow man, whether vocal or speechless, is by no means our only society. The world we live in is entirely companionable. Your bird, your dog, are on more than speaking terms. A winter fire is one of the cheerfullest of talkers. This happy glow, this piece of central heat loaned to you from the sun's heart—between you and it there is so much in common. Nature herself is an inexhaustible talker. Jarno, in "Wilhelm Meister," expresses what is so often our feeling towards her: "Clever people soon explain themselves to one another, and then they have done. But now I will dive into the recesses of the rocks and with them begin a mute, unfathomable conversation."

Is it too much to say that our greatest society is in the company of the unseen? It is so, even on this visible plane of things. The great mass of our friends are at this moment away from our ken. There are many we have not seen for years. Yet the sense that they are here, still dwellers with us on this planet, looking daily on the same sun, partakers in the same world interests, sending us from time to time their messages of regard, how much that is to us! What a

sense of loss when they are gone ! Yonder we know—across the world, it may be—is a kindly face that kindles at our name, and we are all the better for knowing it. That far-off friend is one of our assets. To think over the good times we have had together, and, full of the happy memory, to send him wireless messages of good-will, is one of the most wholesome of mental exercises. Who knows that the message, winged by the soul's inner forces, may not cross the spacial bounds, and enter his heart as a sudden, mystic encouragement !

The greatest friends of the future may be invisible from each other to-day. The youth yonder is growing to his manhood, and somewhere, all hidden from him now, but born and actually living on this same God's earth, is the maiden who some day will be his, in the closest of all intimacies. He has not, maybe, seen her face nor heard her name, and yet she is there, living, thinking, praying, let us hope. The character is day by day shaping in her, which is to make all the difference to his life. Here is an unseen companion with whom he has not yet exchanged word, but who carries all his fates in her hand ! A beautiful fellowship, surely, which should stir all that is best in him ! Let him cultivate it ; let him prepare himself for her by whatever inner cleansing and strengthening are possible to him, ere yet they clasp hands.

But we are here only at the beginning of our ideal companions. How is it that we are never less alone than when we are alone ? It is, for one thing, because our unity as persons is centred in multiplicity. We carry such a company within us. We are not the " I "

of the present moment only. Behind it, linked most closely on to it, stretches the endless procession of the "I's" of our past. And these keep up an incessant conversation. Well does Mme. von Krüdener say, "*Le meilleur ami à avoir c'est le passé.*" Yes, provided our past *is* a friend! Have we, who are starting in life, sufficiently considered this; that day by day by our thinkings and actings we are creating a companion that we shall never be able to shake off; this past of ours which sits with us in our inmost retreat, which attends our sleeping and our waking; which never stops talking? Were it not worth our while, apart from any other consideration, to make this so close intimate of ours an *agreeable* intimate? The man who wrecks his life at the start, who begins by trampling on his moral nature, has no need to wait for a Day of Judgment. To have turned his past into an odious conversationalist, whose reminders bring perpetually the blush to his cheek, is a judgment here and now.

The past in its aspect of companionship carries, as we see, its threat; but let us not dwell too much on that. For its leading feature is beneficence. There are more smiles in it, after all, than frowns. Our own follies enter into it, but against that let us put the vast treasures it brings. On your bookshelf yonder—we are supposing you are a reader—there is waiting for you the finest companionship the world offers. You never saw Milton or Shakespeare, or à Kempis or Plato; but here you have them talking their best. Here are the inspired moods of the greatest spirits—made permanent in the letters of the alphabet. They never heard your name, never dreamed of your exist-

ence ; but if you care for their company they are ready to enter your circle, to impart to you the inmost of their souls. Superb democracy of the spiritual world ! Its highest can never keep itself to itself ; it incessantly seeks society; yes, yours and mine. Shall we trouble about Park Lane receptions to which we are not invited when, without influential introductions, without changing into evening dress, we can enter such company as this ?

Let us not talk of the world as being unsocial. The best men in all departments press their acquaintance upon you. Literature is not the only language in which they address you. When you listen to great music, when you stand before a masterpiece of art, you are once more in contact with souls. Rubens is dead, and Raffael and Mozart and Beethoven, but the ethereal part of them survives, and offers to you its glorious fellowship. All the world's music, all its artistry, are forms of the companionship to which life has introduced us. With such magnificent names on our visiting list we may surely consider ourselves as in good society ; yes, and feel it a call upon us, in mere decency, to keep our souls in trim to receive such guests.

But these, after all, are voices of the past. What of the present ? Is there, beyond what has yet been said, any ideal companionship there ? Yes, there is a crowd of companions. To begin with, our soul's habits, its perceptions, its convictions, as they deepen and strengthen, become almost objectified; they stand as it were around our central self, and have constant speech with it. What an expressive word is

that which Leigh Hunt uses of Napoleon in his later days : " No great principle stood by him ! " No great principle, for our principles, if we have any, are indeed companions. In life's crises we turn to them as to old and trusty friends. Born of great moments, fed and exercised by life's experience, hardened by combat, they stand there embattled for the onset of the foe. Alas for us if the space these should occupy is an empty one ! A man with convictions, said John Mill, is worth ten men with only opinions. The man of principles, you feel, is more than himself. There is always something behind him. " They burnt Huss," said Luther on his way to Worms, " but not the truth with him." Beside his mortal part, that presently was to perish in the flames, moved another part that was immortal.

And may we not speak here of other invisible fellowships that touch upon and influence our career in this world ? We are to-day beyond the notion that the world of life is comprehended within the view of our five senses. For aught we know, there may be a dozen worlds all interpenetrating our own. That, indeed, has been an almost universal belief. Plutarch, speaking of the *daimon* of Socrates, holds that it was "the influence of a superior intelligence and a diviner soul operating on the mind of Socrates, whose divine and holy temper fitted him to hear this spiritual speech." It was a beautiful tradition of the early Church that each soul had its angel attendant. Epictetus bids us remember that when we have barred the door of our chamber we are not alone : " God is with us and our attendant spirit." " *Die Geisterwelt is nicht ver-*

schlossen." We know at present a world of three dimensions. But the figure "three" contains no finality. Who says that with the development of man's spiritual nature he will not see over the wall that now encompasses us and find a new kindred beyond? Is it not congruous with the nature of our universe to believe that its boundlessness includes a boundless series of beings?

> Think you this mould of hopes and fears
> Could find no statelier than his peers
> In yonder hundred million spheres?

These, however, are studies of the outskirts. Let us end at the centre. Our fellow inhabitants of this universe are ever of interest to us, but the chief concern of all of us is with the Master of the House. Have we or have we not here an invisible companion with whom we may hold converse? Plato in "The Laws" speaks of three suppositions about the Gods on which evil men might construct their lives: "either that they did not exist, or that they did not care for men; or that they might be easily appeased by sacrifices." It is a significant passage; and that because it points so unerringly to the one sure foundation of our doctrine of God. Modern science and philosophy have played havoc with some of the old theologic and metaphysical arguments about the Deity. But in doing so they have opened the way to a better. We believe in God, as Plato here hints, because we cannot reach a good life without Him. It is the soul's native necessities that force us here. I believe in food, because I get hungry. Ships are built on the supposition of an ocean. The soul is built on the supposition

of an over-soul. There is a whole inner apparatus—and that the highest part of us—which will only work on this supposition. Our entire uppermost storey, our aspiration, our faith, our worship faculty, our whole vocabulary of the spiritual life, find here, and in naught else, their meaning and value. If this bank does not exist, our inner treasure is so much waste paper. An evil life may do without God ; for a good life He is a necessity.

It is the same with that other supposition of Plato's evildoer ; the idea that God, if He exists, cares not. We know He cares because our spiritual life will only work on that belief. The essential woodenness of materialism has nowhere more conspicuously displayed itself than in the assertion that the laws of Nature preclude the efficacy of prayer. They offer us a God enmeshed in His own universe, as a spider imprisoned in his web. It is certainly odd that man, moving amongst the cosmic laws, should yet be free to influence and act on his fellow, and yet that God should not have the same liberty! Is not God at least as free as His creature ? The proof here, we say, is in the human need and the human experience. Prayer is the intercourse between ourself and our Ideal Companion. The reality of it is in its effects. St. Patrick, in his Confessions, says of his ten years' slavery : " Amid frost and snow I felt no ill, nor was there any sloth in me, because the Spirit was burning within me." Millions of less-known men could corroborate that testimony. What has sustained them in their life-conflict has been always this Other, Higher Self, witnessing, "burning" within them. From all other

companionships they have come back, with deepest satisfaction, to *this* Companion. Their converse with Him is in itself always a move upwards. In that single fact is the all-sufficient evidence for prayer. To cease from this converse is to pronounce sentence of death on the whole upper half of our being.

IV

SIN AND THE IDEAL

LORD MORLEY, in one of his essays, speaking of Emerson, says: "In like manner Emerson has little to say of that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the Churches call sin, and which, by whatever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the moral nature of man." Emerson was a comfortable optimist, who, gifted with a sunny temperament, had an exceedingly good time in the world. He saw life on its best sides. One might compare him with Madame Récamier, of whom Sainte Beuve says: "She simply could not see evil anywhere." There are many like Emerson. Indeed, what Morley said of him might be said of our age, not excluding the Church itself. It is, indeed, of the Church idea and treatment of sin that we wish here to speak. Has it at present a doctrine of sin? If so, it seems somewhat obscure, and there is great shyness in presenting it. There are reasons for this. On the one hand, there is a prevailing easy sentimentalism which prefers smooth topics to rough ones. On the other, there is a reticence arising from uneasiness and mental confusion. New facts about the world and humanity have poured in which seem to contradict the old doctrine; and the Church, caught between this clash of views, has not, on the

subject, found its mind or its voice. But it is time it did, for the theme is vital. What we think about sin has everything to do with what we think about God; everything to do with our conduct towards His creatures.

First of all, have we any valid reason for recasting the old ideas on this subject? Have we any new light? any new facts or experiences to which that earlier world, which gave us our creeds and dogmas, had not access? Has collective humanity, grown taller, augmented its vision power so as to be able to see farther? Has there been in the interval any development of that moral faculty which is primarily concerned with the question? In a word, is our age competent to pronounce a new judgment? It would argue, surely, a false modesty to deny or even to doubt this. It is simply the first fact we encounter. Not simply is our age the one with the longest human experience behind it, but it is one in which new sciences have arisen for the study of that experience. We know, as no previous age has known, the story of human development. Geology, psychology, sociology, anthropology, have opened up hitherto undreamed-of stores of information, all bearing upon this one topic. No one, whether cleric or layman, can pronounce on it—at least with any chance of being listened to by cultivated persons—without having studied these sources and considered their verdict. But there is much more than that. In addition to what science offers, we have a new and enormously valuable contribution to the subject derived from the later practice of mankind. For sin is an affair, not of theology

only, but of human conduct and misconduct. It is the thing which occupies our police-courts, our prison arrangements; which has to be guarded against and dealt with in our neighbour and in ourselves. And we are dealing with it on theories which differ from those of our fathers, and with results that are in themselves a revelation.

Our age, then, has something of its own to say on the doctrine of sin. But before inquiring what that is it may be well to remind ourselves of what the Church doctrine is on this subject, or at least what it has been. The Church postulates a fall of man in his ancestor Adam, and a thence-derived original sin which exposes him to the wrath of God. Says the Westminster Confession on this head: "By their sin they fell from their original righteousness, and so became dead in sins, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of their soul and body." Catholicism, it must be acknowledged, has not gone as far as the Protestants and Puritans in this matter. Its doctrine is of a fall and a defiling, but not of so complete a character. As St. Bernard puts it: "The fine gold has become dim, but it is still gold; the beauteous colour has faded, but it is not altogether effaced." From this ruin the elect by the operation of grace are saved from the Divine wrath; but the non-elect—or amongst Arminians those who refuse salvation or who fall from grace—are exposed to eternal damnation. How hopeless the outlook here is, according to both Protestant and Catholic theology, may be illustrated by two citations. The Anglican Pearson says, in his work on the Creed: "But in the

reprobate and damned souls the spot of sin remaineth in its perfect die, the dominion of sin continueth in its absolute power; the guilt of sin abideth in a perpetual obligation to eternal pains." What Catholics are still teaching is illustrated by the following from Mr. E. S. Haynes's book on "Religious Persecution": "We came recently on a book by a Jesuit which informs the reader that sinners in hell have asbestos souls to ensure their burning for eternity."

It is not too much to say that these ideas have become impossible to us; impossible to our science, impossible to our moral development. We know more of the human past than did the dogma-makers of the creeds, and that knowledge does not accord with their assumptions. Darwinism is, on specific points, assailed to-day from many quarters, but the belief in a gradual, age-long development of the race from an inferior animal condition has now become practically universal. Whatever fall there has been in man's history was a fall upwards. Sin, we perceive, however terrible in itself, is a sign not so much of human ruin as of human progress. There was a time when man was not good enough to sin. An animal does not sin. A tiger may slay and devour a whole family, but we do not call it a sinner, nor does it feel like one. It was in man's climb upward, when a moral nature formed itself in him, that actions which before were sinless assumed to his dawning light another shape. Sin began in man with the dawn of the ideal. It was with the infancy of the race as with our individual infant; which, born a mere bundle of sensations and appetites, arrives gradually at moralhood, where

it can sin, and does. A perception of sin, we say, is an element of moral progress. There are no shadows where there is no light. It is the saints—the natures where the light shines brightest—the Pauls, the Augustines, the Bunyans, who have the vividest perception of their own and the world's evil.

It may be said here that to give the natural history of the moral sense is not to define sin or to show how it should be dealt with. You do not excuse a man's wrong use of power by showing how he came by it. Very true. And now we say, take any definition of it you please, from metaphysics, from theology, from psychology, or from your actual experience; paint it and its consequences in the darkest colours that our knowledge of it can justify; what we now ask is, how far will this conception of sin—your own and the world's—tally with the credal conceptions we have cited, or with the popular theological ideas that have been built upon them? It will be found that our moral development, coinciding here with the revelations of science, has made them impossible. Take, for instance, the notion, found in many theologies, that man's sin, since it is committed against an infinite Being, is therefore infinite, demanding infinite punishment. Can anyone to-day believe that? Surely that is to take infinity by the wrong end. If God is infinite anywhere, is He not infinite in His love? Transfer the theory to ourselves. Are we to suppose that a child's punishment for its offences is to be proportionate to the superior wisdom, strength and station of its parent? Does any father reason like that? Or take again the popular theory that death

alters all our relations to God ; that the erring, sinful being whom His sun has shone upon and His care protected all through life will, by the mere fact of dying, face a different God, armed only with terrors and vengeance ! It is as if a mother, who loves her child as long as it is awake, should turn on it the hand of a murderess the moment it falls asleep.

Sin, in a moral nature, is the same thing in England as in Australia, in one state of being as in any other, in this life or any other life. And our common-sense, still more our moral faculty, educated by the long process of the ages, educated most of all by the mind of Christ, knows only one way of dealing with it. Under that education we are giving up punishment, the infliction of suffering, as an end in itself. Our first instinct towards evil-doers is an instinct of reform. Gone are the days when young people for their first offence were hanged in batches at Newgate. We invade our criminal districts with missionaries, with schools, with Barnardo agencies, with methods of rescue and reclamation. We believe in the salvability of our worst human material, and work for it. And the results prove the value of the method. To hate a man, to pursue him with vengeance, because he has sinned against us or the community is, we instinctively feel, a lowering of our own nature, a sin against him and against the highest. We inflict suffering in the belief of its salutary quality, and accept the world's suffering as, in mysterious ways, working towards a salutary, saving end—the belief which was hammered into poor Oscar Wilde, of which he speaks in his "De Profundis": "Now it seems to me that

love of some kind is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world."

In this belief we select men of high character as governors of our prisons, and seek to make these places, as far as possible, reformatories. In this connection, one cannot but note the extraordinary confusion of ideas which, in current theology, makes God, in His dealing with sinful souls beyond the grave, elect as their governor a supposed invincible rebel against Himself, the worst character in the universe! Surely it is time we dismissed from our thoughts these barbarities of an ignorant age; that we ceased to insult the Eternal Love and Wisdom by attributing to it cruelties and stupidities that would not be tolerated for a moment amongst ourselves!

These thoughts, which the moral consciousness of our time has pressed to the front, have been at the back of the brains of the best people in all ages. To the mighty intellect of Aristotle evil had no independent existence. It was to him a privation, an abatement of the good, a depreciation of excellence. His idea corresponded to that contained in the New Testament word for sin—*hamartia*, literally "a missing of the mark." Augustine, when he ceases to be theological and becomes simply Christian, thinks in the same way. "God," says he, "deemed it better to do good with evil, rather than not to permit evil at all." And again, "If it were not good that there should be evil, evil would in no wise have been permitted by Omnipotent Goodness." To this let us add that word of his in the "De Trinitate," where, speaking of

the sacrifice of Christ, he says: "Would the Father have delivered up His Son for us if He had not been already appeased? I see that the Father loved us before the Son died for us." The mystics in every age have believed in the all-conquering love of God. Take this word of that lovely saint of the fourteenth century, the Anchoress Julian of Norwich: "For I saw no manner of wrath in God, whether for short time nor for long. . . . For God is all that is good to my sight, and God loveth all that He hath made. For in mankind that is to be saved is comprehended all—that is to say, all that is made. . . For in man is God and God is in all." To the same effect is the testimony of that noble early Baptist, John Smyth, who says in his "Long Confession": "As no man begetteth his child to the gallows, nor no potter maketh a pot to break it, so God doth not predestinate any man to destruction." The instinct to save men, which the Christ-spirit has implanted in us, compels us to believe in God's instinct. If General Booth with his Salvationists found themselves in contact with poor souls in the condition to which his official theology reduces them, he would set the whole Army at work on a mission of healing and reclaiming. Can the servant here be greater or better than his Lord?

The doctrine we here preach is essentially that of Christianity; is that of its entire spirit and method; is the only one that can be deduced from it. Christ's way with sinners was to love them, to believe in their recoverability. He tackled the outcasts as an object-lesson in the possibilities of a loved humanity. To preach His Gospel to men is to announce your faith in a

Divine something in them which will respond to this Divine something you bring to them. It is this spirit which makes Christianity the most daring of optimisms; which puts it into magnificent contrast with the fatalism of the East and the fatalism of the West. While Schopenhauer declares you can no more change the character of a bad man than the character of a tiger; while Nietzsche sneers at the weak and exalts force and repression, the Gospel goes on hoping and goes on saving. Sin is the old part of a man, the animal part of him, the reminiscence of the slime out of which he has risen. And the spiritual is the new part of him; the Divine part which is slowly filtering into him as his faculties are prepared for its reception; the part which, as yet, has only begun its history, but which is destined to fill it in the time to come.

This doctrine of sin is the only one that works in our own daily contact with life and with our fellows. You do no good by hammering at the evil in humanity, whether the humanity is in your own household or outside. You can hit back at your man, and then, in the sum of the day's actions, there has been your insult or wrong added to his. Christ has taught us the folly of all this; nay, the best men had learned it before. We read of Lycurgus that when his eye had been put out by an enemy, he got the man into his power, but instead of taking revenge on him (Origen tells the story) "he ceased not to use all his arts of persuasion until he induced him to become a philosopher." That was Christianity before Christ, the one and only sane way of dealing with evil.

It is the way of trust, of trust in the eternity of

goodness, of its all-conquering power. "Trust the people," said Gladstone, and the word was the introduction of Christianity into politics. Under that influence we shall learn to trust not only our own people, but all other peoples; to trust the French, the Germans, the Russians, the Chinese. And they will return the trust. The rise of that spirit will be the death of armaments, the death of wars. William Penn trusted the Indians, and they hurt neither a hair of his head nor a stone of his property. You may trust goodness as you trust radium or oxygen. More, for these may change, but this is eternal.

And if we trust goodness in men, shall we distrust the goodness in God? Think of religious schemes, ceremonials, theological contrivances to save men from God! As if the one thing wanted were not to open His approach to us, to let in the full current of His love! The want of the age is a new faith in God; a faith in Him for ourselves and our neighbour; a faith which covers his and our affairs for to-day; his and our affairs for time and for eternity.

V

FAITH AND THE IDEAL

We have met people who could get up no enthusiasm about justification by faith. It was a dogma to be accepted, but they saw in it nothing to exult about. That is because our theologians have been such bad teachers of theology. They smother us with words which they fail to make alive. For this is a doctrine to stir us when we do understand it. It made Luther's blood leap in his veins. It meant for him that, after all the torture of ceremonial, fast and vigil to get himself right with God, he found the whole business centred in just trusting God. The formidable Being whose wrath he had been labouring to propitiate needed no efforts of that kind. He was already his friend. God meant good to him, had done so from the first. He was to do his best as a man in the world because God loved him and believed in him ; believed in his possibility of being and doing something. That, for Luther and the rest of us, is the true saving faith. The life of faith means a faith on both sides. We believe in God, and God believes in us ; believes in us as worth saving, as worth doing His best with, as having possibilities that make us worth all His care.

That, however it has been hitherto obscured, is the ultimate Gospel truth of which the New Testament

story is the one magnificent illustration. It is the story of the worth of God and the worth of man; of their intimate relations; of the humanness of God and the divineness of humanity. The story of Jesus, the apostolic testimony, the wonders of believing, loving, serving, wrought in the Church, all, come to that, are opened to us by this interpretation. They are phases of faith, of man's belief in God, and God's belief in man.

We cannot make too much of faith. It is the principle which makes the world go round. A man may call himself unbeliever till he is black in the face. He is simply proclaiming his own absurdity. He begins by believing and ends with it. There is nothing else to be done. Consider, to begin with, on what terms we know ourselves in a world at all. We take it all on trust. We have just the evidence of our senses; certain impressions of touch, hearing, sight; certain vibrations impinging on certain nerves; and there, practically, is our world. How do we know that these sensations represent anything actual; or that the outside actuality has any real correspondence with what we feel? What is the "thing in itself," and how do we get to it? Philosophers have plagued themselves endlessly over the question, and come no nearer to it. There is, indeed, only one answer here. We live by faith; by faith that we are not being befooled; that we are in contact with actuality, though with only an imperfect apprehension of it; that our world, and the mind we carry to it, are two parts of a truth that can be believed in.

Men talk sometimes of science as of something

that is outside the sphere of faith. Theology, they will say, is an affair of faith; science, on the contrary, offers us certainty. And theology, in its vagaries, in its queer assumptions, has given people abundant excuse for making the assertion. But it is an entirely wrong one. Science, like everything else, lives by faith. When you build a laboratory, when you construct a telescope, when you analyse a chemical compound, you are at every step proclaiming your belief in the invisible. You are taking for granted a rational order of things, according to which the things you handle will act in such and such a way and not otherwise. You are supposing a law of cause and effect, a persistence, a fidelity in the qualities of things. You take for granted that your mathematics will coincide with the cosmic mathematics. At every step you trust your universe; you endow it with a morality, with the qualities of steadfastness, of conformity to law. You stretch your mind to meet the mind you find there.

Faith is as necessary as breathing; one may say as vital. For it is a vital force. What power there is in it is seen even when it is allied to superstitions and errors; where, spite of the absurdities to which it is yoked, it still helps people to live. We are as yet only just beginning to understand its power as a function of the soul. Our faith-healers, our "Christian Scientists," are, maybe, unscientific dabblers, but dabblers in a force as sure as radium and more wonderful. Theirs is the oldest of stories. Listen here to Origen. Says he, in the "Contra Celsum": "And some gave evidence of their having received through

this faith a marvellous power by the cures which they perform, invoking no other name over those who need their help than that of the God of all things, and of Jesus, along with a mention of His history. For by these means we, too, have seen many persons freed from grievous calamities, and from distractions of mind, and madness, and countless other ills, which could be cured neither by men nor devils." One could cite half the Fathers to the same effect. About the faith they preached, as a system of doctrine, you might urge this objection or that. One thing is undeniable : the faith was a healer.

With this said about faith as a force, let us now ask more specifically as to the sphere of its action. What we have here to note may surprise some of our readers, but let them think about it and they will find it true. The chief and most important sphere of faith is in ourselves. Though that is not the whole truth. In its entirety our statement should be : "The true sphere of faith is in the Divine self that is being revealed in us." The belief that is to save us, in all senses of the word, is a belief in that highest verdict of the soul as it comes in contact with fact and with life. We have seen already that we have no surety about the outside world except on the supposition that the impression of it on our consciousness is, so far as it goes, a true one. And we have no science except on the basis that the reason within us is a true reflection of the reason outside us. But our principle goes a great deal further. It is not difficult to show that it is the basis—the only enduring basis—of a healthy religion. It is the only principle that can save us from ecclesiastical

despotisms while securing to us the full fruition of the spiritual life. It is by the clear understanding of this principle that we are able to put in their proper place the various forms of religious authority, to ascertain what their pretensions amount to.

In religion we in Christendom are confronted by two great outside powers, the Bible and the Church. Both in their day have been held to be infallible and their authority absolute. Over vast areas of the Western world these claims are still made. In Protestantism there are Churches committed, so far as their official documents go, to the belief that the Bible is inerrant; there are multitudes of excellent people who regard it as the last and final word of God. And those of us who owe our own selves to that Divine Word, who find in what it reveals of God and Christ and the Kingdom the breath by which our souls live, will never speak of these Scriptures other than with reverence and gratitude; will find in them always an inspiration which no other book contains. But it is these Scriptures themselves which teach us how we should use them. They point us to the final judge of them, the inward, divine Spirit, namely, out of which they came and by which they are inspired. And it is this Divine Spirit, abiding in the enlightened soul, ever opening on it new truth and light as it is able to bear them, which interprets and judges the Scriptures. It shows us the method of the Biblical evolution; how we have here deposited, stratum after stratum, the successive levels of religious experience and enlightenment to which the writers of the book had been lifted in the slow, gradual process of Divine

education ; shows us the ascending morality of these stages, from the tribal vengeances of the imprecatory psalms to the Divine forgiveness of Calvary ; from the eye for an eye maxims to the love which forgives all and serves all. By the same illumination—for all truth is spiritual and Divine—we perceive the mental limitations of the Bible writers ; how their treasure was committed to earthen vessels ; how their science has been followed by a better science ; how their predictions, in some instances, have been falsified by events ; and how, consequently, we are compelled by the Divine law working in our minds to judge these earlier, growing revelations by the later ones given to ourselves. Here, we say, our faith must be in ourselves ; in ourselves as portions of the ever-revealing mind of the Spirit, whose promise is to lead the faithful into all truth.

And the principle which works thus in relation to the Bible is not less clear in relation to the Church. The religious spirit of to-day, which is slowly winning its freedom from a false view of the Scriptures, has an equal battle to fight against that false view of the Church and its authority which is asserted by Rome and its allies. Cardinal Manning, in one of his sermons, proceeds on the supposition that the dogmas of the Church are to religion what the axioms of Euclid are to mathematics. As in the one sphere, so in the other you must begin, he says, with some primary assumptions. He forgets the difference between the two. The axioms hold their place because the human reason in every fresh generation reaffirms their validity. It does no such thing with the dogmas. The only

authority in this world, for religion as for everything else, is the collective judgment of that human consciousness which, divinely directed, acting according to the divinely imposed laws of thought, is ever growing and ever learning. It is one thing to believe in that judgment as, reinforced by all that has since been learned of man and the universe, it pronounces its latest decisions. It is a very different thing to believe, as Rome asks us to do, in the judgments pronounced fifteen centuries ago. To make that assertion is to deny God's continuous work in the soul; is to make Christianity, so interpreted, impossible to the best minds. It is to drive these minds into that mournful spiritual exile in which to-day so many dwell. Lamartine, speaking of the scepticism of Mirabeau, has on this point an illuminating passage. Says he: "The great men at the end of the eighteenth century lived and died in an appearance of irreligion which was not impiety, but was the solitude of the soul. . . . It was not atheism; it was the empty space between two altars, one of which, the old cult, no longer existed, and the other of which was not yet born." What Rome, acting on its false idea, has become for the modern world is vividly exhibited in a passage which Liszt, in his best intellectual period, wrote in 1838: "The Roman Catholic Church, occupied in mumbling the dead letter of her law; knowing only ban and curse where she should bless and elevate; destitute of all feeling for the deep yearning which animates the younger generations; acknowledging neither art nor science; incapable of anything useful . . . the Catholic Church as she

now stands has entirely alienated from herself the esteem and affection of the present age. People, life and art keep away from her, and she seems doomed to perish in oblivion."

Bible and Church, we say, derive their authority in the first place from the human spirit. Their statements, their judgments, are outflows of that spirit. The divine in them came through the human, as a development of the human. But if we are to recognise a divine in the past we must recognise it not less in the present. The education still goes on. The voice of God has not ceased in the soul. All ascertained truths, all moral progress are forms of the one inspiration. By this light, the inner light as the early Quakers well termed it, we judge all things. A theology which contradicts it, by whatsoever authority it is backed, stands self-condemned. What is impossible to our moral nature is, we know, impossible to God. Thus, to take an example of what we mean, the mediæval hell falls out from its sheer lack of morality. God's hell, whatever it may be, must be in accord with His nature, which is Love.

This faith in man, as carrying in him the beginnings of a Divine nature, in proportion as it is fairly grasped, will be the nerve of mission work at home and abroad. Science is showing us there is no such thing as waste or useless matter in the world. What used to be called " waste products " are everywhere being turned into new values. And this doctrine of " no waste " in manufacture is the doctrine above all others which the Church wants to-day. We want a new belief in humanity, in its spiritual ancestry, in its recoverability,

in the Divine life that is dormant in it. Tertullian, sternest of the early theologians, is sound on this point. "Wherever," says he, "the soul comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, or a sickness, and attains something of its natural soundness, it speaks of God."

This highest self, which judges Church and Bible, and which frames our idea of God, is the final arbiter of Christianity, the rock on which its evidences rest. The strength of the Gospel is not, where divines have so often placed it, in prophecies, in prodigies, in signs and wonders. It is in the sheer might of its moral appeal. It is its appeal to the ideal in man. Here we see a love beyond our own, a God-like purity, an enthusiasm for God and holiness which spreads like a fire amongst men; a glorious spiritual energy which transforms those early believers, and which, as we open ourselves to it, transforms us. A thousand things connected with the story may have to go. They are accidents of time and place. But love is no accident; nor is purity, nor God's presence felt in the soul. The soul here meets its heavenly kindred. Here faith finds itself at home. And thus a man is justified by faith. With its eyes he looks upon God, the universe and himself, and finds this trinity in a glorious accord. In it he daily exults, for it assures him that all is well for life and death, for time and eternity.

VI

INTELLECT AND THE MORAL IDEAL

"CLEVER men," said Huxley once, "are as common as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one." The famous scientist here puts before us the whole question of morality and intellect. He himself offers us an example of the distinction between them. Of his mental force there was never any question. It was there, beating in the brain of him, to use as he chose. But character! What a business he found the winning of that! In his touching letter to Kingsley—one of the sincerest and most moving of self-confessions—he tells us something of the struggle. "Kicked into the world," without proper guidance, "I confess to my shame few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin." From that slough he was saved by three things. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" taught him that "a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology." After religion he puts the pursuit of scientific truth, and then a pure love. The mind was a gift, the character a hard-won victory. We have here not only the history of a man, but the history of a world. The human development has followed along these separate lines. Man has been pushed along by two forces—what we may call his brain power and his heart power. Nothing is more interesting than to watch the interplay of these

two; their twin development, their mutual relations, their relative importance. The problem of civilisation to-day is wrapped up in their separate and their mutual action.

The education of the human race, as German philosophy has so abundantly taught us, has been an affair of unconscious co-operation. One department of it has been put out to one race, another to another. For illustration look at Athens and then at Jerusalem. In Greece we find the first-class minds of the ancient world. Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Pheidias, Praxiteles, Archimedes, Thucydides, are, in their several ways, prophets of the intellect. They stand for philosophy, physics, mathematics, art, music, politics, the whole sphere of things with which the mind can busy itself. They are the pioneers of research, openers of the ways in which truth-seekers have been travelling ever since. When you pass from Greece to Palestine you find yourself in another world. Open on Isaiah or Micah, read the New Testament from cover to cover, and you will find scarce a word about mentality. There is nothing about philosophy, or geometry, or music, or painting, or the science of history or the science of politics. If you kept to the Bible, you would learn nothing worth knowing about the physical universe; no hint of the methods by which its secrets are to be disclosed. Summing the two up, you may say: Greece is all for knowledge; Palestine is all for character. We are learning to-day the immeasurable debt we owe to both. When you ask, "Which is the mightier; which the more important?" Huxley's statement,

remembering what he stood for, may well set us thinking.

The tremendous insistence of the Judæan prophets and apostles upon character as the one thing needful is simply the putting in another way what our nineteenth-century scientist put in his—that cleverness is inferior to goodness, that in the order of world-values the moral is over the mental. Intellect is a sort of brute force ; the whole question is how you are going to use it ; and that question has to be answered from something beyond the mental. The unconscious judgment of the world here has expressed itself in the conception of the devil as a first-class intellect—and as bad as he can be. The world has had some brilliant understudies of him in these respects which go to confirm the idea. You cannot decide whether a man is going to be a blessing or a curse by the size of his brain. Of itself it may be so much force off the rails—a blind, devastating force. A man may have a superb calculating faculty, a genius for combination, a fascinating eloquence, and they may serve the spirit of a buccaneer. There have been men of that kind in abundance. Let anyone, for instance, study the Renaissance period in Italy. It is like looking into a midnight thunderstorm. At every point there are lightning flashes of wondrous genius, which serve only to reveal the more vividly the blackness of the moral depravity. On the throne of the Vatican we see Alexander VI., the Borgia, living in abominable relations with his daughter Lucretia—the official representative of Christ committing every crime that was possible to man. We see Benvenuto Cellini doing matchless work as

artist, and then describing with gusto his debaucheries, his murders. Machiavelli writes his " Prince," in which he instructs rulers in the whole science of despotism and devilry. Never were there more brilliant brains or blacker hearts. In later days there has been no greater intellect than that of Napoleon, at least in wide regions of mentality; yet Taine, that dispassionate historian, has surely not exaggerated when he speaks of his character as that of an " egotism, active and invading, proportioned to the activity and range of his faculties, exaggerated by success and absolute power, until it becomes a monster, raising in the midst of human society a colossal ' I ' which brooks no resistance, which crushes all independence."

Yet Napoleon believed in character, and some of the best testimonies to the importance of it, and to the sources of it, come from him. He knew he could not win victories without it. Everything, he held, depended on the *morale* of an army. And the *morale* was an affair of the soul. " It is not for five sous," said he once, " or for a vain distinction that a man will risk his life. It is in speaking to his soul that one electrifies a man." He was equally clear as to the source of character. Metternich recounts his remark to him that " an atheist of good faith never existed." And studying the condition of France, he said to Rœderer, " How shall we get morality? There is only one way; it is to re-establish religion." He was here of the mind of Cromwell, who formed his Ironsides, not of the roysterers and tapsters who swelled the Royalist ranks, but of men who had faith in them and a morality built upon it.

And here we come upon a capital truth in this relation. When we see religion, as in the New Testament, bending itself, to the neglect of all else, to the inner reformation of man, we are witnessing not a moral movement only, but also an intellectual. Even when it does not know it, it is all the time feeding the intellect, preparing in the surest way for its expansion and higher activities. To the age of high feeling succeeds by a sure process the age of high thinking. When John Knox and his coadjutors gave Scotland a religious life instead of a form, they unloosed the Scottish intellect, to make it then and ever since one of the greatest intellectual forces of the world. Puritanism rendered a like service to England and to America. The Eastern States, the Puritan States, have been the mental nerve of the West. Later on Wesley and his preachers were fertilisers of the English mind. There has never been a great revival that has not had a higher mentality as an after-product. The second or third generation that trace back to it may change their attitude to the belief of their fathers, may even adopt a hostile one. All the same, it remains that the deep inward movement at the beginning is the hidden source of the mental products that succeed. When you turn men from frivolity and vice to depth and seriousness of character, you have fructified not only the world's soul but all its powers.

In saying this we are not unaware of another side to the question. That religion, in its proper conception, feeds the intellect is, we believe, a truth of history and a truth of psychology. That, however, cannot always be said of the Church as an institution. The

Church as a human society has made enormous mistakes in this direction, and is to-day paying for them. For a very long period it has misjudged its relation to the intellect, with disastrous consequences. At an early age it began to exercise its reason—at the time a very crude and uninformed reason—upon the religious facts before it, and then proclaimed these exercises as an infallible criterion of faith and life. It rationalised Christianity into an abstruse metaphysical system, from which it proceeded to warn off all further investigation. The procedure was a contradiction in terms. Reason had had fullest play in this constructive process, and then was ordered to stop short. As if it could! One might as well ask the human heart or lungs to stop functioning. The Church was here the great sceptic. It denied the Divine order of things; denied the right of one part of the soul's equipment to work with the other part. And this fatal path was trodden for centuries, and is still being trodden. Lecky's indictment of Papal ascendancy in the Middle Ages seems hardly exaggerated: "Every mental disposition which philosophy pronounces to be essential to legitimate research was almost uniformly branded as a sin, and a large proportion of the most deadly intellectual vices were deliberately inculcated as virtues. The theologians, by destroying every book that could generate discussion, by diffusing to every field of knowledge a spirit of boundless credulity, and, above all, by persecuting with atrocious cruelty those who differed from their opinions, succeeded in almost arresting the action of the European mind."

Rome is still pursuing this method. Where its

ascendancy is greatest ignorance is densest, and that by a deliberate system. In the Papal States up to the time of their absorption into the Italian kingdom, scarce one of the peasantry was able to read. Loisy, writing as one of its priests, confesses "its rock is to want too much to govern men, in place of elevating souls." And again, "One cannot deny the tendency of Catholicism has been towards the effacement of the individual, to place man under tutelage, to control all his activities in a way which does not help initiative." The same spirit, the same distrust of the intellect, as though it were the enemy and not the friend of religion, has been carried over into Protestantism. We have Luther talking of "wringing the neck of reason, and strangling the beast." Sir Thomas Browne, in the "Religio Medici," quietly assumes that "reason is a rebel unto faith." And the Free Churches are to-day offering the spectacle of a deliberate attempt to strangle officially the mind of its teachers in the supposed interests of the Gospel.

All this, we say, is the wrong road. It is a march towards the abyss. It is a fight against the laws of Nature, a fight where the issue is always the same. When the Church loses its faith in the mind, it loses its faith in the God who made the mind. And it is time it began once more to believe in Him. It will have to come back to the principle of Locke, that only that which has justified itself to the reason, and at the same time won man's free assent, can exercise an inward control over his nature. It will have to realise, as Schopenhauer puts it, that faith is like love—it cannot be forced. If the Church of our time would

resume its old place in the direction of men, it wil. have to occupy itself with the problem to which Schelling in his later period turned his energies, that of bringing about the rebirth of religion through the operation of science in its supremest form. In other words, its problem is the reunion, after this long separation, of the intellect and of the moral consciousness as the allied factors in the production of character.

For it remains, notwithstanding all the disastrous history of the past, that only in union with the spiritual life can the intellect obtain its freest and fullest play. The old Brahmins were right in making it a condition of the pursuit of philosophy that its aspirants should begin by subduing their passions and rigorously regulating their moral life. There are certain truths, and these the highest, that only open to the pure heart. You cannot see them with the mind till the soul gets there. This is what Zwingli meant in that notable declaration of his : " Truth does not depend on the discussions of men, but has its seat and rests itself invincibly in the soul. It is an experience which everyone may have. It is not a doctrine, a question of knowledge, for we see the most learned men who are ignorant of this thing, which is the most salutary of all." You can never know the truth about prayer but by praying. You can never understand the force of renunciation but by renouncing. You can never understand the potency of faith but by the soul's trust. You will never open the hidden secret of happiness until, upon earth's sorrows and defeats, there has flashed the light of that divine vision which

is given only to the pure in heart. Has not Socrates put it all for us in that saying in the "Gorgias": "Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the Judge in that day. Renouncing the honours at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and when the time comes to die. And to the utmost of my power I exhort all other men to do the same."

We repeat, the New Testament was right in staking everything upon character. Without the best character you cannot get the best intellect. And apart from that, intellect of itself can yield no ultimate satisfaction, cannot save a man from the worst errors. We hear sometimes, "To genius everything is permitted." Does Nature say that? Let genius try, and she will exact her penalty. A Byron, a Shelley, made the experiment; we know with what result. In an impressive passage, Lamartine describes how Mirabeau, with the fate of France in his hands, when the choice lay between saving his country or selling himself to the Court—his conscience and his will weakened to nothing by his vices and his debts—failed at the supreme hour and lost all. Says Carlyle, "The hope of humanity lies in heroes being born to it." Well, heroism is first and last character. The man who would serve his country must first of all have mastered himself. He must have discovered the difference between cleverness and wisdom. Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, laid the foundations of their empires on character, and their empires have lasted. Buddha

begins by his act of self-renunciation under the Bhô tree. Confucius wins through the practice of the simple life. Says he : " With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy in the midst of these things." Jesus conquered the world by laying down His life for His brethren. In different degrees of fulness, they taught one thing—that to open the soul to all that is divinest in life, to saturate it with spiritual principle, here is the way of strength for others and for ourselves. Here get we the ultimate satisfaction. Along this road, and this only, can we reach the condition which M. Brémond describes as that of Newman in his last days : " He can lay his head on his pillow at night, and vow in God's sight that he wants nothing ; that he is full and abounds, and that nothing is not his which God would give him."

The supreme question for modern civilisation is the formation of character. Of what use are our material advancements if they leave only a dismal emptiness within ? Of what use carrying the people at sixty miles an hour if they are fools when they get into the train and fools when they get out ? Of what use our latest telegraphy if it flings across the world no better news than of commercial frauds, of society intrigues, of the follies of the rich and the discontent of the poor ? You may start your common schools, and train the children into clever devils—to thieve better, to lie more plausibly. You may teach them to read that they may saturate their minds with filth. Any education that is not first and foremost a training in character is only a preparation for

villainy's more effectual service. A cultivated scoundrel may do more harm with a stroke of his pen than a score of burglars will accomplish in a twelvemonth. Are we training the English soul to-day ? Can we say of England what Milton said of her in his time ? " Let not England forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live." For England has been built on character ; on such conformity as she has attained to the inmost nature of things ; on such obedience as she has shown to the laws of the soul. For her, and for ourselves, there is only one way of the conquering life. It is the way which the New Testament discloses —of service, purity and love.

VII

PRAYER AND THE IDEAL

Says the farmer in Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming": "For pray, and you can't go far wrong." The remark is one which goes far. It is a challenge to experience, and the experience on which it is founded is a very wide one. Man, indeed, might be defined as the praying animal. Wherever you meet him, from the lowest savagery up to the highest civilisation, you find the instinct of the worshipper. Here all the cults meet. We have seen a group of Mohammedans on the deck of a ship, oblivious of sailors and peering passengers, prostrating themselves with their faces towards the East, wrapped in their devotions. Their creed was not that of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, nor of the Easter throng in Rome, nor of the Hindu multitude at Benares, but they were performing what, in all these regions, and among all these faiths, is an identical act; an act in which everywhere the soul bends under the same impulse, and in the same direction. The feeling which prompts the act is an essentially human feeling, the response to a human need. And you may take it for granted that whatever is human is true; true at least for us. When we eat bread we are affirming a truth—the truth that food is good for us. We may know nothing of the science of the business; we are, perhaps, unable to argue the point. But our eating is an argument; one that the finest-

spun philosophy will not be able to refute. And prayer, as an outcome of the religious feeling, stands on similar ground. For we may say here with Lecky, one of the freest of our thinkers: "That religious instincts are as truly a part of our nature as are our appetites and our nerves, is a fact which all history establishes, and which forms one of the strongest proofs of the reality of that unseen world to which the soul of man continually tends."

We have had orgies of speculation and of speculative objection on this subject, but the latest thought about it is becoming more modest and more practical. We recognise the argumentative strength of human practice. And the reaction here is a truly scientific one. We are no longer so ready to take the infinite for our province. We are content with what is nearer at hand; with the doctrine of what works well. *Exitus acta probat:* the outcome of things is the best criterion. That is pragmatism on its best, its impregnable side. When we say, "This thing is true as far as we can see, as far as it relates to our own life," we have all there is to go upon. And it is sufficient for the day. Later discoveries may show that our truth is a limited one. But it is not falsified by the higher truth. It is only put in its place. Gravitation, for aught we know, may not be universal; but it is true for our system, and that is enough. The atomic weights and values of our chemistry rested originally on the idea of the ultimate character and indestructibility of the atom. Later researches have undercut that idea, but they have not destroyed the doctrine of atomic weight, or the deductions that have been formed from it.

The doctrine remains true as far as it goes. The same thing applies to our religious questions. The human experiences here point to a truth, are founded upon it. That we are not able to reach the whole truth; that we have only perhaps a little bit of it, is no argument at all for undervaluing what we have. We may be sure that what is beyond us will not contradict what is within our reach. We are not at the end, but we are on the right road.

To bring all this to the matter before us, the doctrine of prayer. That there is here a great human experience, with definite results of the most positive character, is, we affirm, the assurance of a truth about it on which we may safely rely. And we may rely on it the more when we consider the objections that have been made against it. For prayer has been attacked in our time on what were considered scientific grounds, and very formidable ones. We remember Huxley's challenge, a quarter of a century ago. He proposed a scientific test as to the curative effects of prayer in our London hospitals, and appeared to imagine that an experiment of this sort would settle the question. We doubt if any scientist of repute would propose the test now. The misconception on which it rests has been too sufficiently exploded. The objection founded itself on the universality of causation, of the laws of cause and effect as we see them at work in the physical universe. A man may pray till all is blue, but if he is at the moment falling from a precipice, gravitation will settle matters with him at the bottom. You cannot by any spiritual effort prevent fire from burning, or water from drowning. That, says our

scientist, is how things are; and, moreover, it is how things should be. To suppose that the desires, the ideas, of a feeble, narrow-minded mortal could alter the cosmic laws would be to introduce inextricable confusion, would reduce everything to chaos. All which, of course, is perfectly true. The mistake is in supposing that this touches in any essential point the doctrine and the practice of prayer.

In adducing the verdict of science as against the belief in prayer, the objectors were confusing two things that are quite distinct. For prayer lives in one realm, and physical science in another. The two realms are intimately related, and they do not contradict each other. But the laws which govern them are different. When we talk physical science, we talk of weights, colours, dimensions, distances; of shapes, of solids, of liquids; of things measurable in time and in space. And the laws here are of a certain order, which fulfil themselves, as we see, with an unfailing regularity. But ranged up alongside of this sphere of things, intersecting, overlapping it at every point, we perceive another sphere and another order. It is that of the mind, of personality. The physical laws come close to that sphere, press up to it at every point. Our thinking goes on inside a brain. All the cells, all the blood, all the nerves of that brain work according to the physical order. The cells are calculable in number. You can reckon up the number of vibrations per second in the ether that are translated into our sensations of colour and of sound. But the brain, the blood and the nerves are not the thinker, nor his thought. They do not

go by the same standards. You can weigh the brain, but you cannot weigh a thought. The blood is red, but you cannot talk of a red aspiration; no, nor of a square one. The adjectives of the one world are ridiculous as applied to this other one. They do not fit.

These are truths too obvious for discussion. The best scientists frankly admit them. Says Tyndall: "The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is inconceivable as the result of mechanics. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages." "Science," says Wundt, "can only indicate the path that leads to territories beyond her own, ruled by other laws than those to which her realm is subject." To this one may add that word of Schopenhauer: "Against the assertion that I am a mere modification of matter, this must be insisted on, that all exists merely in my idea."

Observe now the terms on which our inner personality lives with what we call the inexorable physical laws. While recognising them at every point, it knows itself as not of them, as more than they. They are the rules of the game, but they do not play the game. It is we who do that. When I rise to cross the room, my bones and muscles will obey all the laws of motion. But it is not the laws of motion that send me across the room, but my thought and will which use them, but are not they. We move freely in a bound universe. That is the miracle, we *are* the miracle.

And it is to this region of the spirit, of personality,

that prayer belongs. It supposes a kingdom of the spiritual, stretching beyond our ken, just as does the kingdom of the physical. They both begin here, with us, and both stretch beyond us. There are millions of freely-acting spirits on this earth, clothed as we are with bodies. Why should we suppose we exhaust the spirituality of the universe? It is an inevitable inference from what goes on around us that behind the physical infinite is a spiritual infinite. Not less can we keep from the supposition that this spiritual infinite is an infinite that includes personality. The thought and love within us sprang from a source that also knows thought and love. To say, as a modern school has said, that a Divine personality is a contradiction in terms, because personality implies limitation, is an argument that overleaps itself. You might just as well say that the absolute or the infinite is a contradiction in terms. For can we not conceive of a non-absolute, of a non-infinite (we are, in fact, that ourselves)—and is not this therefore a contradiction? When we touch the question of the infinite, on whatever terms we take it, we touch the sphere of contradictions, for it is the sphere of the mind's limitations. The non-belief in a Personality solves no mental difficulty.

Keeping to the practical, to what we do know, which is the only sure line for us, when we pray we must accept a Personality. We cannot adore oxygen, or offer petitions to the law of gravitation. Prayer is communion with a Person, and what we have already said as to the relations of our own personality to the laws of the physical world makes it easy for us to

understand how such communion, how such prayer and answer to prayer, can go on without any contravention of the physical order. If that physical order does not prevent our fellowship one with another; does not prevent our appeal to a neighbour and his answer to it, why should this be impossible as between ourselves and our God? If we can move freely amid the physical laws, cannot He? Are we free, and He the only bound?

That further objection that prayer involves the dictation of man to God; that prayer, where it is answered, means the control of things by man's uninformed wishes, rather than by infinite wisdom or by the reign of law, falls at once to the ground when we consider what true prayer really is. It is a travesty of the idea to suppose it means saying to God, "Do this, or that"; "Give me what I want"! For the genuine prayer comes in the first instance not from man, but from God Himself. It is the gracious circulation of Divine ideas through the human soul. It is the rain from heaven falling upon this prepared soil, and springing up there in love, and trust, and holy resignation to a Will higher than itself. It is, as Goethe has somewhere put it, God seeking for Himself and meeting Himself in man. Prayer, at its truest, is not man having his way with God, but God having His way with man.

Let us come back to prayer on its human side; the side we know. We began by speaking of the test of results, and we return to that. We repeat that whatever in a long course of experience shows as a sure help to inner progress, to the development of the best

in us, proves itself as founded in the truth of things. How does prayer stand this test? Does not the saying of Meredith's farmer hold good: "Pray, and you cannot go far wrong"? Let a man try it; let him morning and evening, and in the hours of the day, bring himself into mental and moral contact with the All Holy and the All Loving; let him in that sacred Presence review his affairs, his projects, seeking help and guidance; let him mention there his human relationships, his household, his friends, his enemies if he have such. Will that make no difference to his daily conduct, to the poise of his spirit? A rascal should be kept from prayer by his very sense of humour. The thing is too absurd. It is true that men here play the queerest tricks with themselves. They will outdo an Old Bailey attorney in the pleas with which they seek to sophisticate their conscience and to outwit heaven's Court of Appeal. But the thing is a farce, and they know it. Judgment is against them. There is no communion apart from sincerity. These people may get their selfish way; but the soul's supreme felicity, in a sense of the Divine fellowship, is the thing they will not get.

Prayer is a spiritual exercise, and its results are spiritual. The men who know its fullest exercise are the men who are in a condition to talk about it. *Cuique suâ arte credendum est.* Says Bagehot, and with entire truth: "The criterion of true beauty is with those—they are not many—who have a sense of true beauty; the criterion of true morality is with those who have a sense of true morality; and the criterion of true religion is with those who have a sense of true

religion." It is so, emphatically, with prayer. The literature of devotion is amongst the best reading in the world. The study of it brings us in contact with the world's greatest spirits—with Jesus, with Paul, with Augustine, with Francis, with Luther, with Wesley. It is the meeting-ground of opposing creeds, where they fuse, lose their opposition, become one prevailing force. When you are reading Augustine's "Confessions," or Andrewes' "Devotions," or Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata," or Methodist William Bramwell's mighty supplications, you forget theological differences; you are in contact with one and the same spiritual energy. To keep on the outer circle of mere fussy activities, while neglecting this innermost force, is like turning a hand-loom and forgetting steam or electricity. In the world of the spiritual, as in that of the physical, to reach the true sphere of power we must go down from the circumference to the innermost centre.

Apart from the question of power, consider the immense comfort of prayer. Man in himself is the loneliest being in the world. The wall of his separate personality shuts him off, as to his interior self, in an awful isolation from all the millions that surround him. His neighbours may look in at his windows, may come into his guest-chamber, but they penetrate never the cell where he sits alone. He is like the island continent of Australia, whose boundaries are rimmed with ports and cities, but whose vast interior lies silent, uninhabited. Yet assuredly this loneliness is no mischance, no accident of his being. It is an insulation from the outward, to secure the uninterrupted play of

his spiritual contacts. For the trained soul knows itself as not alone. It knows a perpetual, invisible companionship. It has a speech which it cannot translate to its neighbour. In the glare of the day, in the hum of the crowd, in the silent watches of the night, it talks with the Unseen, it has converse with its Friend. Its past, its present, its future; its trials, temptations, defeats; its joys, its griefs—all enter into that constant colloquy. Lamartine, in his "Confidences," speaks of a certain walk in the garden of their French home, where his mother spent always a certain hour of the day—upon which neither husband nor children ever intruded—where she paced, her hands clasped, her eyes lifted to heaven, her lips moving to unuttered words. It was the sacred hour of her speech with God; an hour from which she returned refreshed and renewed. Poor souls, that have not such a Beulah-land to walk in! Poor souls that have, in their inner territory, no such mountain height from which to look down upon their world, to look up to their Father in heaven!

Prayer should never be a task, a mechanism. We read of the monks of the Studium at Constantinople, in the eighth century, that they were called "the sleepless," because they took their turn in ceaselessly chanting, night and day, the year round. There are monasteries and convents to-day where shivering souls are turned out at midnight to go through the prescribed office. It is, we imagine, a sleepy and dolorous function. It would surely be an improvement to invent a machine to do this business for them while they slept like other people. Call this task work if

you will; call it discipline, penance, obedience; but do not call it prayer. It is a travesty of the soul's noblest exercise. It will impoverish the body; it will never enrich the heart. You cannot pray without perfect freedom, without, one may say, real enjoyment of your prayer. Physical conditions need here to be studied. There are good people who, in a cold bedroom, in an undressed condition, kneel for a moment—shivering and impatient for warmth—hasten through an incoherent petition, to escape then into their blankets with a painful duty done. There is nothing much there, one fears, to interest either heaven or earth! Why not get into your blankets first and pray there? At all events, be sure of this: you will know nothing of prayer until it is a joy; a joy like that of the lark who sings as he rises, his song a rapture of upward movement.

To sum up what has here been said. Prayer is a human experience whose test is its results upon the soul. It is the pabulum of the ideal life. Those results argue its relation to the truth of things. It supposes man's fellowship with a spiritual universe, his immediate contact with a supreme and holy Personality, a supposition against which science, truly considered, brings no valid objection. It is a spiritual force which has wrought in the mightiest souls and in the mightiest movements. It demands as its conditions a true and sincere life. It is the source of man's purest joys. It is the function to which he must bring *his* best in order to receive *its* best. It is his heaven here, and prepares him for all the heavens that are beyond.

VIII

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

PHILOSOPHY and religion are very near relations, and, as is at times the way with near relations, they have very often quarrelled. But they cannot get on without each other. Their attempts to do so reveal only more clearly their profound affinities, the closeness of the tie that unites them. They are both functions of the same soul. The one is its quest for truth, the other its search for inner peace. Religion finds itself in feeling and experience ; philosophy searches for the *rationale*, the meaning of the experience. You will never get a religion without a philosophy, and for the reason that wherever a heart beats there is a head in immediate contact. It is an instructive study to watch the relations of these two, their quarrels and reconcilements, their questions and answers, the debt which each owes to the other.

In the early world, philosophy and religion grew side by side, but with a curiously separate history. Greece and Palestine are not so far from each other in the matter of statute miles, but their education as races was on totally different lines. The Jew did not philosophise. His nearest approach to it, in the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament, is rather in the way of maxims for practical life than of the

discussion of ultimate questions. When Christianity came we have a growing fusion of the Hebrew with the Greek mind, and, as a consequence, philosophies which by-and-by crystallise into dogmas.

When we study these two separate streams and trace them back to their source, we are struck with the different ways in which man has attacked the problem of life. The Greek mind—from Thales right down to Plotinus—gives us a history of sheer thinking. It keeps largely aloof from the religious systems around it; is often in direct opposition to them. It fixes its gaze upon the cosmos outside and upon the states and movements of the soul within, and strives to penetrate to the reason of it all. Socrates is the great cross-examiner. He meets everything and everybody with his note of interrogation. Beginning with the confession that he himself knows nothing, he tries to find out whether his fellow men, especially the more pretentious of them, know anything. His dialogues, which Plato has preserved for us, are the perfection of analysis. Cutting his way down and down through the deceptions of appearance, through the floating sophisms of the hour, he seeks with an inspired ardour for the ultimate ground and root of things—for the true life, the chief good. His countrymen slew him for his irreligion—the most religious soul amongst them. It is wonderful to think that his conclusion is none other than that which Augustine, by a different, by the Christian road, reached centuries after; that for man there are two things, God and the soul, and that nothing else much matters. Who that reads Socrates can ever imagine that inspiration,

that the spiritual education of man, was an affair of Palestine alone ?

And still less when he reads Plato. Unworldliness, on European soil at least, may be said to begin with Plato. While the Hebrew of his period, both in religion and politics, was concerned with this world and the present life, this austere and lofty thinker finds the world and all things visible to be only the dim shadow of the reality. That reality is a spiritual one. Behind what we see are the things unseen. The real substance of things is ideas, eternal ideas which existed before the world was, and which inhere in the one Being in whom all things are contained. Plato is the exponent of God, the soul and immortality. He believes in the enormous improvability of the present life—witness his vast suggestions in the "Laws" and the "Republic." But "this is not our rest." We are pilgrims of eternity, benighted pilgrims. Our present condition is one of imprisonment. We are shut in the body as in a cage. Death will be our liberation to a truer existence, a larger life.

In Aristotle we have a reaction from Platonism, in some ways its antithesis. Aristotle is a realist, one one might say a positivist. His vast intelligence is occupied with things as they are ; and they suffice him. He believes in God, the Pure Reason, the Eternal Mover. But the development of things arises from their mere nature. There is nothing in his system answering to the Christian idea of a personal Providence. And he dismisses the hope of a hereafter for us. Thought will not be extinguished at the dissolution of the body, but will return to the universal

reason. But that does not mean the continuance of the individual. With Aristotle we are in the driest of dry lights. After Aristotle, Epicurus, who follows the Stagirite not in time only, but to some extent in principle. He, too, is for this-worldness and making the best of life as it is. If there be gods, they are remote from us, and we have not much to do with them, nor they with us. But we need to understand Epicurus. He is the much-maligned. His idea that pleasure is the chief good has been curiously misunderstood. He is the last to be cited in favour of profligacy. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, he was a vegetarian, the most abstemious of men. To enjoy life you had to be good. "One cannot live agreeably," says he, "without living intelligently, beautifully and justly . . . for the virtues are intertwined with an agreeable life, and an agreeable life is inseparable from the virtues."

Stoicism is the noblest fruit of the Greek mind. For centuries it furnished, both in Greece and Rome, the food of the finest souls. It exhibits to a degree never before reached the predominance of the moral sentiment. Its outlook is stern. Life is no joke. It is a battle for which the warrior is to arm himself at all points. The true man will not be injured by misfortune; his fortune is in himself. As you read Epictetus, or Seneca, or Marcus Aurelius, you might think you were listening to a Methodist preacher. How full are they of renunciation, of the Divine presence, of the need of inward holiness! "When you have shut yourself in your chamber," says Epictetus, "you are not alone. God is with you."

"The earthly life," says Aurelius, "has but one fruit, inward holiness and social acts." Nowhere else do we come so near to the Gospel ethic. The idea, indeed, has more than once been hazarded that Epictetus had contact with St. Paul. And Marcus Aurelius, though he persecuted the Christians, may well have appropriated some of their teaching.

And this brings us to the contact of philosophy with Christianity and its effect upon it. The Gospel, originating on Hebrew soil, was at first remote from philosophy as commonly understood. It was not so much a thought as a fact. It was a Personality and a power, the material for thinking rather than thinking. The Greek mind was occupied with logic and abstract ideas, and for these the Palestinian crowd that Jesus addressed had no use. The synoptic gospels, which reflect the great ministry, are the simplest recitals. How enormous the difference between Matthew and, say, the Parmenides of Plato! But as the new religion spread the distance was soon bridged. In the prologue of the fourth gospel we have already a taste of the Greek mind. It is a philosophy. The Logos it speaks of comes straight from Alexandria. Paul's epistles show also the same fusion. The terms in which he describes his Master were ready-made for him in the same school of thought. Theology has hardly yet recognised the extent to which, for the New Testament descriptions of Christ, as given in the epistles, it is indebted to Philo Judæus and the other Alexandrians who, at the conflux of the Greek and Jewish worlds, had built up the Logos and mediator vocabulary. The apostles did not invent

these names. They borrowed them from these sources, as the best they could find to express what they felt about Jesus. That is a fact we should never forget when we try to estimate what they mean.

In the next and following ages we have the growing effect of philosophy as moulding the Christian belief. The early apologists are full of it. Justin Martyr, one of the first of them, had passed through the Stoic and Platonic schools, and in his two Apologies speaks as a converted philosopher. Then came the great battle with the Gnostics, sects which brought the wildest Eastern speculations to bear upon the Gospel, and to account for the fact of Christ. The works of Irenæus are one long fight against these monstrous theories. Origen and Alexandrian Clement classed philosophy as, properly understood, the most valuable ally of religion. The latter openly expresses his contempt for those who contemn or fear it. It is noteworthy also how the great Fathers, both Greek and Latin, call in the aid of the great pagan thinkers in building up the Church's ethical system, in stating its doctrinal position. The Creeds were forged on the Greek anvil. There would have been no Athanasian Creed had not Aristotle written his logic and formulated his categories. It is one of the oddities of history, when we remember what Aristotle's belief really was, that he, through a mangled and expurgated Latin translation, should have been the shaper and the pabulum of a large side of Catholic thought, through centuries of the mediæval Church. How strange, too, to remember (a recent controversy on God and evil calls it to mind) that Aristotle's idea

of evil as having no independent nature, being an abatement, a negation of good, a shadow of the light, a necessity in the sum of things, should be accepted by Augustine! "If it were not good that there should be evil, evil would in no wise have been permitted by Omnipotent Goodness." How curious that this idea, which travels down through Dionysius, through Scotus Erigena, through Abelard, through the mediæval mystics, should emerge in our time as a brand-new and unheard-of heresy!

To-day we are full of philosophy. The Christian student must know his Bacon, his Descartes, his Kant, his Hegel, his Schopenhauer, his Spencer, even his Nietzsche. Every modern theology begins with a philosophy. Schleiermacher opens with a theory of feeling, Ritschl with a theory of knowledge. Before we can touch the concrete facts of religion we must have some theory of the universe, some conclusions as to materialism and idealism, some view as to determinism and the freedom of the will.

And yet philosophy is not religion, nor is religion philosophy. That is why Jesus was not a philosopher. Religion is the primal fact, while philosophy is the attempted explanation of the fact. Religion is something happening in the deepest spheres of feeling, a new mysterious incoming of life, a mystery which the intellect in turn wakes up to and seeks to penetrate. What Jesus did for His followers was not to puzzle them with abstractions, but to stir them to moral passion, to wake in them a longing for holiness, for the liberation of the soul; to fill them with a new inward power. It was not so much a thinking as a being and

a doing. Herein we see opening the whole difference between these two things. Philosophy is an explanation, and you cannot convert people by an explanation. To do a thing is one thing; to tell how it is done is quite another.

And thus it is that while the Greek philosophers discussed their problems with a few intimates, and left the people untouched, the religion of Jesus made multitudes thrill with the sense of a new existence. The Emperor Julian scoffed at the idea of fishermen erecting themselves into theologians. That was the wonder which, instead of scoffing at, he should have tried to understand. Philosophy here has had to confess its own impotence, and that at the hands of its greatest exponent. Says Aristotle, speaking of moral systems: "The truth is, they seem to have power to urge on and to excite young men of liberal minds, and to make a character that is generous and truly honourable to be easily influenced by virtue; but that they have no power to persuade the multitude to what is virtuous and honourable." Plato expresses a like despair. "God," says he, "the Father and Creator of the universe, is difficult to find, and when found impossible to impart to all." Contrast this with the testimony of Athenagoras concerning the Church of his day: "Among us you will find uneducated persons, and artisans and old women, who, if they are unable in words to prove the benefit of our doctrine, yet by their deeds exhibit the benefit arising from their persuasion of its truth; they do not rehearse speeches, but exhibit good works; when struck they do not strike again; when robbed they do not go to

law; they give to those who ask of them, and love their neighbours as themselves."

There have you the whole secret. Philosophy is the endeavour to make the world wiser. The Gospel is the bold attempt to make the world better. Philosophy is an appeal to the intellect. Religion in its highest form captures the heart. We are told to-day that the modern cultivated intellect is leaving the Church; is giving up the Christian dogma. Perhaps it is. But let us clearly understand what is happening. What men are giving up is not the fact, but old-world, mediæval explanations of the fact. When they reject the Ptolemaic astronomy they are not rejecting the stars. Christianity in itself can never be given up, because it is here, a fact that has happened. It is part of the great evolution of our world. The power which from the beginning has been at work on humanity, lifting it from animalhood to manhood, signalised here a new departure; that further evolution which is to assimilate manhood to divine-hood. The Eternal Life whose successive incomings upon man have made up his real history, dropped here a new seed of itself upon the waiting soul. Philosophy to-day is seeking for its own interpretation of the mystery, an interpretation which shall include all that science and criticism and history have to say. Upon that interpretation the new Church, the new religion, will be built. But the Life itself remains always deeper than the philosophy of it. Our faith rests secure on the fact that the Power which wrought in Christ is there still, waiting for its further manifestations.

IX

EVENTS AND THE IDEAL

WHAT events mean in the realm of the ideal may be studied from one which happened in our recent history. When at Buckingham Palace, at midnight of the fatal Friday, a kingly heart ceased to beat, there went from that centre, to earth's farthest limits, a thrill of profound and universal emotion. One realised there the new solidarity of humanity. Never before perhaps have the myriad hearts of men been touched so simultaneously, been lifted at one and the same moment to such a height of feeling. This vast common consciousness is worthy of all our study. For out of it there emerges a group of truths but little apprehended at present, but which are vital to faith, and which will tell, with a constantly increasing emphasis, upon both our social and our religious thinking. Observe here, to begin with, the way in which our material and scientific progress is telling upon our world's inner and moral condition. There could have been no such outburst of sympathy, no such vivid sense of the near relationship of peoples as was then witnessed, had it not been for the new triumphs of electricity, the new methods of communication. It was because, owing to these material advances, everybody learned the same thing at the same time, that the

response was so immediate and so immense. Thus the victory of matter became at once a victory of spirit. The outer sphere of motion translated itself straightway into the inner sphere of consciousness; the heightening of the one was simultaneously the heightening of the other. Here have we the confirmation of the apostolic word: "First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual." Things come in their order. That word of primitive Genesis, "Increase and multiply; replenish the earth and subdue it," prophetically indicates that path of movement along which humanity is to march towards its kingdom. The preliminary subjugation of outward Nature is accomplishing itself. Man was first to know and master the outside of things. He had to go through his animal period, his tug and wrestle period; to know the strength of his arm, and then the strength of his brain. And there was no hurry in all this. The Divine idea was patient of its fulfilment. But the ulterior aim was always in view. The subjugation of the earth was, and is, we say, a preliminary. The material advance is for a spiritual result. The movement began in the spiritual, and in the spiritual it will end. The kingdom of force is always and everywhere subservient to the kingdom of the soul.

Events take their size from the spiritual order. They grow as we grow. This truth was discerned in the world's childhood, but in an infantile way. It was felt always that the unseen was greater than the seen. that the soul of things was bigger than their body. But men, in their ignorance, stumbled in the expression of this thought. In their thirst for

the unseen, for something to love and worship, they underrated the visible. They found the world commonplace—because they did not know it. And so, to improve it, they dragged in the ideal by the neck and shoulders. The actual was not good enough, and to help it out they imported the supernatural and the miraculous. Men were made gods, and ordinary lives embellished with incredible legends. Events were spiritualised, but in the wrong way. To-day we are learning to take a sounder view. We see that in the universe there is no commonplace; everything is wonderful, in a way miraculous. We find the Divine, not in crude interferences with Nature, but in Nature herself, in her normal action.

Take, as illustration of this, her way of treating events. We referred, a moment ago, to the enormous enhancement of a single happening brought about by the aid of science, by the instrumentality of steam and electricity. But Nature has her way of treating these happenings—a way which, as modern knowledge comes to interpret them, fills us with a new awe and wonder. This knowledge, as compared with that of the pre-scientific age, has increased the size of events a millionfold. We find that our human history is written not only in our manuscripts and folios, but upon the whole universe. To take the supreme example. When Christ died upon the cross eighteen centuries ago, the fact was known first to a few people in Jerusalem. Then through the zeal of the first missionaries it travelled from one humble group to another throughout the Roman empire. It has been travelling ever since through the world's popu-

lations, though it is still unknown to countless millions. But here comes in another scale of calculation. The ether-waves, whose movement brought the sorrowful spectacle to the view of the Jewish spectators who surrounded the cross, were flashing it, at the inconceivable rate of light's velocity, away to the limits of farthest worlds. There are stars visible to the telescope whose light, falling now upon our retina, has taken three thousand years in its journey through space. What we see there to-day is now three thousand years old. And conversely, if we can conceive of intelligent beings as watching from these far spaces, our earthly transactions are reaching them at the same distance of time. The tragedy of the cross as an event is still making itself known in those interstellar realms. It is a piece of news making itself known through infinity, with what results there, upon mind and heart, who shall say? And this, which is true of one fact, is true of all. Nothing in history is lost. All works upon the all. Everything is written in enduring characters upon the infinite consciousness, upon the sensorium of God.

It is, we say, in the operation of the natural, not of what was crudely supposed to be a supernatural, that we discern the operation of the spiritual, the incoming of the heavenly kingdom. We see now the existence of certain spiritual laws, as sure, as inevitable, as the law of gravitation. Is there not, for instance, a moral law of gravitation as evident as that which Newton discovered? Is there not a law of gravitation amongst spirits? Wherever life has reached the stage of moral consciousness

there works a force of mutual attraction ; spirit is bound to spirit. Wherever there is a personality it finds itself related to all other personalities. It finds in itself a law of service, of duty towards them. " By love serve one another " is, we may say, the scientific formula of the moral order, the expression of a fact as deeply written in the constitution of things as the law of attraction according to the square of the distance is written into the nature of bodies. This law is now showing itself in its full force in our world. Science, by its new apparatus of communication, is making human hearts known everywhere to human hearts. And everywhere they find they are one.

This assuredly is a new stage in the human progress. Henceforth the scientific development and the moral evolution will work into each other with ever-increasing results. The pessimists who discern in modern invention only an increase in the powers of mischief and destruction, who find in chemistry and aviation only fresh and readier methods of aggression and of slaughter, are blind to the other half of what is going on. The menacing signs are only at the surface. Beneath them, and mightier than they, are the workings of the spiritual laws. Against Dreadnoughts and twelve-inch guns are, as a presage of the future, the developments of human solidarity, the sense of kinship, of brotherhood, " the movement of totality."

The growing spiritual consciousness will demand a new way of writing history ; a new way of estimating the size of events. Everything of consequence begins in ideas, in emotions. There are volumes written on the campaigns of Napoleon. We have minute and

long-drawn descriptions of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena. Yet the first glance which the conquerors' parents had of each other, the word, the look which knit these souls together and brought about their union —were not these more important than the battles? For they produced Napoleon. It is always the invisible that makes the world. The advent of an idea into a great mind is one of the biggest things we know, and is the one that can least be written about. It makes absolutely no noise. It is part of that kingdom "which cometh not with observation." Geordie Stephenson's dim notion of a locomotive was mightier than a thousand roaring Niagaras. Alas, though, when the idea is a wrong one! When Augustine, with a mind tinged with the Punic gloom of North Africa, turned from the nobler conception of God and man of the great Greek theologians, to the idea of a harsh and cruel God who could will the eternal woe of countless millions of His human creatures, he drew upon his fellows an amount of suffering, in sensitive consciences and tender hearts, compared with which the atrocities of an Attila, of a Genghis Khan, sink into insignificance. Thank God that bad ideas can, and will always, in the long run, be conquered by good ideas. From the long Augustinian eclipse we are now passing into clearer skies.

The greatest event of to-day will probably be the birth of a child. It will be known to perhaps half a dozen people, and very likely will not be announced even in the advertisement columns of the newspapers. The real progressive movement, against which all the reactionist forces fight in vain, is the

coming of these new spirits into the world. Feudalism may entrench itself within its strongholds; dogmatism may proclaim its decrees as the final word. They are powerless against that new generation which brings its own way of looking at things. For each birth is a fresh proclamation from the heart of things, a further unveiling of the eternal secret. The old has had its say, and now there is this further say. Earthquakes are trifles compared with this upheaving force. Tyrants should tremble at the cradle. Were they logical they would follow the Herod-legend and slay all Bethlehem's children. In the early eighteenth century the ancient orders in France seemed on immutable foundations—the order of the monarchy, the order of the Church, the order of the nobles. But some births took place—of Rousseau at Geneva, of Voltaire at Chatenay, of Diderot at Langres, of Mirabeau at Bignon. In fifty years those births had undermined everything; had prepared the crash of the old world and the beginning of the new. We have not begun yet to understand the supreme significance of birth. When we do we shall have everything on a different footing—the choice of mothers, the choice of fathers; the whole precedents and environments of what is always the biggest event in the world.

Nowhere does the essentially spiritual character of our world show itself more insistently than in the relation of events to ourselves. They get their size from our size. The same happening is different to every one who experiences it. Christ died on the cross, and so did two thieves on either side of Him. The same death, crucifixion; but what a size was the one

death as compared with these others! There is a shipwreck in mid-ocean, where every soul is lost. But if each could tell the tale, not one story would be like another. What each saw in it would be according to all the interior history of each soul. The outside event is a raw material. It is a kind of food, which fuses with our consciousness and enters into its make. Death, whether it comes in a shipwreck or in a feather bed, has every imaginable aspect. To some men it is a mere horror; to a Michel Angelo it is "the only thought which makes us know ourselves, and saves us from becoming a prey to kindred or friends or masters; to ambition, avarice and other vices, which rob a man of himself."

At the best we are only very imperfectly equipped for comprehending the real size of events. They are to us what we see of them, and that is so little. On their physical side even we get only a glimpse. "Imagine," says Kingsland, "what the universe would be in our consciousness if we had sense organs to correspond to all the vibrations which we know exist and pass and repass in the ether around us." We see the world through five senses. How would a being see it who had a hundred senses, or only our present senses sharpened to a higher degree! What should we find in trees, or stones, in all commonest objects, if only they yielded their whole secret! Be sure their secret is not hidden altogether; be sure that this wonder of the physical is always met and overtopped by intelligences, higher than ours, that know and master it. The poet sees meanings that the common man does not. When, as Bagehot

puts it, " it came to pass in those days that William Wordsworth went up into the hills," it was to get visions hidden from the peasants around him. In

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

the poet saw and felt unspeakable things. But the universe has greater poets than our best. An infinite universe would not be infinite were there not an infinite intelligence to understand it.

It is when we contemplate things on this scale that we see how provincial is that view of events which confines their significance to our immediate perceptions. We think this accident, this misfortune, has happened to us, and to us only. But if the light by which we perceive it carries it by ether-vibrations to farthest worlds, why should we say that these vibrations of the suffering soul are less limited; that they touch only our spirit and no other form of spirit? Are we to believe what a modern German poet says :

> Das ganze Weltall zeigt nur Leid und Pein,
> Jedoch das Mitleid fühlt der Mensch allein !

"The universe shows us only sorrow and pain, yet only man compassion feels." It is a foolish conclusion, repudiated as much by science as by the heart.

This matter of the quality of events has a very intimate connection with our interior life, and with our religious estimates. How, for instance, do our losses affect us? In a commercial venture you have dropped so much money. The amount is doubtless important, but the real size of what has happened

is measured by the effect on yourself. How far has it affected your faith, your joy in life, as one of God's children? It is precisely here, in its effect on character, on your resolution, your will-power, your energy, your cheerfulness, that the balance is to be struck; that the event has to be placed to your credit or your debit side.

The same method of reckoning has to be used in reference to the vexed questions of religious controversy that have of late been troubling us. A man, we will say, has diverged in some respects from the recognised orthodoxy of his time. He has expressed disturbing opinions. What is the rule here for judging? It is, surely, to judge the event by its spiritual quality. Has the change of view made the man less sincere, less loving, less earnest for the good? Or has it increased these values? There may be other circumstances which should weigh in our decision, but this, surely, is the chief circumstance. Or, on the other hand, a man may, as to his opinions, have travelled in the opposite direction; he began in liberal thinking and ended in conservative thinking. Again, how shall we judge him and his opinions? The same rule, surely, holds. If this new conservatism has deepened love and widened service and brought a new sweetness of inner temper, that is all to the good. If it has, on the contrary, brought into the spirit fanaticism and harshness and the despotic temper, that, we have to say, is all to the bad. The ultimate criterion is not the precise form of the opinions we hold, but the spirit in which we hold them. Without love our doctrines and our

knowledge are as sounding brass and as tinkling cymbal. As Milton has it, you may hold the truth and be a heretic ; heretic, because you do not hold it in the true way.

The lesson of all this is the holiness of this universe. Its truth is holy. Science is a sacred calling. All that is in the world—its material, its movement, its happenings—have in them, when explored to the centre, meanings which are the food of the soul. There is one Gospel, and it is written everywhere. Turn up the roughest bit of substance and its under side is spiritual. And everything that happens to you, though you be the poorest being on the planet, is also happening elsewhere—it is happening to the heart of God. In moments of depression it may seem to you that your presence here is the most insignificant of events. Could you see with His eyes, you would know yourself as part of His eternity.

X

IDEALS AND LIFE-PLANNING

We hear a great deal to-day about town-planning, and it is a fine idea. "God made the country, but man made the town" is a sarcasm which, up to now, has had only too much truth in it. It seems a very stupid sort of man who has made most of our towns. He has done his work without thinking about it, without any central idea. There are cities, indeed, which embody great thoughts. It was an imperial view which led Constantine to turn old Byzantium into a world-capital, commanding two continents and two seas. So was that of the Macedonian conqueror who planted Alexandria at the mouth of old Nile. There are cities which are a dream of beauty, unforgettable for their site, for their links with history. Our very soul feeds on Florence, on Edinburgh, on Venice, on Rome. And yet how one longs to reform them all! The Forum and the Coliseum do not take the taste out of our mouths of Rome's back streets; Holyrood does not efface the squalor of the Canongate; you have so often to hold your nose in Venice. For a century past our English towns, in their development, have sprawled over the country, eating up field and hedgerow, and putting in their place acres of brick-and-mortar abortions that insult the eye and poison the lungs. What would an old Greek, fresh from the Parthenon, think of our Black Country? Thank God

that at last there is dawning upon even our belated Englishman a sense of beauty. He is thinking of town-planning, of bringing grace to bear upon our double dose of original sin. He dreams of garden cities ; of places that will fit into and complete the country, instead of disfiguring it. If he had the courage to begin by blowing up with dynamite half our present urban huddlements, and so starting afresh, what a place he might make of England !

But if we had made all our cities as beautiful as Nature herself, we should only have begun with our problem. For behind the city is the dweller in it. We have ideas and estimates for town-planning. Have we any adequate ones for life-planning ? It is a business we begin very early. There are few boys who have not settled on their career before they are ten. They have, in fact, by that time created for themselves several careers. One of them, in the majority of cases, is that of an engine-driver. There has been a moment when they saw themselves as a soldier ; another, on carrying to the pond their first boat, when their mind was made up for the sea. We go on forming plans all our life. When old age comes, we look back upon them with a smile. How differently the thing has turned out ! Yet something *has* been turned out, which is ours and yet not ours. But of this more anon.

Man is the one animal on this earth who can, in any sort of sense, plan his life. Bees and ants, who possess, in a way, extraordinary intelligence, are yet shut up to one line of things. We can predict what they will do in almost every hour of their existence.

They will build on one pattern—as old as the hills. They will perform one particular kind of work, and then die. Man himself here is only beginning to learn his freedom. In some regions he has not even begun. In India, generation after generation follows the trade, the customs, the life-habits to which their birth, their caste, predestinate them. In the West, too, there have been ages of changelessness. We have met a labourer in Ireland who, at the age of seventy, had not been outside his own parish. But all that is passing. The labourer to-day, beginning in placid Dorset, may find himself at Klondike, or shepherding in an Australian back-block. In America a man will try life along half a dozen roads, and not unsuccessfully, either. With Abraham Lincoln, he may start as rail-splitter and end up as President of the Republic. Science and industry are between them opening up all manner of new occupations. No other age has been comparable to our own for the variety it offers in life-planning.

But others besides ourselves have a voice in this work. Life is an estate to which we succeed, and it has passed through a good many hands before it reaches our own. We build with materials which we did not make, and on a site which we did not choose. We are on all sides hemmed in with limitations, some of Nature's ordering, some which society has ordained. Heredity, which a French writer describes as "the father's hand stretched over his children from the tomb," holds us in its grip. And to the dead ancestor succeeds the living parent. One of his first responsibilities—God help him, it is a serious one!—is to choose

careers for his children. It becomes more and more difficult. One can lay down no law here. Yet, as a general principle, we know of nothing better in this line than is exhibited for us in the example of Quaker John Woolman. In his delightful autobiography he tells us that, prospering in his business, he gave it up, whilst yet in his prime, for three reasons: first, because he did not wish to be rich; second, because he desired to leave his children the blessing of labour and effort for themselves; and, third, because he felt it his duty as a Christian to devote a certain part of his life definitely and completely to the work of the Gospel. The reasons hold well together. Indeed, the highest life is always a harmonious one.

But others besides parents take a hand in life-planning. It has been done on the great scale. The world's history up to now has consisted largely of attempts, mostly mischievous ones, on the part of strong men to regulate the careers of weak ones. For outstanding example, take that reply of Napoleon to a lady on the mission of women: "The business of your sex, madame, is to give me soldiers." Yes, for ages the business of the lower world has been to supply ambition with the material for its projects. Life-planning has been made part of a scheme of wholesale murder in the interests of aggression. For this millions of men have been reared, trained, drilled, and then sent like beasts to the slaughter. State policies have been founded on the ethics of piracy. Their maxims have been summed up in that dictum of Machiavelli: "It is frequently necessary for the upholding of the State to go to work against faith,

against charity, against humanity, against religion." As Fénelon once, with magnificent courage, put it to "the most Christian King," Louis XIV.: "You hang a poor wretch for stealing a crown on the high road in his extreme need; and treat as a hero the man who conquers a province, or who unjustly seizes the territory of a neighbouring State." It was what Augustine had said before him: "Aggressive war is brigandage on the great scale."

For ages this has gone on, but now we discern a change. We discern the beginning of a new kind of life-planning. We talk of crowned kings, of wheat kings, of steel kings, of money kings. But another reign is commencing—that of the thought kings. They, in fact, have always ruled, but their thought has hitherto been an inferior thought. Intellect has had pride and ambition at the back of it. It is at last coming definitely under the sway of morality, under the influence of a higher world. Ideas rule the world, and there is a turn in the tide of ideas. We are witnessing in the public mind a transformation of values. It has been said that if the courage, the capital, the power of organisation and of initiative, that hitherto have been exhibited in campaigns and on the battlefield could be turned in another direction, that of fighting against humanity's real evils, we should have, in one generation, something like Paradise regained. That is precisely what *is* coming. Translate physical courage into moral courage, the courage of Austerlitz into the courage of Calvary, and the one great victory will have been achieved. This, however, will not be a battle, but a long campaign; but the

campaign has begun. The thought kings are organising it. Legislators have already caught the idea of Montesquieu: "In free communities a good legislator gives himself less to punishing crimes than to preventing them; he applies himself more to securing morals than to inflicting punishments."

The best thought of our time is now applying itself to planning lives for people who have no plans of their own. The thoughtless are to be helped by the thoughtful. Lads bred in the slums of our cities, who rush into easy openings that turn out to be blind alleys, are to be headed off and put into careers that lead to something. The knotty problems of land and labour, of the distribution of population, of education, of securing proper mental outfit for the life-struggle—all these are being settled, not by the blundering mind of the populace, but by the experts of scientific philanthropy. The mighty dreamers of the past, Plato with his Republic, glorious More with his "Utopia," Marsiglio of Padua with his scheme of universal peace, could they have looked upon our day, would have seen all the best they longed for beginning to assert itself, coming to its own. Just beginning to dawn upon us are the superb possibilities of the social life. At present our cities are for the most part howling deserts of isolated, lonely personalities. Can we conceive the delights of a community where all know each other, where all love and serve each other? That surely would realise the vision of the mediæval singer:

Cœlestis urbs Ierusalem
Beata pacis visio.

And that is coming.

But let us here make no mistake. There are numbers of amateur life-planners in this country and elsewhere, who propose to reach this millennium by ways that are not millennial. We are to have a sort of French Revolution on a universal scale, where everybody is to be made happy by a redistribution of goods. Well, there are some redistributions that are necessary, and that are going to be made. They are, in fact, being made. The curse of poverty is, we see, within reach of legislation, and we are beginning to legislate. Spoliators will be made to disgorge; the robber laws will be repealed, and righteous ones put in their place. The people will recover its stolen heritages. But is anyone so blind as to suppose that the human hunger can be satisfied with bread? That when the human stomach is filled, and its material cravings all met, that we have completed our scheme of life-planning? There would be no surer way of turning earth into the vividest hell than to fulfil this programme of materialistic Socialism; to concentrate, that is, the whole force of the human intellect and will upon its material having, and at the same time to swamp and destroy its spiritual life. Happily, such schemes are as impossible as they are stupid. They reckon without human nature, which is not built that way.

There can be no communal life-planning with a chance of success apart from an individual life-planning. The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul. You cannot get a decent piano unless all its strings are in tune, or tuneable. There is no way of producing a good building out of rotten materials.

And hence it is that Christianity provides the only possible democracy by its insistence on the reclamation of the individual. You will get your perfect State when its members are like the disciples of old, " of one heart and one soul."

And while the ideal State is thus in the making, what of ourselves ? We have our own work cut out here, and we may now return to that. There is to-day, as we have said, an immense choice of careers, and an ever-increasing variety of circumstance. But there are some general principles which apply to them all. Let us make up our minds, for one thing, that our world, our circumstances, our success or failure, our happiness or woe, will be all strictly and inevitably according to what we are. The more of us there is, the more will life yield us. It is inexhaustible in itself; the question here is of our receptive capacity. And so the question of inner culture and inner discipline becomes paramount. Taine was here on the right track when at twenty-one he wrote: " My only desire is to improve myself in order to be worth a little more every day. . . . Being a true Sybarite, I am going to sweep and garnish this inmost dwelling, and to set up in it some true ideas, some good intentions, and a few sincere affections." He is in line with that word of the " Phædrus ": " Grant me to become pure within; and whatever external things I have, let them be agreeable to what is within. I would reckon the wise man rich." Yes, indeed; the damning heresy of our day is its wrong view of riches. We are here in a species of insanity which will only be cured by accepting the Gospel view of what constitutes the

real wealth. Life for all of us consists just in the number and quality of its sensations, of its ideas, of its sentiments. The man who makes millions has, after all, only his inner feeling as their product. And dollars can only turn out a very inferior inner article. The man who gets the full life is he who carries to it the full soul. Says Père Gratry—a writer, by the way, whom our English Protestant preachers would do well to study—"Happy those pure and childlike souls, those saintly souls, with whom the vision of a flower, of a stream, the odour of a field of wheat, the view of a ray of light, or of a mist rising from the earth, touches the heart, and makes it tremble with love." That was the meaning of Francis of Assisi's gospel of poverty. The saint was a philosopher. He gave up all in order to possess all. He entered into the innermost owning of things, the owning which comes from a sense of unity. To him all things were friends; all ministers to his joy. He was intimate with birds and flowers, with trees and the wind; he called fire and water his brothers. He was one with them all because one with God.

The circumstances of our time are very different from those of the thirteenth century, and so are the ideas; but there are principles underlying this view of life which are eternal, and which none of us can afford to miss. The upshot of it is that everything we possess is in ourselves, and that all depends on the quality of this inner possession. Here are all the values. The things that in their inward impact make us proud, or lazy, or selfish, or animally indulgent, are bad things, poverty-producing things, for they impoverish the soul. And the things which make us humble,

loving, patient, industrious, serviceable and inwardly joyful are good things, are the world's riches, for they enrich the soul. A world-view of this kind will, amongst other results, put us in a new attitude towards our sorrows. Be sure we shall have them; no conceivable circumstances can keep them out. But with a right inner discipline we shall set ourselves to make the most of them. And we shall find that they contain infinite things. It was said of Goethe that he turned all his griefs into poems. We can do that with our own; making of them life-poems, better than any that were ever expressed in verse.

But the truest word here has yet to be said. For experienced and purified souls the one supreme consolation lies in the sense that our own life-planning has throughout been under the superintendence of a greater architect than ourselves. We referred at the beginning to the way in which our separate schemes have a way of getting cut into and overridden. How huge a disappointment is it at the time! Holy George Herbert, as his friends loved to call him, had, as a young man, laid out his plans for a successful career at Court. The unlooked-for death of his patron broke up all his prospects. His entry into the Church was, at the time, a sort of *pis aller*. Yet we could have spared the courtier; we could not have spared the saint and poet. It was a cannon-shot which broke his leg at Pampeluna that spoiled Loyola's military career, but it was this seeming accident which unlocked the fountain of his spiritual force. Our own life-history, looked at from a material standpoint, seems often to have been only a series of disasters. That disabling

illness, the long pressure of poverty, cruel bereavements, the shattering of such bright hopes, what a story it has been! In moments of depression we say with the patriarch, "Few and evil have been the days and the years of my pilgrimage." But that will never be the view of faith. In that view existence is victory. Out of the hurly-burly of the past we see a something emerging, which, as we contemplate it, fills us with a solemn joy. It is the creation of an individuality, ours, of a spiritual structure, of "a house not made with hands." God has wrought at the making of it; and it is a something dear to God. And because it is His work it will not perish. We await without fear the consummation of that work; a consummation which will reveal the failures as successes, the sorrows as stones in the building. We need ask no better fate, no deeper joy, than to know our past, our present and our future as His planning, a work which will show itself finally as worthy of Himself.

XI

ARISTOCRACY AND THE IDEAL

ARISTOCRACY is a good word which has of late fallen into bad odour. It has suffered from evil alliances, from disreputable connections. Etymologically it means the government of the best, and could there be anything better than that? It has neighbour words, too, of the highest respectability. King, if we may take Carlyle's somewhat doubtful derivation, is the Kœnig, canning man, the man who *can*, who is able. Our duke, who is just now quoted so cheaply in the market, is originally *dux*, the leader or commander. Lord, some say is from law-ward; others from bread-ward, an origin which none might be ashamed of. And Plato, with a sort of sad cynicism, reminds us that the "tyrant" begins always as a protector of the people.

Aristocracy, as an idea, has carried itself into the highest levels. It is a commanding note in theology. It assumes one Supreme Power as the head and centre of things. Its heaven is conceived as a theocracy, and secondarily as a hierarchy. Cherubim, archangels and the angelic host form the descending scale of an aristocratic system which rules in the unseen. And the most democratic republics accept this idea. America, which does not believe in kings, and has no

House of Lords, reproduces them in its divinity. It believes in one God, and sings its *Te Deum* with the rest of us. And practical life is largely founded on this basis. The world's commerce is built on it. Every firm has its head and its successive ranks of subordinates. The ship is essentially an aristocratic institution. The captain is king there, and that by the old definition of the word. His authority is that of the "canning" man, the man who is able, who knows most. The notion that one man is as good as another would never bring the vessel into port.

The family tradition tells the same story. The father has not been elected to his position. He holds it for life, and by a sort of right divine. Nature herself works apparently on this principle. The head on our shoulders is lord of the body. It is at the top, and rules all the lower members. The thought in the brain transmits its orders to nerves and puts the muscles in motion. If revolt breaks out there we call it paralysis.

The principle, then, seems so far to have justified itself. But in its working a complication has set in which has raised all manner of questions. The complication lies in the query, "What *is* the best?" "How are we to find and keep it?" In earlier days the answer was easy. The best was the strongest. The supremacy was muscular. A man won his way to the front by his thews and sinews. Later, brain power came into play and the conquest was to cunning, combined with courage. And that is how matters continued for a long period of history. The English nobility began in piracy and conquest. The Danish

Vikings who swept the land with fire and sword, the Normans who followed them, established themselves by right of the strongest. And this title so far was a real one, founded in the fact of things. The Vikings, the earls and barons who followed, were a genuine article. Their force was a real one. If anyone contested their right they were there to defend it. "By my sword I have won my lands," said Earl de Warrenne on an historic occasion, "and by my sword I will keep them." They were there as the best men of the time, as best was then counted. And they recognised duties as well as rights. *Noblesse oblige* stood for something. Their tenure was on condition that they did things; raised troops for the King's service; kept law and order within their boundaries.

Chivalry brought a yet higher idea. In old Malory—the quarry out of which Tennyson wrought the exquisite figures of the "Idylls"—we have knighthood presented as a really noble order. The true knight is to be not only a man of his hands, but essentially a gentleman. What a touch is that in the story of Sir Beaumains: "Truly, madam, said Linet unto her sister, well may he be a king's son, for he hath many good taches on him, for he is courteous and mild and the most suffering man that ever I met withal." Malory's heroes show their good blood by their good character.

Here, then, we have an aristocracy founded on facts, and powerfully backed by the nature of things. But with the movement of time a weakness arises in the system which now threatens to become a fatal one. Aristocracy as thus conceived carried with it the

principle of heredity; and heredity, though it has something to say for itself, is nevertheless a departure from the original idea. It is natural that a man, having won power and position for himself, should desire to transmit them, whole and unimpaired, to his children. But a man's son is not the man himself. He may be a fool, or merely commonplace. Marcus Aurelius may beget a Commodus. And then you have a breach, a direct negation of the theory; you have no longer a government of the best.

Besides this, another and a surer influence works for the decay of the hereditary system. In a country of settled conditions, such as our own, the environment which produced the first men, the founders of a line, changes into another, which, so far from being favourable, is apt to be destructive of the type. Carlyle counts among the redemptive features of a nation "the certainty of heroes being born to it." Yes; but where, in what rank? In the times when a nation, torn with convulsion, looks round for its strongest man to give a lead, it is not the established nobility that produces him. Scotland finds him in John Knox, the obscure monk; Germany, in Luther, the peasant's son; England, in Oliver Cromwell, the brewer of Huntingdon; France, in Napoleon, the beggarly Corsican.

The environment of luxury, the long, undisputed possession of privilege, is, we say, not the atmosphere which Nature chooses for the production of her best. It has, one may admit, certain advantages in the breeding of types. It is a school of "the high manner." Aristotle in the "Rhetoric" notes the difference of

manner between people who have lately acquired wealth and those who have long enjoyed it; he saw the defects in this respect of the *nouveaux riches.* In addition, in our own country, the nobility, by living an open-air life, choosing healthy and beautiful women for their mates, and in recruiting their ranks by newcomers of a vigorous type from other classes, have secured in this way some distinct points in the game.

But they are heavily, it would seem fatally, handicapped. They lack an element which is vital—the element of struggle. Born at the top, there is no climbing for them. Their ancestors gained their place by doing things, but, alas! what is there to-day for these people to do? We see what it is they accomplish. At the public school and the university they are slackers. Work is bad form, and *why* should they work? For scholars, for inventors, for artists, for leaders in science, we look anywhere but in the modern peerage. Is there enough intellect in the present dukedom of England to produce a second-rate fiddler? Our aristocracy may be this, that and the other, but in the fierce competition of the nations in arts, in letters, in science, in industry, in religion, in all that makes a people great, it is assuredly not in that direction we look for inspiration.

Our English aristocracy, in these later times, has had no such crimes laid to its charge as that French one which perished in the Great Revolution. It has exercised no *droit du seigneur;* it has erected no Bastille; it has had no law which permitted a lord to slay two or three peasants in order to give himself a blood bath when returning from the chase; it has

produced no Foulon with his cry, "Let the people eat grass." A lord is still a popular social personage. And yet there is a heavy indictment against the order. It is to its influence, and that of the Church which has been its ally, that England is to-day one of the worst-educated countries of the Western world; that while Scotland has had for centuries its popular universities where the sons of peasants could equip themselves with the best learning that was going, the English University was the jealously guarded preserve of one class and of one faith. It is owing to the same influence that the Englishman is a landless man; that while France possesses its millions of peasant proprietors, strong in the sense of property and of independence, the English people, robbed of its heritage in the country by Commons Enclosure Acts and other methods of spoliation, has been driven into the towns, there to wither from lack of fresh air; that its peasantry —what is left of them—dwindle before our eyes, with a starvation wage, with no interest in the soil they till, the forlornest of mortals. It is to the aristocracy we owe the fact—astonishing, surely, when we think of it—that the Englishman who in his thirst for scenery and adventure wanders over the four continents, who makes Switzerland and Norway his playgrounds, is actually debarred his own scenery; finds access to mountain and moorland scenery shut off by notice-boards.

The peers are at present our legislators. What is their record in this capacity? John Morley, writing on Turgot, observes that "titular aristocracies postpone the larger interests to the narrow interests

of their order." The sentence is an apt summary of the procedures of our hereditary Chamber. The story is one of stubborn resistance to every endeavour after social and economic betterment. Religious liberty, extension of the franchise, reform of our barbarous criminal law, Factory Acts, Poor Law reform, all these endeavours after justice and humanity have found in the Upper House a giant Maul who barred their progress, who maimed where he could not destroy. In view of its past history and of its present pretensions, one ponders those words of Milton on the Lords question of his day, a question for which the Commons of the time found its own solution: "For should the management of the republic be entrusted to persons to whom no one would willingly entrust the management of his private concerns, and the treasury of the State be left to the care of those who had lavished their own fortunes in an infamous prodigality?"

In fact, a fatal question here emerges, one which Nature herself is outlining, and with ever sterner insistence. What, after all, is the use of our present-day aristocracy? What is their reason for being? It is apparent that the name they carry is a misnomer. Aristocracy, as we have said, is the government, the leadership, of the best. But are these people the best? Their ancestors were, according to the standards of the time. They reached their place by their deeds and their qualities. Can their present representatives offer any such credentials? The receiving and spending of rents is hardly in itself an heroic performance. The pursuits and qualifications of a majority of them

are on a level with those of the gamekeeper and the jockey, with perhaps that of a billiard-marker thrown in. What they amount to as upholders of a moral standard, the memoirs of a Creevey and a Greville in a past generation, and of a Countess of Cardigan in our own, are a sufficient evidence.

It is inevitable—the operation of the law of Nature which gave their ancestors their place—that a class which has ceased to do the great things, which has lost the capacity of leading, must cease to lead. The law of aristocracy is supreme, and will brook no exceptions; the best must win, must come to the top. The happiness, not only of the best, but of the second best and of all grades behind, depends on that. Plato recognised this principle when he made the rulers of his ideal State to be the picked men, trained for the post by a rigorous discipline. In all the other great departments of civilised life we recognise the principle. In literature, in art, in industry, in science, in active politics, the supreme place is accorded to the supreme capacity.

And it is precisely here that the aristocratic idea, truly conceived, allies itself at once to democracy and to religion. Democracy demands the liberty of the people, and rightly; but what is liberty? Says Cicero with profound insight, "We are servants of all the laws that we may be free." True liberty is not a power to do wrong, but to do right. And with the moral development of society liberty will consist in the freedom from external constraints, such as gaols, militarisms and the like, the motive-power becoming more and more an inner one; a constraint, not of the

magistrate or the gaoler, but of the conscience ; an enlistment of all the powers in the service of the best, and that from the free delight in and love of the best.

And thus, for final word, is it that in a pure and spiritual religion we find the junction and perfect harmony of the aristocratic and the democratic idea. The aristocratic, for religion is the government of the best ; of God as Best in the universe, and in man of the rule in him of the higher over the lower. Here, too, is the pure democracy, which proclaims that the highest gift which life offers us, God's presence and dominance in the soul, is our common heritage, the inheritance of one and all.

XII

THE IDEAL IN DEMOCRACY

In the last chapter we discussed aristocracy and the ideal. It may be well now, as a companion study, to deal with what is generally regarded as the opposite idea, that of democracy. More even than in the previous subject do we need here to have some clear thinking. And for the reason that not only is this the insistent and burning question of our time, but that it is the one on which people are the most easily misled, and are exposed to the most fatal mistakes.

Democracy, from the Greek *demos* people, and *kratos* power, is a word which tells its own story. It is government by the people, or, as in these times we more fully and forcibly express it, government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is an idea which, thus barely stated, lends itself easily to ridicule. It has been a subject for the wits of superior persons in all ages. How we have all laughed at Cleon the tanner whom Aristophanes so mercilessly lashes, the "mobocrat," who, for his own purposes, played on the passions of the Athenian populace. Euripides was bitterly denounced by his contemporaries for introducing low fellows — slaves, fishwomen, cobblers—into his plays. Casca, in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, represents the upper class

feeling about the "rabblement," who "hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and emitted such a deal of stinking breath that it had almost choked Cæsar." Even John Knox speaks of "the rascal multitude"; and we remember Carlyle's grim suggestion that the people of these islands are "mostly fools." We are asked whether the national wisdom is to be sought in the vote of the least wise; whether it is not desirable to "weigh heads rather than count them." All this is concentrated in the saying of an English bishop, Dr. Porteous, that "the people have nothing to do with the laws except to obey them."

Nothing is easier than to frame an indictment against the multitude. It may, however, occur to us before setting about it to ask whether the world is to be reformed or Paradise regained by the framing of indictments? We may indeed begin our advocacy of democracy by admitting everything that can justly be laid to its door: all its excesses, its ignorances, its failures. We are by no means anxious to be governed by ignorance, or by brute passion, or by the mob orator. The world, let us be assured, is not advancing to that consummation. More than ever it cries for the wisdom of the wisest, for the tools to be in the hands of those who can use them, for the leadership of the supreme ability. Let us, then, at the outset understand what we mean by democracy.

Democracy in the modern world and in the best minds is not, first of all, so much a system or form of governing as a feeling, a sentiment. It is a sense of love for the people, of trust in them, the desire

to be united with their fortunes, the passion to serve them. The historical Jesus stands before us as, in this sense, the first true democrat. Born amidst the people, living His life amongst them, we see in Him the man of supreme capacity standing before the multitude, not for what He can get out of them, but for what He can impart to them. In face of the modern exploiter—the politician who angles for votes' the capitalist who creates beef trusts—all intent on using the people for their personal profit, the Democrat of Galilee offers us here a marvellous spectacle, whose significance we are only now beginning to appreciate. It is the eternal type of the democratic spirit as it is to work in the social evolution that is before us.

It means, we say, first and foremost a love of and belief in the people, the people as they are and for what they are. It holds humanity as a lovable and a holy thing. Lamennais, in a magnificent passage of the "*Paroles d'un Croyant,*" speaks of the people as in itself the Christ of the ages, enduring patiently its long martyrdom, uplifted on its cross of suffering, working out a world redemption. And there is truth in that. We do not begin to understand our fellow until we see a divine in him, a divine that is suffering. We talk of tumults and massacres, but have we ever properly considered the patience of the people? They have done everything for us and received so little from us! It is not the gorgeously attired, but the man in corduroy who is the maker of the nation. The palace of the aristocrat was not made by the aristocrat; no, nor the road he walks on, nor the rail he travels by, nor the yacht in which he sails the seas. It was

the horny hand, the dweller in a hovel, the receiver of a pittance, that did these things. It was his ancestors in tens of thousands who laid down their lives on bloody fields to win the empire, to guard its liberties.

So patient, we say. The colliers could starve us out in six weeks, but instead they go down day by day into the blackness of the pit, facing explosions and maimings and deaths to work for us. And what politeness there is amongst them, what instant recognition of worth and goodness! The Salvation Army lass will visit the roughest quarters and be sure of her reception. Travel in the workman's train and note the homely, modest courtesy with which your roughly clad companions will treat you. And what humour there is, and good sense! What Hazlitt said of his day will hold now: "You will hear more good things on the outside of a stage coach from London to Oxford than if you were to pass a twelvemonth with the undergraduates or heads of colleges of the famous university."

It is, we say, to begin with, the sense and appreciation of all this, the desire to be identified with the people in their sorrows and difficulties, to help in making for them a better world, that constitutes the democratic spirit. It may be named, indeed, the Christian spirit, according to that excellent definition of it which Goethe gives in "Wilhelm Meister," where, speaking of "the three reverences," he calls Christianity the religion of the third reverence; the reverence, that is, for what is beneath us, for the humble, the lowly, the suffering. The rich, the

titled, the privileged, have won all their rights and more than their rights. The democratic, the Christian spirit recognises that the battle for rights is now a battle for the poor, the unprivileged, who are at present shut out from them.

Thus far of democracy as a sentiment. But it has also a relation to government which it is time now to consider. We want to know first of all what we mean by government. There are here some radical confusions which need to be cleared up. Through the long ages of militarism and violence the idea of government has been so exclusively connected with force and compulsion that we are apt to think of it as belonging exclusively to this sphere. But the democratic spirit has a quite different outlook from that. It is excellently expressed in Locke's view of authority. Locke holds that its only justification lies in its actual serviceableness. Only that, he says, which has justified itself to the reason and has won man's free assent can exercise an inward control. We here begin to see how far wider is the sphere of government than that of mere command. The true governing is serving. The guide in the Swiss mountains governs his party by showing them the way. They follow him because he knows. Compare the relation here with that of a chained slave-gang urged along the road by the whips of the drivers! Both bodies are under government, but how different a sort of government! There is government also by persuasion; as when an orator by the arguments he offers, by the force of his pleading, brings over the audience to his views. And in a wider sense a

man of genius may be said to govern a generation by showering upon it his gifts. We call him an "authority" in his department, and the word here is well used. His authority is that of high service.

Recognising all this, the democratic idea is to substitute in an ever-increasing degree the government of the guide for that of the slave-driver. Its ultimate aim is to teach each man to govern himself; to establish in his own soul the reign of reason and conscience in place of that of violence and passion. In proportion as that goes on amongst a people, the rule of brute force, of the army, the magistrate, and the gibbet will fade into the rear, until it finally disappears. Less and less will it be an affair of ordering and obeying; more and more an affair of helping and being helped. The community's wisdom will be at the service of the less wise. The mind of genius will link itself to the mind of the dull and the uninformed, to draw them forward towards its own level.

Enough has here been said to make clear what, in our view, is the spirit and the future course of democracy. Clearly it is not the government of ignorance or of passion, the dominance of the noble by the ignoble. On the contrary, it will utilise to a degree never before reached the wisdom of the wisest in the service of all. It is by slow degrees that this idea is coming in as a working, a dominating force. We have seen ages in which the world's ability, its cleverness, has been used for the self-aggrandisement of its possessors rather than for the general well-being; when men, with some grand exceptions, cared less to yoke themselves to the common load

than to push their solitary way to the heights. Thus have we the pitiful story of the separation of the strong from the weak; of the growing splendour on one side and the growing misery on the other; of the powerful using the weak as stepping-stones upwards, their weight, meanwhile, pressing the recumbent figures underneath further into the mud. Montesquieu describes this process as it went on in France: "The clergy, the prince, the towns, the great people, certain leading citizens, have insensibly become proprietors of the whole country. It is uncultivated, and one ought to distribute the lands amongst those who have none, and to procure them means of clearing and cultivating it."

As the moral evolution goes on we shall more and more clearly see that the elevation of one class at the expense of others is a barbarism, an intolerable condition; that we have no right to happiness apart from the happiness of others; that the true mental frame is to be, as Pope's lines have it—

> Never elated while one man's oppressed
> Never dejected while another's blessed.

Democracy conceives a state in which the happiness of each individual will be increased a thousandfold by the conscious participation of each in the happiness of all. It conceives society as an organism in which one part cannot call itself healthy while another part is diseased. To quote the great Frenchman once more: "The alms you give to a naked man in the street do not fill up the obligations of the State, which owes to all its citizens an assured subsistence, and a life not contrary to health."

The Ideal in Democracy

We have spoken of the relation of democracy to religion, and now, in closing, we must return to that. There is, for one thing, the bearing of democracy on church government. If Jesus was the true democrat, and if Christianity consists in carrying on His spirit and teaching, it follows that its own government and internal regulations should exemplify in the best form the democratic idea. How far in practice the Church has departed from it, history offers the sad and shameful record. The condemnation of splendid hierarchies, of the separation of the clergy from the laity, of theological and spiritual despotisms of all kinds, lies most in this, that they are one and all a betrayal of democracy. The Church of the past has separated men, instead of bringing them together; has created castes, instead of abolishing them; worst of all, it has governed by force instead of by reason and persuasion. The French saying, *un évêque ne discute pas; il frappe*, has been its characteristic method. Democracy demands above all things mental freedom, and this the Church has been the first to deny. If a man is to govern himself he must think for himself. Old Hesiod, at the dawn of Greek literature, saw this clearly. Says he: "The man who thinks for himself aright is the best of all; he who follows another's rightful thought is also good; but he who neither thinks aright, nor listens to another's thought, that man is nothing worth." If we are to have a true democracy we must have a true Christianity, a religious community whose notes are fellowship, humility, service and liberty.

And the question here of the Church, of a truly

founded and regulated religious community, is so important because we shall never get a true democracy apart from a true religion. For democracy, as we have seen, points in the last result to self-government. Without that it would be chaos, like the starry worlds without gravitation. And there is no self-government without an inner, a spiritual power. Your self-governed State, to be workable, requires a community of good men, and there is no political recipe for making men good. The work here must begin in a man's soul, in a reinforcement of the good that is in him by all the good that is outside him. It is here that all materialistic, godless Socialisms break down. Before you can construct your world, you must have the right material, and know where to get it. Man must be right with God before he can be right with his fellow.

XIII

NATURE AND THE POLITICAL IDEAL

In the political conflicts of the hour we seem to need a referee. We have two sides vehemently opposed, denying each other's statements, calling each other names. Each party believes that the other is ruining the country. All life and progress will come to an end if the wrong side wins. And it is well that we should be in earnest over these matters, for the effect on human welfare of good or bad politics can hardly be exaggerated. But in deciding about them we are, we say, in some need of an umpire. And fortunately for us there is one. There is a court of appeal outside, whose decisions are slow in coming, but which, when they do appear, turn out to be infallibly accurate. That court, that umpire, is Nature. She is, indeed, much more than umpire. She is herself the great political worker, engaged, not for this party or that, but for both sides; at once the foundation and the effective agent of the politics of humanity. It seems worth while, just now, to study some of her methods.

The study is good because, to begin with, it has so calming, so cheering an effect. One's first impulse, indeed, is to laugh a little. For in the midst of our conflicts Nature shows herself first of all as a humourist. She smiles in her sleeve at our promises, our pro-

phecies. She will put them all to the test. She has a word to the victors and the vanquished. "Good people," we hear her saying, "do not make too much of your triumphs or your defeats. You have not shut up all life in the ballot-box. Most of it, and the best of it, lies outside. When all you have done is done, your world, your island, will stand just where they did. The sun will rise to-morrow on both of you. Streams will flow, clouds will sail in the sky, spring and summer will come, bringing with them the clothing of the trees, the song of the birds, the joy of the children, all the beauty and glory of the landscape. They will know nothing of your quarrels. To Tory and Liberal they will offer themselves with entire impartiality. They have so much kindlier a feeling for you than you appear to have for each other."

Our political parties, as at present constituted, range themselves as Conservatives and Progressives. Nature appears to belong to both. She is in a sense conservative. There are aspects of her that never change. And well for us that it is so. But her conservatism is a fidelity; it is that of a friend who conserves the faithfulness of his friendship. It is an affirmation that we may rely upon her. When you once know the qualities of fire, of water, of oak, or of granite, you may trust them. They will be the same to-morrow as yesterday. There is never a rebellion in atoms; there is no change in the fact that two and two make four. Ours is a world we can live in because we are confident that no bribery or intimidation will induce oxygen to alter its action, or cause water to run uphill. And so far as conservatism stands for

law and order, you may count Nature in on that side also. She will have no tampering with the established constitution. Let anyone play tricks with her law of gravitation and he will get the worst of it. She has a rough way of dealing with rebels and with fools.

But it is precisely this respect for law and her constitution that, on the other hand, makes Nature the most ardent of progressives. For her law is essentially one of progress. Her record here is unmistakable. In times of apparent standstill and reaction, nothing is so cheering as to take a survey of the past. Our own personal career is so brief that we grow impatient if we cannot see things move. Nature is long-lived and takes her time. Æons before man appeared she was at this business, pushing things forward. She never stops her working, and the direction is always upward. Her way of it is different from ours; so much quieter, so much more effective. While we are shouting our war-cries she is silently preparing her soil, dropping in her seed, watching over her new growths. She brings now and then a great man into the world, the performance of whose single brain does more for human advancement than a dozen political programmes. What Parliamentary Bill equalled in importance for England and the world's welfare the idea that came into the head of James Watt as he watched the steam lifting the lid of his tea-kettle, or that other idea which made Geordie Stephenson the inventor of the locomotive? "One new idea such as Bessemer's chief invention," says Professor Marshall, "adds as much to England's productive power as the labours of a hundred thousand men." In this work

Nature quietly ignores our party systems. In bestowing the mental gifts by which peoples are enriched she has no political preferences. Her poets, her inventors, her mighty human movers in all departments, spring up in this quarter or that, may be themselves of this political complexion or that, but their gifts will be at the common service. Stephenson's locomotive pulls Tories and Radicals at the same pace and for the same cost. Scott was a Conservative, and Dickens a Liberal, but "Old Mortality" and "Pickwick" are the possession of us all.

There is this further about Nature as a progressive. She secures the victories she has won. In our political contests, now this side loses, now that, but humanity is always winning. No hostile coalition, no snatch vote in a midnight division, will ever rob us of the world's literature, of the arts that have developed, of the inventions which lift humanity to ever higher powers. You cannot vote down the printing-press, nor the discovery of electricity, nor the new-found energies of radium. "Not even the gods can rob us of our past," says the Latin poet. It stands there, with all its vast record of struggle upward, with all its solid results, impregnable to assault, at once the starting-point and the prophecy of all else that is to be achieved.

Why, indeed, should we ever be afraid of reaction? The nature of things is essentially progressive. That law, writ large on the world outside, is stamped also in visible letters on the human constitution. The brain of man is always thinking, and it thinks according to the laws of thought. And these laws mean move-

ment. They mean that when you have reached a certain stage, the next stage opens and draws you forward to it. When the child has learned its letters, it learns next to read. When you have mastered arithmetic, you are ready for algebra. What is true of the child is true of the race. It is a being that is ever growing and ever learning. Whatever is doing in Parliament, the world outside is always at school, picking up fresh secrets, gaining new masteries.

It is because of this inner law of the mind that all the cliques of self-interest, all the combinations of tyranny, while they may delay, can never stop the progress of knowledge and of liberty. You may, as Abraham Lincoln said, "fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." Nature has a way of bringing everything to the test. If a political party takes up with a false economic theory, it may flourish for a time on fancy pictures and on alluring promises. But the fact will out in the long run. If Nature cannot hammer the truth into people's heads, she will hammer it into their stomachs. When a politician informs the world that a tax on corn will make bread cheaper, he may win votes by the statement, but he will not change economic law. And that law, be sure, will vindicate itself in its own time. It carries a whip in its hand for falsehood and folly. When people will not listen to reason, Nature, for change, will give them a dose of hunger. Jowett of Balliol estimates that the annual loss to the Continental nations from Protection amounts to a thousand millions sterling. Gustave le Bon, the eminent French

scientist, observes that "to recognise that Protection ruins the people who accept it, it requires at least twenty years of disastrous experiences." In the end, people the world over will come to sound views on these subjects. Nature will assure that by the experiences through which she will pass them. She is a hard teacher, but she will drive in her lesson at last.

Nature will have nothing to do with political or any other combinations, except in so far as they work out her own laws. She revenges herself when they attempt to traverse them. In a speech which Thucydides reports, Demosthenes endeavours to make this plain to the Athenian people. Says he: "It is impossible, Athenians, to found a lasting power on injustice, perjury and trickery. For as in structures of every kind the lower parts should have the greater stability, so the grounds and principles of great enterprises should be justice and truth."

Observe how this has worked itself out in history. To take one branch of it. A time came when in Western religion ecclesiastical politics became a politics of repression. It was honestly believed by the authorities that religious safety lay in popular ignorance; that research, beyond certain limits, was an enemy to the soul. And so the Church branded science as heresy, and burned its professors where it had the power. In our time the stake has ceased to be a usable weapon, but the policy, though by milder means, is still pursued. To-day orthodox Catholicism has organised its immense forces for the suppression of facts. It has silenced eloquent voices,

driven from its fold teachers who wanted the sheer truth. And Protestantism here and there has followed a similar policy. But Nature laughs at these methods, wherever and by whomsoever followed. You cannot by ordinances shut people's eyes or stop their brain from its normal exercise. And so, inside and outside the Church, the one inevitable process goes on. The questions of the Bible, of inspiration, of spiritual authority, of Christianity in its relation to other religions and to the ultimate fact of things, assume new forms and proportions. Men think about them in new ways. You could to-day no more reproduce the old mediævalism in religious thought than you could roll back the Amazon to its source or stop the spring sap from rising in the trees.

With political or social theories which are contrary to sound economics or good morals, Nature has her own way of dealing. She allows them rope enough wherewith to hang themselves. It was thus she dealt with American slavery. It came of itself to an *impasse;* then found a bloody solution. So it was in France with feudalism. The idea of the *haute noblesse* that the country belonged solely to them, as the instrument of their pleasure; that the outside twenty-five millions had no part or share in it except that of toiling serfs, was not Nature's idea. It did not fit in with her scheme, and had also accordingly to go out in flame and blood. If history has taught us anything, it has taught us this, that any theory which proposes the happiness of a few at the expense of the misery of the many is one through which Nature draws her pencil. She wills the welfare of all her

children, and will allow us no peace and no prosperity till our ideas and actions in these matters square with her own.

We may now sum up some of the results at which we have arrived. In our political quarrels we need an arbiter, and we find there is one. Behind our factions lies Nature, jealous of facts, and destructive of theories which are contrary to facts. Behind them also is the human nature which is common to us all, and which is governed by laws that are older than our parties. These laws work in one way. Nature is a conservative in the sense of proceeding ever on the same principles, of being faithful to her qualities. By her time-process she puts all our programmes and promises to the proof. Whatever our political combinations are doing, she works on towards progress in ways which politics cannot touch. By the laws she has imprinted on the human mind she exposes falsehood, revenges injustice, and vanquishes ignorance by an ever-widening knowledge.

All this points to one conclusion. Behind the Nature which thus exhibits itself to us there lies a moral Nature, a Will which seeks to express itself through man, and to found in this world a kingdom of righteousness and blessedness. "We are born into a kingdom," says one of the Stoics, "where to obey is liberty." Cicero is possessed with this feeling when in the *De Officiis* he says: "Nothing is so contrary to Nature as moral turpitude; for Nature desires the upright, the suitable and the consistent, and rejects the reverse."

The impression here created in the best minds of

antiquity is confirmed by the whole force of that other movement which constitutes the religious life of man. The evolution which has given us political constitutions, which has secured to us the triumphs of science and of art, has, in another direction, produced prophets and apostles, Christ and the saints. We reach here that spiritual order which human history discloses. Into this realm have come experiences, communications, moral pressures and upliftings, glimpses of things unutterable, that point all one way. They are the outcome of a spiritual energy, as manifest as gravitation, a fountain of inner power that is unfailing, inexhaustible. We reach here a name nearer and dearer than that of Nature, which the spirit knows as God. Better than the politics of party are the politics of the soul. To turn to them is for weary spirits the most refreshing of tonics. We fight our world battles with a new energy when we know ourselves as of this better party, of this higher citizenship. For here the victory is certain and the reward is sure.

XIV

OF HUMAN GOODNESS

We hear a good deal of man's vanity, but have we sufficiently considered his enormous modesty? Surely one might search the spheres in vain to find a creature so given to self-disparagement. In his religion man has given himself the worst of characters. A psalmist declares there is "none good; no, not one." A prophet proclaims human righteousness to be "filthy rags." We know the terrific verdict which Augustine and his followers, Catholic and Protestant, have passed on the race. In this view man's seeming virtues are only *splendida vitia*. That judgment is reflected in the Article of the Church of England which declares of "works done before the grace of Christ . . . no doubt but that they have the nature of sin."

Literature, in some at least of its phases, has been hardly less severe. There have been times when the general consciousness has been overwhelmed by the sense of human wickedness. Vanini, speaking of his time, says the only way of accounting for man's doings is to suppose that the race, for its sins, has been possessed by demons. At the beginning of history we

have the pessimistic note. Empedocles, in one of his fragments, affirms that human birth is one of a series of transmigrations which are the punishment of some original sin. He himself, he adds, "is a wanderer and banished from heaven." What a rank pessimism we have in Theognis! "Best of all," says he, "for the creature of earth were not to be born, nor see the sun's rays. But when born it is best most quickly to pass the gates of Hades and to lie low with the mould heaped over one." We know how, to-day, Schopenhauer, in almost identical phrase, has endorsed that view. Literature, age after age, has veered between tragedy and satire, the one occupied with man's crimes, the other with his follies, his absurdities. For both history has, it must be confessed, furnished abundant material. The indictment of satire has been, perhaps, the worse of the two. From Aristophanes and Lucian to Molière and Swift it is ever the same story, the story of frailties, of hypocrisies, of bottomless absurdities. Man, in every age, has been pitiless to himself.

But is all this a true picture? Assuredly there is truth in it, but what we want here to say is that it is not the whole truth, nor even the greater part of it. For what is certain is that we should never have heard of man's badness had it not been for his goodness. It is simply because he has risen so high that he has written himself down so low. In the dark you see nothing. Had humanity been all dark, there had been no perception of the fact. It is the shining light in him that has created this moral stir. Is it not wonderful that in all the diatribes, theologic and other, against

human nature it is always man himself who is the judge? When he speaks of God's judgment of him, it is always his own idea of what is God's judgment. It is his own voice that denounces himself as criminal and unworthy. That, surely, is the strangest spectacle this planet offers. The tiger slays its victim and licks its paws contentedly afterwards. The crocodile appears to be entirely satisfied with his crocodilehood. There are no treatises on original sin amongst polar bears. It is man only who proclaims himself vile, who does penance, who promises himself hell and damnation.

It is, we say, a strange spectacle, and the strangest part of it is that all the while, in his ordinary affairs, man goes everywhere on the supposition that he is essentially good. The proof of this is that people instinctively trust each other. Modern commerce, to take the first example to hand, is a huge system of cosmopolitan trust. Your ordinary investing Englishman has never seen China or Japan. He knows the people there are of alien faith from his own, and have to him strange and perhaps repulsive habits. But he trusts his money to China and Japan. Their stocks are quoted at a high figure. He believes in their promise to pay. The entire order of daily living supposes the human virtues. The manufacturer builds his mill, believing in the industry and capacity of his workpeople. We establish schools, feeling sure of the fidelity of teachers, of the amenity to discipline of the children, of their receptiveness to learning. We develop vast charities, confident in the sympathy and benevolence of the public. Despite original sin

and universal depravity, man marries and brings up his family, finding his wife lovable and his children adorable. The society of his fellows is his greatest delight, the loss of it the greatest of all losses.

And religion, which in its articles and creeds has been the strongest proclaimer of human badness, is actually the foremost witness for the opposite. The appeal of the Christian Gospel is the most daring of all optimisms. To address that appeal to a race essentially bad would be indeed the climax of absurdity. It supposes rather an almost impossible goodness in a man, a goodness beyond himself. And the enormous reception that Gospel has witnessed is the justification of its optimism. Jesus, as the incarnation of goodness, has made the deepest impression of any personality that has appeared. Could anyone have made such an impression by an appeal to badness? The modern missionary, in presenting his Gospel to outside races, expects from these people the same response, the same interior welcome. He expects that the goodness in the message will be embraced by the goodness in the man.

He is right in that supposition. Were he mistaken, how futile his mission! There is another thing the modern missionary is learning, and that is that the religions he comes amongst, and which he seeks to supplant, are in their way endeavours after goodness. Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Mohammedanism, possess what to us are alien and sometimes revolting features, but the core of them is everywhere a morality, their atmosphere a sense of

a higher nature in man. Let anyone read the Tri Pitakas, or the "Eightfold Path" of the Buddhists, or the Brahmanic Vedanta, or the sayings of Confucius and of Lao Tse: everywhere it is the same yearning for the highest, for the true good. "What is religion?" says Asoka, the Buddhist king. "Religion is the least possible evil, much good, piety, charity, veracity, and also purity of life." In all ages, in all races, the same power is seen at work, the same movement is discernible, not with equal force, not reaching to the same heights, but always travelling in the same direction, evolving towards the same end.

You take man at his worst and wildest, but somehow—how, is often a mystery—he rights himself. The lawless mining community, which begins with saloons and bowie-knives, settles into an ordered, bechurched and beschooled community. The human refuse picked out of the London gutters, taken into proper surroundings, turns out to be excellent material for citizenship. Give the human a chance, and its good comes uppermost. The new discovery—for it is new—is making itself felt in our law courts, in our criminal procedure. Under the old depravity theory a former generation thought only of punishing its criminals, of hanging them in batches at the Old Bailey. Humanity was damnable, and therefore entirely hangable. To-day we have thousands of young people, who in those days would have been food for the gaol and the gallows, in institutions officered by optimists. They judge by results. They know that 80 per cent. of these social offscourings will turn out well.

Of Human Goodness

In this matter of human badness history has been almost persistently misleading. And that from no fault of the historian. It is in the nature of the case. For what people write about is as a rule not the normal, but the abnormal. The wholesome humdrum of family life attracts nobody's attention. It is unwritten, unread. The quiet street slumbers through forty years of peaceful living, and no one records the fact. Let a murder be committed at the corner house, and it flashes at once into note. It is of this element of the uncommon, of the tragic, that history is so largely made up. It is the thousandth event that counts here. The nine hundred and ninety-nine that make up the reality of life are left out. And what is true of history is true of literature. It does not find its material in the average. It looks for the unusual, the tragic. Do we suppose Greek domestic life was on the pattern represented by a Clytemnestra, an Orestes? Was the mediæval Scottish wife patterned on Lady Macbeth? And as with tragedy so with comedy. You do not meet the actual Tartuffe in France, any more than you do Pecksniff or Mr. Stiggins in England. We are neither as high nor as low as literature has made us. But the balance is in our favour.

But what, it may be asked, is it that we are here contending for? Are we running amok amongst the creeds, against the doctrines that proclaim man's fall and need of saving? Do we make light of what prophets and saints in all ages have painted in such dark colours? Have the Messalinas, the Borgias, the Marats, been badly treated by history, their moral

peculiarities made too much of? We assent to none of these propositions. Sin is as tremendous as religious experience has ever felt it to be. The story of the Fall is no mere chapter in Genesis. It is rewritten on every soul. And that religion comes to man with an offer of deliverance is the best credential of its message.

When we talk of the human goodness, and of our belief in it, it is not that we ignore or minimise the other side. What we assert is that man's goodness is more fundamental than his badness, has a more real and lasting significance. It is his goodness, we repeat, that condemns his badness. These self-indictments, these anguishes of tortured souls, are all forms of man's eternal struggle for inner perfection. Human history at bottom is a divine history. That is the secret which all the religions, all the philosophies, strive to utter. It is the story of a spiritual, divine nature, born in lowliest conditions, incarnate—shall we say in a stable, rising step by step towards its own realisation, struggling amid many a fall with the animalism which envelops it, but moving with sure instinct towards its goal. The fall is part of the movement, as a child stumbles when it learns to walk.

And the goodness in man is winning, was created to win. As John Smyth, one of the early English Baptists, nobly says: "As no man begetteth his child to the gallows, nor no potter maketh a pot to break it, so God doth not predestinate any man to destruction." Tertullian is one of the fiercest of Christian theologians, and has said some terrible things. Yet no one has

appealed more confidently to the Divine element in man. Witness that fine address of his to the soul: "I address thee, simple and rude, uncultured and untaught, such as they have thee who have thee only; that very thing pure and entire, of the road, of the street, of the workshop. I want thy experience; I demand of thee the things thou bringest with thee into man, which thou knowest either from thyself or from thy Author, whoever He may be." The soul, at its worst, is sure of that other nature. Even a Faust admits it: "Zwei Seelen wohnen ach! in meiner Brust." Cicero declares our nature to be essentially on the side of good.

We want this belief in human goodness, as, next to our belief in God, the fundamental article of our creed. We need it as the inspiration of all our preaching and teaching—the belief that everywhere, among young and old, among savage and civilised, the appeal to the highest in man is sure of its answer. We want it as the inspiration of noble politics, the belief which Gladstone translated into his policy of "trusting the people." It is the foundation of all successful domestic living. You can only get the best of your husband, your wife, by appealing to their best and believing in it.

And we shall get the good out of life in proportion as we believe in it. We do not compliment God by calling His world evil. It is a truer orthodoxy to say, "God must be glad one loves His world so much." To search for the good is more efficacious than gold-mining. And there is no circumstance that environs you, no event, however seeming-gruesome, but contains it.

Life and the Ideal

Take good into your thought, and it will find its fellow everywhere. It is a true religion which says :

> How good is man's life, the mere living;
> How fit to employ
> The heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!

And which, in the hour of conflict and failure, has this for refrain :

> By the pain throb triumphantly winning intensified bliss
> And the next world's reward and repose by the struggles in this!

XV

EN ROUTE

THERE seem to be two opinions about journeying. Hazlitt, who, we think, carries here with him the majority of us, finds " one of the pleasantest things in the world is going on a journey." He was at his happiest when he had "the green turf beneath his feet, the clear blue sky overhead, and three hours' march to dinner." He found a joy in losing his identity, his importance; in "holding to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads " ; in being known by no other name than " the gentleman in the parlour." On the other hand, to Marie Bashkirtseff travelling was "one of the saddest pleasures of life. When you really feel at ease in some strange town it is because you are trying to make it a home." Some will agree with the Russian girl ; we all do at times. It is according to our state of mind. But whatever may be said as to the joy or sadness of it, travel is the thing that stirs, that educates us. In a month's journeying we meet with more experiences than in half a lifetime of home-keeping. The world's history, its romance, lie along its great roads. We have to-day every facility for movement, but it is astonishing how, without them, our ancestors contrived to get about. Our to-and-froings are trifles compared with what has been

done before us. We read of whole nations transferring themselves. What a story is that which Cæsar tells of the march of the Helvetii, who started by burning their towns and villages, and then tramped forth in search of a new country; or that which De Quincey so vividly depicts of the march of the Calmuck Tartars across the Russian steppes. The present writer will never forget the sensation with which he found himself once on the high mountain road just above Trebizond, in full view of the Black Sea, when the thought came to him that he was on the very spot where, more than two thousand years ago, the Greeks of Xenophon's "Anabasis," after their terrible march through Asia, at sight of the blue water raised their cry, "Thalatta, Thalatta—the sea, the sea!" To touch a two-thousand-year-old history, in one of the finest scenes and on one of the oldest roads of the world, was indeed a prime moment of consciousness.

We are all travellers, and on the great scale. Our little peregrinations on this planet are a very small part of the journeys we are taking. We shall finish up in a different part of the universe from where we started. Every year we have a jaunt of some hundred million miles round the sun. And we are accompanying him in another journey which he, with our planetary system, is taking towards some unknown bourne. It is probable also that the whole visible universe, of which he is part, is also on the move, journeying, journeying—ye gods, whither! Then alongside this journey through space is our journey through time. We are on the move from a beginning towards an end, and we have been already a tolerably

long time on the road. Our biology, our physics, our geology, send us back through a series of infinite gradations, in which all the present phenomena of life trace down to simpler and simpler forms, until at last we come to a motionless ether, and then to a whirling, spiral motion there as starting-point of all that followed. But was that the veritable beginning? How or whence did the first spin come; why did it take that form; and how came it about that it should contain in itself all this universe of matter and of mind? There seems here need of a first-class engineer who wrapped up all this machinery in a spirule, and of a first-class geographer who mapped the road of its movement.

This conviction is more and more forced upon us when we consider the course which things have taken. The journey has been a journey upward. Why that? If chaos started us, we should keep in chaos. Why did not the original ether-whirl just keep on whirling and nothing more? If all is an affair of aimless forces, why did they not go on for ever clashing at and wrecking each other? Instead there has never been a standstill even; always the upward climb. The seeming standstills are only what appear such to our impatience, to our limited view. Even the brief history of man, as we know it, makes mock of our pessimism. How often he has declared his world at an end! How utter is the despair of Lucretius!

> Jamque adeo fracta est ætas
> Effœtaque tellus,

"Already is our age a broken age, and the earth worn

out!" Poor Lucretius! The human age had hardly begun. We are only now beginning dimly to perceive the length and the bourne of its journey. It is curious, in this connection, to note how evolution, which in the lifetime of many of us was regarded as the deadly enemy of religion, is at last becoming discerned as the teacher of its deepest truths. Observe what it reveals to us. In its ever upward trend it discovers to us the mystic secret of the double nature, of two natures in one. The vegetable kingdom has come out of the earth. It contains the matter and obeys the laws of the inorganic world. But with this it has joined another world—the world of the organic, of its own vitality. Further on the animal comes, holding in it the material and the forces of the vegetal, but with another realm of things brought in—the realm of its brute consciousness, of its animalhood. But things do not stop here. The first man appears. Into animalhood there comes with him an incarnation of intellect, of conscience and of will. And is that all? With all this history behind us, why should we think so? Modern orthodoxy and our most desperate-seeming heterodoxy agree in affirming the contrary. From the latter side comes Nietzsche, who affirms that man is not the end; he is the bridge, the preparation for something beyond. And Schopenhauer, from that side also, declares: "If this existence were the ultimate goal of the world, it would be the most senseless ever contrived, whether it were ourselves or any other who fixed it." Coleridge, far from this standpoint, has this deep word: "All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving." And here enters Christi-

anity with its philosophy and its history. It affirms another ascent, another double nature. It offers us the story of the Christ, a Man of men, yet containing in Himself a something higher, the first-born of yet another creation, the example and forerunner of divinehood, the opener to us of a form and kind of life compared with which humanity, as we know it, will be as inferior as animalhood is to man.

Why should we be afraid of this upward movement, of taking it as an integral part of our religious thought? The earlier Church Fathers were bolder than we. Origen regards historical Christianity itself as but a passing phase, destined at last to be superseded and outgrown. Certainly we may go as far as Fiske, who affirms that "man is slowly passing from a primitive social state, in which he was little better than a brute, towards an ultimate social state in which his character shall be so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it." We are in that state yet, but there are signs of transformation. It has been said that "if Nature does not take leaps, she at times makes very long strides." Human nature is taking one now. Before we are much older war will have become impossible. The growing moral consciousness, one might say even the growing sense of humour, will bring it to an end. It will soon be as absurd for a man to walk in Regent Street in uniform, behelmeted and besworded, as to walk there in chain armour. In the best thinking the soldier is already obsolete; and it is thought that kills and makes alive. The nations are rushing into fellowship. Politics have received new marching orders. Their word of com-

mand is a word from the centre of Christ's Gospel, that men should love one another. So the journey continues; the journey from matter to mind, from animal to man, from man to higher man—higher, ever higher in that endless progression towards all that God holds in His thought concerning him.

Let us come to some more personal considerations. As individuals we are continually making journeys—not with our feet only, but with other parts of us. Take, for instance, the movement of desire. The surest evidence that man on this planet will never rest, and never be satisfied, is the fact that desire exists in him as a component part, and is continually being recreated in him. It is perpetually being reproduced, as surely as his muscles and nerves are being reproduced. And because it is there it must ever assert itself, in its own way. And its way is that of a perpetual pressure. The moment it reaches its end it starts afresh. For its end is an illusion, a disappointment. The end, indeed, is the most singular part of it, and of us. One might easily build a doctrine of pessimism from the contemplation of ends. Think of them. The end of a fox-hunt, if successful, is a fox's brush. The end of a climb is the barren summit. The end of a novel, which we rush towards with a feverish excitement, is a *néant*, the blank page which follows the last, and a general sense of nothingness. A millionaire has made his fortune, to discover that all he possesses gives him nothing more than what everyone else possesses—the power of eating his meals, of sleeping, of sitting in a chair and talking to his fellow; with the discovery perhaps that he cannot talk half as

well as the other man. How limited is the power of this kind of ownership appears when we remember that the ownership is only for the present moment. What power has wealth over the past? The man of millions looks back over the last ten years. What does he own there? Nothing, for he is no longer there to own anything. It is over with him as much as with you. And the future likewise, for he is not there, and very likely never will be there, at least in this owning capacity. And so Nature perpetually thrusts us out of our ends, tears them up in the moment of possession and bids us make a new beginning. Of all seekers the sensualist is here the worst off. His senses reach their goal, to find it satiety and disgust. If he finds nothing more in life, he goes on, in the spirit of Omar Khayyàm:

> Drink, for we know not whence we came, nor why,
> Drink, for we know not why we go, nor where.

That truly is the beautiful end to which the senses lead us; a sufficient evidence, one may believe, that they, of themselves, are not intended to be our guide.

It is this mocking illusion of the sense-ends, this mudbank on which the lower desires land us, that has started man on another line of travel, on the spiritual journey. The story of that quest forms the world's true literature. We are gathering it up now from all sources, and it makes wonderful reading. Take it where you will—in the Hindoo Bhagavad-gita or the Buddhist Tri-Pitakas, or the Egyptian Book of the Dead, or the Palestine Gospels, or the mystical writings of the mediæval age—you find everywhere the same note struck. It is the note of renunciation.

One must leave the lowlands and make for the heights. Upward, with strain and toil, along the rocky path of self-denial, with torn and blistered feet, the pilgrim goes, urged by a mystic voice that calls to him from above. The men who follow that voice, whether of the East or the West, are, to use the beautiful phrase of Matilda of Magdeburg, of "the upper school of the Holy Spirit." They travel by Bonaventura's "*Itinerarium mentis in Deum.*" They follow the way opened in "The Book of the Nine Rocks," that wonderful vision of the fourteenth century, where the pilgrim ascends nine several stages of the soul's upward path. The breath of the mountain air to which they attain extinguishes all selfish desire. At the eighth rock, the writer tells us, they have given up even counting on heaven; for they are now ready to accept God's will, whatever it be, in time or in eternity.

This journey is, in one aspect at least, a solitary one. John Bunyan has been severely criticised for making his pilgrim start off alone, without wife or children, in his quest of salvation. Bunyan, we suspect, knew what he was about. He was a family man himself; loved his wife and children, and did not neglect their religious interests. What he wanted to point out was that the soul, in its inner struggle and triumph, *is* solitary. It does not start here as member of a family. The fleshly tie is not the highest. Often enough the household is against it. The call comes to itself and is heard by itself. It seeks something which the family, as such, cannot be reckoned upon to give. Its affinities, when it finds such, are, as often as not, elsewhere. The Puritanism he stood

for emphasized the principle of individuality. As Green puts it: "In the outer world of worship and discipline the Puritan might call himself one of many brethren; but at every moment of his inner existence, in the hour of temptation and struggle, in his dark and troubled wrestling with sin, in the glory of conversion, in the peace of acceptance with God, he stood utterly alone."

But these spiritual solitaries do not remain in isolation. As they mount they draw. A force, more subtle than gravitation, but not less real, unites them with the dwellers in the plain and insensibly lifts them. The English Nonconformists, heritors of the Puritans in choosing, for conscience' sake, a separated path, have found themselves for centuries away from the sunshine of courtly favour, of the amenities enjoyed by fashion and rank. But the impartial historian, looking back on those centuries of England's story, finds in that abnegation the most precious elements of the nation's life. Who will now dispute this statement of Lecky? "It is difficult indeed to describe the debt of gratitude that England owes both to her own non-episcopal Churches and to those of Scotland. In good report and evil, amid persecution and ingratitude and horrible wrongs, in ages when all virtue seemed corroded and when apostasy had ceased to be a stain, they clung fearlessly and faithfully to the banner of her freedom." Nations rise to the extent in which they follow their spiritual heroes.

We are *en route* for somewhere. But do we ever arrive? It does not seem so. Nature is incessant with her cry of "Onward"; we never get from her the

order to stay and be satisfied. From our most comfortable resting-places she stirs us. The rush of the years is her lance-point that pricks us forward. We are the pilgrims of eternity. Our business is with journeying, and we are to make the most of that. We are to gather as we go. The wayside tramp carries all his possessions with him. We are his brothers here, for all we can really carry is in ourselves. What are we accumulating? As we look back upon the last ten years, what inner deposits have been made out of all the experiences we have passed through? For these are the only riches that are portable. Has there been a clarifying of our vision, a softening of our hardness, a detachment from the world's grossness, a keener appetite for nobleness and truth, a widening and deepening of love's holy sphere? If our journey has not brought us these, it has brought us nothing.

At the end there is an utter failure of the outward. Our physical strength diminishes till it reaches vanishing point. Little by little our senses lose their power—the sight of the eye, the hearing of the ear, the force of life in weary heart and brain. Then we cease, and what is left goes back to mother earth. But what do we mean by ceasing? What is the death of the day at evening, of the leaves in autumn? The end here is yet another illusion. It is only a beginning. Has our body ceased in dying? Not an atom of it. It is eternal, never more active than in death. And those things which tabernacled in it for a while—the things we call thought, love, conscience, desire, the spiritual sense—have they ceased? Is matter, then, immortal, and the spirit which governed it the slave of to-day?

Is this imperial essence, which knew God and eternity, inferior to the meanest things it used? Is the spirit's journey the only one which arrives at nothing? To admit that is to miss the whole of Nature's lesson. Be sure that here, too, the night is followed by morning.

XVI

THE IDEAL IN SELF-LOSS

LIFE is a constant losing and finding. It is a daily struggle of our identity with the constant waves of change that beat up against it. We never carry into to-day all that we were yesterday. Our bodily life is a continuous come and go. In a given number of years we have inhabited half-a-dozen different bodies. Our hair, teeth, bones, muscles, are all a refit. We cast off our physique as we do our clothes. The limbs you carried about with you a while ago are now away in the outside world, gone into trees, flowers, into other men's bodies, into the viewless air. On the other hand, the " not-you " of the outside world is waiting to come into you, to take on the colour and shape of your personality. A dozen different beings, says Sainte Beuve, will have lived in me, till the person who calls himself by my name comes to his final end. We lose our children as much by their life as by their death. What resemblance is there between the puling infant we first know and this skittish maiden, this lusty boy ? We meet the companion of our schooldays, and have to be reintroduced to him. The changes here are ordinarily slow, but sometimes they are very rapid. There is a story of an Indian criminal led out to execution whose hair, as he walked to the place of

death, whitened in the view of the spectators. Men grow old in a night. A mental shock, a sudden catastrophe, will put a yawning gulf between their past and their present. At every moment we may ask ourselves, "Where do we begin and where do we end? What, just now, is the 'I' and the 'not I'?" The breath I draw was, a moment ago, the outer air. It is now a part of my lungs. The breath I exhale, which belonged to me, has now taken leave of me, on the way to be fifty other things.

But this is only a beginning of the business. Every day we are entering on the most daring experiments with our identity. When we go to sleep we fling our whole consciousness upon the void. We close our eyes, and what has become of our will, our thought, our credit or discredit, our pleasure and pain? Sleep, said the ancients, is the twin brother of death. We talk of dying as a serious affair, but we die every night, and our waking is a resurrection. We sleep, and the world goes on without us. Something not ourselves is taking care of our life for us. Our mentality has utterly disappeared, to re-form itself in some miraculous way a few hours afterwards. Or if our thought lives at all, it is in another world, where the old laws are turned upside down. It is wonderful that we should be afraid of death and not be afraid of sleep. We lose ourselves in the one not less effectually than in the other.

Modern psychology is making curious inquiries into this question of our identity, and is obtaining some astonishing results. It was the opinion of Myers that we have several inchoate identities struggling

within us, and that the actual " I " is the survival of the fittest. We hear of experiments under trance conditions, where the ordinary personality is for the time being displaced by another, belonging, as it seems, to another time and with an entirely different mental and moral outfit. Psychical explorers, such as Maxwell, speak of a conscious and a subconscious memory; the one subject to constant losses and forgettings, the other holding our every experience in its treasure-house and prepared to produce it under proper conditions. Our entire self here appears to be like an iceberg, which shows only a small portion of its bulk above the waves, the greater part hidden underneath. The suggestion here is a pregnant one. It is that our mental losses are only in the seeming. Just as in sleeping we carry all with us, though unconsciously, to be picked up again when we wake, so our waking life carries with it all our apparently lost inner treasure, to be recovered in yet another awaking.

So far we have been discussing natural processes, which go on apart from our own will, and that lie outside the question of character. We can come now to a more practical side. In the area of our actual life there arise questions on this theme which go very deep down, and where everything depends on the way we answer them. Religion, for instance, calls on us to lose ourselves, and it is all-important for us to know what, precisely, is meant by this. We know how the idea has been interpreted in certain quarters. In some religious communities it is required of members that they surrender their own conscience, their own judgment, as a condition of fellowship. In the regu-

lations of the Jesuit Order it is laid down that the neophyte, in relation to his superior, must be as a corpse that is moved without will of its own, as a musical instrument that is played upon at will by its owner. Perfection lies in blind obedience. Something very similar is exacted by all the monastic orders. And the Roman Church as a whole expressly denies and denounces the right of private judgment in its members. A man must believe as the Church believes. The Catholic has had all his thinking done for him. The theologians of fifteen centuries ago were free to use their reason on the abstrusest subjects. But their successors are not free. The man of the twentieth century must take their antiquated thought as his own. Is that how we are to "lose ourselves" as Christians?

But the Catholics have had no monopoly of this idea. It has been the deadly temptation of dominant minds in every age to take their thinking not only as a privilege for themselves, but as a rule for others. It has a curious recrudescence in our own day. America, the supposed home of liberty, has supplied some of the strangest examples. The followers of Thomas Lake Harris were taught to seek perfection in an absolute negation of their own conscience in favour of that of their prophet. Mrs. Alice Oliphant, a lady of culture and refinement, thus expresses herself in view of this sacrifice: "One only thing has been a terrible pang to me, the giving over of my own judgment in questions of moral judgment to any human authority. It is so absolutely new and inexplicable an idea to me, that any outer test should supplant, without risk to

itself and me, the inner test of my actions that my conscience affords." And yet she gave up all this, though she felt she was throwing her own compass overboard, and quenching the one clear light that God had given her. And in the so-called "Christian Science" movement we have the singular spectacle of a large number of respectable people, in America and elsewhere, offering up their entire mentality to the rule of their leader. Mrs. Eddy, a lady who makes up for the deficiences of a very badly furnished intellect by a most imperious will, gives out her own crude notions about God, the world, the Bible and herself, as a law about which there is to be no dispute. Preaching is disallowed in her synagogues. There is to be no word but her own. Again we ask: Is this the true way of losing ourselves?

It is not to be supposed here that people who, from a religious motive, throw their intellect away are always those who have no intellect of consequence to throw away. There have been brilliant minds who have come under this obsession. There are men who, in this way, sin against themselves by fear, or by an excessive humility. In the excesses which followed in Germany from Luther's movement we see a learned man like Carlstadt declaring there was no further need for academic study; and a scholar like Mohr exhorting the people to take their children from school. "Had they not among them divine prophets—Storch, Stübner, Thoma, men who without any study were filled with the Holy Ghost?" Newman deliberately closed down his intellect, at the bidding of a faith that was really a doubt. He knew no science,

he knew no German; he turned from critical studies. He lost the best knowledge of his day for fear that he should lose his soul. And in circles nearer home we have heard of a Nonconformist minister explaining as his reason for not learning German that the studies it opened were inimical to faith!

With notions like these abroad it is time we faced for ourselves the question as to what is the really Christian meaning of "losing ourselves." Take as the starting-point, as, indeed, the foundation of it, the two great words of Jesus. In Matt. x. 39 we read: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." In Mark viii. 36 we have: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Here we find a plain doctrine of losing. But observe: it is one where the emphasis is on finding and on keeping. In the first of these words the losing is for the sake of the finding. In the second, the essential self—the guarding and keeping of that—is placed as immeasurably beyond all external gains. You are not to lose your personality. You are to keep it at all costs. A man may safely sacrifice everything—but his own soul. The hero, the martyr, may meet all the buffets of circumstance; they will only enhance the value of himself. He may let everything go—fortune, honour, his very flesh and bones. The essential in him will still be there, and mightier than ever. *That* will gain by whatever he loses. The buffets, the pains will be transmuted into force—factors that feed and nourish his central self. For his faith is in a spiritual indestructible within him that is related to a spiritual indestructible outside him. His death—

if it comes to that—will be as the leap of a swimmer into the water, sure that he will swim there. Is there here any hint of that destruction of self, of our intellect, our conscience, our will, that, as we have seen, has so often been taught in the name of religion? It is the precise contrary that is affirmed. It is the augmentation of these, the purifying, the lifting of them to the highest power, that we find in the doctrine of Christ.

And this truth is, in the Christian teaching, linked to a yet higher one. It is that the essential root-self in man is of Divine origin—yea, of the Divine substance. Before Athanasius used the term, Greek thinkers had spoken of man as homoousios, of the same essence as God, and our Christian thought affirms it. When the prodigal came to "himself," his true self, he had come back to God. That, indeed, is our doctrine of conversion. It is finding the best in us and becoming obedient to that. It is the process of God realising Himself in man. It is in this sense we feel the force of that fine saying in the "Theologia Germanica": "The more the self, the I, the Me, the Mine, that is, self-seeking and selfishness, abate in a man, the more God's 'I,' that is, God Himself, increases in him." The "losing" is always of that which is beneath our best, in order that this may grow from more to more.

The whole emphasis here, we repeat, is not in losing the man, but in finding him. Conversion does not destroy or maim a man's individuality; it reveals it and strengthens it. To change you into somebody else would be a sorry affair; you are worth more than that. When people lose themselves in the true sense,

they are never more truly themselves. A mother gives her life to her husband, her children; thinks of their comfort first and her own last. It is precisely thus that she finds all the fruitions of her nature. Here finds she her cross and crown. A Lollard woman of the fifteenth century, Margery Baxter, put the doctrine in a quaint but effective way. Addressing her sisters, she asked why they ran to worship dead crosses in churches. "If ye desire," said she, "to see the true Cross of Christ, I will show it to you at home in your own house." Then stretching out her arms she said: "This is the true Cross of Christ, and this Cross thou oughtest and mayest every day behold and worship in thine own house." Good Margery Baxter! A mother's arms, toiling, enfolding, nourishing, are a better representation of Christ's Cross than any pearl-studded crucifix that ever adorned cathedral shrine!

All this, we say, points to the one Christian foundation of losing ourselves. It is that we may find and keep our true personality. We began by speaking of the changes in our life. But the very phrase, "I change," "You change," affirms the indestructibility of the "I," the "you." In it all you are still you, and not somebody else. And the business here is to make the best "you" there can be. Personality is the one thing that counts, is the one thing needful. Whatever dwarfs or hinders that is the evil to fight against. This is the rule by which we must judge all outside developments. If a man's possessions are eating away his inner life, his riches are a deficit. The soul of a nation is in the personalities it is rearing.

Real reform is the removing of hindrances from that; is the securing of conditions which help that. When we talk of purging our city slums, of securing the land for the people, the one sufficient argument for the movement is that room may thereby be made for souls to grow in, and for healthy bodies as their instruments. If our politics are not doing that, they are doing nothing. Is not this a sane plea which Dr. Wallace, as a scientist, urges? "We claim to be a people of high ambition, of advanced science, of great humanity, of enormous wealth. For very shame do not let us say, 'We cannot arrange matters so that our people may all breathe unpolluted, unpoisoned air.'" The one political truth for us to study is that England to-day has from unwholesome conditions lost a good deal of its soul, and must set to work in dead earnest to find it.

There is a soul of movements, of societies, as well as of individuals, and what is true of the last is true of these others. A movement may gain the world and lose its soul. Religion has met that fate age after age. There is no ghastlier sight than the corpse of a Church from which the inner life has departed. What a picture is that which Jerome draws of the Roman clergy of his time—the officers of a Church that had had Paul among its teachers, that had endured martyrdom for the truth! He speaks of them as "flattering rich matrons, spending the day in calls at grand houses, admiring a cushion or a handkerchief by way of obtaining it as a present, walking abroad with hair æsthetically arranged, and rings glittering on their fingers; also of monks who wormed their

way into favour with the rich, and pretended to fast, while they repaid themselves nightly with revelry." It is an old, an age-long story, and the painfullest of reading. One of the worst losses in this connection is where a religious community, hardened from its first fervours, has substituted for soul-winning and soul-training the preservation of a mechanical orthodoxy, of a conventional habit of speech; where its salaried servants have sunk the man in the official, where the prophets have dwindled into priests, careful of a creed, of a ritual; blind to the signs of the times, deaf to the call of the spirit. When the Church has become a convention it is time to give it another name.

Jesus, the witness of the eternal spirit in man, found Himself after the Cross. He leaped into death to find it a life. He lives because He died. So rich was He in life, so sure of it, that He could promise it to all who follow its law. "Because I live ye shall live also." Our bodily part may pass through infinite transformations, but the spiritual thing which inhabits it, into whose structure are wrought love, truth, purity, sacrifice, is of another order and has another destiny. "Wherefore," says Socrates in the "Phædo," "let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body, as alien to him, . . . who has arrayed the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and ability, and truth; thus adorned, she shows herself ready to go on her journey, when her hour comes." Here truly was a gospel before the Gospel, a word of the Spirit, drawn from a spiritual

experience. The prophet of Athens knew that to lose was to gain, that to sleep was to wake, that the divine in him knew no death. Deeper experiences have followed his, and their testimony is the same. Let us keep ourselves in training for that high destiny.

There is no death; what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death.

XVII

THE IDEAL AND THE WALL

THERE is a certain wild, little-known pass in the Grisons where the present writer, on a sunny day of mid-winter, found himself shut up as in a prison. The rock walls on either side swept round in a great curve. Looking this way and that, no outlet was discernible. The eye, lifting from the dazzling snow around, was met by giant precipices, frowning, unscaleable, while above was a sky that, in contrast with the glitter beneath, seemed a dome of ebon blackness. It was the weirdest scene; as if one were at the bottom of a crater in the moon. But the eye was here a deceiver. There was a way out. The foot found its road. And were those rock walls really unscaleable? It is wonderful what a cragsman will do in the most impossible situations. And "unscaleable" is a relative term. Where the foot cannot go a bird's wing will carry. And we, too, are learning to fly.

Human life, as we now know it, seems imaged in that scene. We are at present the prisoners of time; shut in a closed valley, where vast rock walls tower on every side—menacing, forbidding—which mock our efforts to climb, and shut out the prospect in directions where we most want the view. Yet the

valley has the infinite overhead. And the impossible walls themselves may, perhaps, yet be scaled. Here is our parable. Let us glance along some of the directions in which it seems to hold.

We are, to begin with, shut in the prison of our personality. Adamant is softness compared with the quality of the wall that separates between you and me. We talk of carrying another man's burdens, but what you can lift there is only the veriest splinter and outside fragment of your neighbour. A mother would fain bear her child's pain, but its pain is an untransferable commodity. To jump off your own shadow is a feat beyond the compass of athletics. When the oculist has done his best, I go on seeing with my own eye, and not with yours. The soul in its utmost rapture, when it would fain mingle itself with the All of things, is flung back finally upon its own limitations. And yet, even here, do we not discern a loophole? Science, and still more the human evolution, have not yet done with the problem of personality; with the widening possibilities of it. And in the meantime is there nothing in that saying of Schopenhauer—that grim philosopher who, nevertheless, sees so far and so deep—that "the plurality and difference of individuals is but a phenomenon; that is, it exists only in my mental picture. My true, innermost being subsists in every living thing, just as really, as directly as, in my own consciousness, it is evident to myself"?

Another of the rock walls is that which separates us from our world. We never really get at our world. We know nothing of the ultimate reality which gives

us our sensations of hardness, of whiteness, of whatever else we encounter in our contact with Nature. Would there be any whiteness without the eye that registers the sensation? All we can affirm is the existence of an outside something which, playing on our particular organs, gives this particular form of consciousness. Would there be any weight or hardness without a mind that is sensible of these things? One may say, indeed, there could be no universe without mind. It is only in mind that any universe can exist. Bradley is expressing the A B C of any rational philosophy in his declaration that "outside of spirit there is not, and there cannot be, any reality, and the more that anything is spiritual, so much the more is it veritably real." One does not wonder even at that extravagance of solipsism which, keeping only to one side of the problem, says: "I cannot transcend experience, and experience must be my experience. From this it follows that nothing beyond myself exists." But that is metaphysics run mad. It is the dazed expression of the man who has stared at his rock wall till it has turned his brain. He does not see the way out, the way of faith, which assures us that what we see and feel of the outside world, while not the whole of reality, is yet congruous with it; that the testimony of our senses and that of our fellows is a true testimony so far as it goes; that we are not befooled by our world; that our contact with reality, though far from complete, is actual and veritable.

Before and behind us also rise our imprisoning walls. Properly to understand life, and especially the religious

life, we seem to need an accurate knowledge of the past. Especially does it so seem with Christianity, which is so largely an historical religion. It is so bound up with what happened nineteen centuries ago. What *did* happen? That is what we are all to-day craning our necks to see. But we cannot see clearly. The obstructing wall here is one of mist. If only we could leap across the gulf of time, pass through that haze of tradition, stand there in Palestine with our modern instruments of observation, and note the facts as they actually took place! Could we only resurrect Paul or John and cross-examine them! Could we come across the writer of the fourth gospel, and learn from him when and how he did it! Or interview the writer of Matthew, and hear from him about the Logia and his other sources! Or go back still farther to the groups that surrounded the marvellous Life, the people of Capernaum, of Bethany, or, better still, the inmates of the home at Nazareth, and obtain at first hand, instead of at tenth or twelfth hand, their story! What theologic revolutions would there be; what topplings down of arrogant dogmatisms; what a clearing up of misunderstandings; what a cooling of sectarian heats and passions, bred on ignorance and prejudice!

Will it ever be thus? Will that mist never lift? Let us not be too sure. Historical criticism is, amongst other things, a way of seeing backwards, and its eye becomes ever clearer. The discoverer, too, is at work. The world, notably the Eastern world, is full of buried records, and any day may bring us revelations in that direction which may solve long-standing mysteries.

It has been remarked, in computing the distance of the stars, that the light from our earth would take thousands of years to reach some of them; and that, consequently, if there were beings yonder capable of noting what passed on our earth, what they would now see would be the events that transpired there thousands of years ago. It is a curious speculation, which suggests another. Who knows if the reflections of past history, treasured up thus amongst the spheres, may not, in the future development of our own and other races, be sent back upon the human consciousness, making it thus master of its entire past?

Meanwhile our existing uncertainty in this region yields of itself some certainties. One is that our present ignorance in many high matters is in accord with the Divine order, and is to be acquiesced in as such. There is enough in our actual records and our inner experience for the highest life to subsist upon. And we may make the best of what we have. In the absence of a wider space, as Candide says, "*il faut cultiver notre jardin.*" The garden is somewhat circumscribed, but it yields excellent fruit. The Gospel is girded with mystery, and provokes more questions than it answers. But that robs it of none of its inspiring force. Its witness of Love, Life and Power remains for ever intact, and lies there for our perpetual use. Another certainty here is that doubt on doubtful points is entirely legitimate; and that condemnation of it, as though it were bad morality, or bad spirituality, is entirely wrong. When I ostracise my brother because his honest conclusions

in these matters differ from mine, there is, in the imbroglio, one sure thing—that I am the sinner and not he. And finally here, when knowledge fails, faith comes in. It is the triumphant eagle-wing by which we scale our wall. And of faith there is no better definition than that of Pascal: *" Voilà ce que c'est la foi parfaite ; Dieu sensible au cœur "* (Here is the perfect faith, God felt in the heart).

Thus far of the backward look. But the greatest mystery is not on that side. The real wonder of human life is that we should have so keen a sense of the future, and yet be powerless to see into it. Our eye traverses millions of miles of space, and yet is blind to what is going to happen to-morrow. There is no *rôle* on which we are more intent than prophecy, and we have no equipment for it. The event is there, travelling towards us; it may be a new acquaintance, a book that we shall read, an accident, a death; it is laden with our fortunes, may alter the whole course and quality of our life ; but whence the event may come, or when, or how, or what elements it may contain, all this is hidden from us. Hidden, that is, from our reason. And yet the evidence is accumulating that, hidden in our nature, or possessed by outside powers that touch closely on our lives, are faculties of divination that somehow are in contact with that future, and know it ere it comes. Before the Messina earthquake an Italian lady sees it repeatedly in her dream. It is recorded of Apollonius of Tyana that when at Ephesus he saw in spirit the assassination of Domitian at Rome. Who shall penetrate these mysteries; mysteries which traverse all our notions

of time and space; which show us events before they have become events; on their way, as it were, to the sphere of existence, casting their shadow upon human souls? Do they not point to a world impinging on our own, but deeper than time and beyond space? Evidently the future is not, after all, an unscaleable wall. The question here is simply of height and quality of being. What is evident is that present, past, and future are linked in one orderly movement, one where the as yet unhappened, closed to us, is yet open to other vision than our own.

We are hemmed in with mysteries. The simplest things, when looked into, make a fool of our reason. We have just spoken of time as past, present, and future. It seems the simplest of notions, but try to analyse it and you are all in confusion. Can you catch the present? In the process of thinking it is gone. Every moment, and every smallest fraction of a moment, is ever a becoming that is never there. You live by impossibles. The essence of life is movement, and yet philosophy, from Zeno downwards, has its logical proof of the impossibility of motion. Nothing is surer to you, more conscious in you, than the free exercise of your will; yet there all metaphysics are against you. As Dr. Johnson said, all experience is for it and all philosophy against it. You say you see with your eye, and hear with your ear, and think with your brain; but Tyndall, whom people have so oddly thought a materialist, has, on the subject, this to say: "The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is inconceivable

as the result of mechanism. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages."

These unscaleable walls! As we contemplate them we seem indeed in a prison-house. Plato, as he contemplated them, painted the human condition in his celebrated picture of the cave where men, shut out from the vision of reality, saw only the shadows of things thrown upon the wall. Carlyle, in our day studying them, puts into burning words the sense of his bewilderment: "We emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the inane. . . . But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not. Faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery." The encompassing wall seems at its highest when we ask that biggest of all questions, as to the "why" of things. Why sin, evil, misery, with a good God above us? It is that question which made Diderot, with many another, an atheist. His argument is so fatally familiar: "It is either impotence or bad will impotence if He wanted to hinder evil and could not; bad will if He could have hindered it and did not."

But is there not a way out here? Is not that very impotence of our reason of which we have just been speaking—impotence to solve the simplest things—the way out? My logic faculty can prove motion impossible, and yet I walk. And if in this region "so much the worse for logic," so must it be in that other. In al the great things our reason, taken by itself, fails us. Life is deeper than our brain faculty. The soul's instincts are here the better guide. The affirmations

of its inner life scorn the contradictions of the syllogism. Reason compels us to go beyond reason and gives sense to Tertullian's paradox, *Credo quia impossibile.*

Life's mysteries, properly taken, form a wonderfu spiritual food. They add enormously to the zest of living. The unknown fascinates, if it sometimes appals. After all, it is something to be in so vast a universe and to be so conscious of its vastness. And the fact that our present existence seems one huge question is, in itself, a reason for believing that we shall survive to hear the answer.

XVIII

STIMULANTS

THE stimulant is a pointer to one of the deepest of human facts. In the thousand forms in which it offers itself it is the evidence always of man's sense of being incomplete in himself. It is a feature in his quest of the ideal. That is a deep saying of Voltaire's: "*Le superflu, pourtant chose si necessaire.*" Man is always in search of "the something more." He is born for marriage; not of the sexes merely, but of himself to something else; of his own force to the force outside. And so the stimulant is, of itself, an entirely natural, nay, a necessary thing. The brain calls for it; so do the heart and the lungs. No part of us reaches its full equipment apart from the outside touch. What new creatures we are when we breathe the brisk air of a fine spring morning! How our mental forces leap to the challenge of a brother intellect! It is only the exaggeration of a truth when Baudelaire tells us that we only reach our proper self when we are intoxicated. Says he: "If you would not be the martyred slaves of the hour, intoxicate yourselves (*enivrez vous*), do it unceasingly, whether with wine or poetry or virtue."

One might go deep into philosophy here, and point out how the stimulant lies at the very root of things.

The whole cosmos, as we see it, owes itself to that. When science resolves the stars into nebulæ, and the nebulæ into ether, its next inevitable inquiry is as to what first set the ether going; what started it on that wondrous movement onward and upward into an ordered universe? It could not start itself, for inertia is the antithesis of movement. Aristotle saw that ages ago, and laid it down as an axiom that the original motion demanded a mover. And so our homely word leads us straight to the most august of words. The stimulant becomes our first argument for God.

But this is, perhaps, beginning too high up. Let us take our theme on levels that are nearer and more familiar. The stimulant suggests to the modern mind first and foremost a physical one; generally an artificial one; too often an entirely harmful one. To get himself out of himself, or to what seems above himself, a man calls in the strangest assortment of aids and auxiliaries. The journalist of an earlier generation wrote with a bottle of port beside him. His successor works in a cloud-atmosphere of tobacco. Coleridge and De Quincey dreamed their mighty dreams with brains saturated with opium. Lamb seemed to talk best when drunk. It is said of him that on one evening, when in manner, speech and walk he was obviously under the influence of liquor, "he discoursed at length on Milton with a fulness of knowledge, an eloquence and a profundity of critical power which left an impression never to be effaced." The splendid talks of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" swim in whisky. Pitt, Fox, and Brougham delivered

some of their finest speeches in a state of semi-intoxication.

In that bygone time men drank heavily at their work, and still more heavily at their play. Have our readers ever read Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life"? Of how judges and barristers on circuit spent their nights; of how at ducal feasts servants came in at a certain hour to unloose the neck-ties of guests under the table and to carry them to bed; of how a party of Edinburgh ladies, returning home after a festive evening, mistook the shadow of a church for a river which they had to cross, and divested themselves of shoes and stockings in order to wade through it? Good old times indeed! We are to-day a nation of neurotics because our forefathers drank so desperately hard.

Are we improving? We learn very slowly. We know now that alcohol is a rank poison; that it acts as poisons do by stopping the proper action of the tissues and by a general block in all the life functions; we know Huxley's view of it as a stimulant for mental work: "I would just as soon take a dose of arsenic as I would alcohol under such circumstances." And yet we are drinking it at the rate of 160 millions sterling a year. It is evident man will never do without his physical stimulant. It is in his nature. But is it not time we discovered something a little less murderous? What we want is a new education of appetite; and the appetite can be trained to anything. If only we could get people to appreciate Nature's stimulants: the stir of her fresh breezes, the taste of her fruits, the intoxication of her beauty! Nature's revenge on

sensualism is to deaden the jaded nerves to all her simple joys, and compel the wretched devotee to excitements obtained at ruinous vital cost.

We see here how the stimulant, in its crudest physical form, becomes a front-rank question for the nation and the race. Not the less is it so when it comes as an appeal to the mind. You can intoxicate with other things than wine. What a stir to a weary army is a strain of martial music! To the horse under the cavalryman it is more than a spur. The African savage with his tom-tom, and the band of our Household Brigade, rouse the same emotions by the same means. The soldier can do so much more, dare so much more, when his senses are set athrill with this throbbing sound-poetry. The old Greeks understood this when they made music an essential element of moral education. And in this matter of mental stimulant the Greek has another thing to teach us. He knew the value to life, the stimulus value, of the festival. Witness that word of Pericles concerning feasts: "We have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; and the delight we feel in all these things helps us to banish melancholy." That, we say, is a hint for ourselves. To-day our countryside is being depopulated because of the dulness of rural life. Our young people swarm off to the towns, their reason, in a multitude of cases, being their distaste for the monotony of the village, their thirst for the stir and movement, the stimulus and excitements of the town. How to remedy this is a subject, surely, for the best considera-

tion of our local and national leaders. It is not enough, if we would reform England, to send people back to the land. The land must be made attractive for them. Our climate, alas! is not that of Greece. And yet could we not, if we tried, introduce among our rural population something that would recall the grace and beauty of the old Greek festival? Where is the village band, the village choral society, achieving such music as you get in rural Germany? Where is the maypole, and where, finally, the drama? Are the achievements of rustic Ober Ammergau impossible to our people; and if so, why? Access to the land is not our only land question. The countryside needs not only to be occupied, but to be intellectualised; to have its stagnant life stirred and made worth living.

From the physical stimulant we came to the mental, and now from the mental we come to the spiritual. As we survey the history of religion, we perceive that here also, not less than in the other spheres, the process of life is by a succession of stimulations. The spectacle, viewed on the broad scale, is an inspiring one. What discloses itself is something so much more than the mere human effort. Man works indeed at his religion, and often enough in petty and unedifying ways. But the story of history is of something more, of something behind. We are impressed with the sense of a power that presses man onward; that, at long intervals maybe, breaks in upon the normal development, creating great personalities as its instruments, flooding the general consciousness with fresh spiritual forces, adding new elements to morality,

filling the soul with new harmonies. They come after long periods of seeming disintegration and confusion. The decay of one phase is the preparation for another. Can we imagine that what has gone on through the ages is to be stopped or reversed now; that our own distractions are anything else than growing-pains; that the present seeming decline can be any other than the way to a revival, different, it may be, in a hundred ways from any former one, but marking nevertheless, a great spiritual advance? At least let us be sure of this—that religion is, and always has been, a more than human affair. The Power that stirred the ether to its first movement and gave to it its direction is still at work, and will not stay its hand till the great human programme is complete.

This is the religious stimulant on its highest level. But there are other forms of it less easy to characterise. Man has made here all kinds of experiments. He has found that the religious feeling contains in it some of the most delectable sensations, some of the most mysterious powers, and he has sought in various ways to reach them. The lash, the fast, the girdle with sharp-pointed nails turned inward, of the monastic cell were not used simply as pain-inflicters. They were the way to a deeper delight; the soul's stimulant on its way to the heights. Men have sought to leap, dance and shout themselves into the religious rapture. We have seen men do it in a Dervish dance at Constantinople. The African savage is after the same thing in the wild contortions of his midnight orgy. The second-century Montanist movement in Phrygia, with its frantic enthusiasms, was a reproduction

under other forms of the earlier orgiastic celebrations of that excitable race in honour of Cybele. We have seen in an English religious assembly a man endeavouring by violent bodily movements, by shouts and cries, to work himself up to a condition of religious intoxication. The modern revival seems largely a racial matter. It is a wave of exalted feeling, rushing like a prairie fire over peoples of a special susceptibility. One may say this without disparagement to the high, yea, divine forces that are found in it.

Its justification is in its spontaneity; in its aims, in the gracious moral results that follow. But these "gales of the spirit," as Robert Hall felicitously termed them, are not to be imitated. The attempts to work them up by artificial means, by advertisement, and by the assistance of hired professionals of a certain type, is to parody the genuine movement, with results that can only be disastrous to true religious progress. Not that the true, high-souled, spiritual inspirer is to be restricted in his mission. He will still move hither and thither as he is called, as apostles have moved before him, and with apostolic results. The fatal thing is the substitute for that high calling, where churches too lazy to work out their own salvation vary the monotony and lethargy of their average life by calling in at intervals the highly paid, practised outsider to supply the fervour which they have ceased to feel themselves. The Kingdom of God does not come by mechanism.

We may end with one or two personal applications. It is evident, from what has been said, that a large part of the conduct of life consists in the choice and

use of our stimulants. If we are wise, we shall keep as far as possible to the simple, natural ones, and avoid the forced and artificial ones. Even of tobacco, that solace and spur of the modern sage, we shall do well to have a care, remembering that caution of old Sir Thomas Browne. "Take heed," says he, in a letter to his son, "that tobacco gayne not too much upon you, for the great incommodities that may ensue, and the bewitching quality of it, which draws a man to partake more and more the longer hee hath taken it." The enrichment and strengthening of our life comes from the constant stirring to their fullest activity of our inward powers. Think, to take a single instance, what can be done by the imagination alone. Centuries before modern "faith-healing" was heard of we have this pregnant word of Paracelsus, quoted in the *Confessio Fraternitatis* of the Rosicrucians: "The power of the imagination in medicine may produce diseases in man and animals, and it may cure them." There is no bodily stimulant equal to hope and happiness, and we can get these by willing them. The will is our ultimate prerogative. Clear out by its effort your foggy humours, your dismal anticipations. Fix your mind on the best, and the best will come. Under the bright shining of this inner sun your blood will circulate; every atom of your system will feel the impulse and leap with fresh ardour to its task. Your will, if you will use it, is your cure-all, your elixir of life.

For final word let us point to an inner stimulant, too much neglected in the modern world, but whose incomparable value is known to everyone who uses

it. Some time ago a correspondent asked the present writer whether in view of the scientific arguments used against it, he still believed in prayer. The arguments are very familiar. So are the arguments against the possibility of motion. But *solvitur ambulando*. The argument against prayer is answered by the practice of it. There are manifold other and highest results of prayer ; but consider this one of its effect as moral stimulant. Let a man in the holy Presence to which he then appeals, bring up and renew his daily life ; let him mention there his wife, his children, name by name ; his business, the great interests to which he has attached himself ; his neighbours, the poor, the needy. Can he do this with sincerity, in the light of the Love and Purity he is addressing, and not find himself stirred anew to his duty as a man, a citizen, a brother ? If anyone doubts it, let him try the experiment. Here in his private chamber there is no show of religion ; no room for pretence, for posturing. There is room only for realities ; for the outgo from a man's soul of its loftiest aspirations ; for the inflow upon him of ineffable answers.

XIX

THE ESTATE AND THE IDEAL

In the din of political conflict we are apt to narrow our view. We stand on tip-toe for results, as if the whole world depended on ballot-boxes. And in these days assuredly much is done by the ballot-box. Politics become an ever wider and ever graver issue. At such a time it is well, however, to remember how much more there is in life than can be here decided; how vaster is the horizon than the piece of it visible from the election standpoint. Infinitely greater than any contest of the hour is the eternal challenge of existence. Whatever has happened to your party, there is left something so much beyond—the fact of *you* and your world. As a refreshment in the turmoil of battle, a refuge from the "windy storm and tempest" of the hour, let us bethink ourselves of this vaster interest; let us broaden ourselves by its immensity, be heartened by the promise it gives.

The modern struggle, we are often told, is between the "haves" and the "have nots." But here we are going to reckon ourselves all in among the "haves." There are differences enough among us, heaven knows; differences of bank accounts, of position, faculty, opportunity. But there is something we have in

common that outweighs them all. The duke's estate, magnificent as it seems, is a trifle compared with the human estate which you share with him. 'Tis a very old estate, this which you and I inherit, and bears every evidence of having been carefully prepared. Have you ever looked into the details of this preparation? The old "design argument" has of late years been assailed from various sides, but its main contention has really not been touched.

Take, to begin with, the place of our planet in the universe where it finds itself. Dr. Russel Wallace published a book some years ago on "Man's Place in the Universe," in which he argued that our solar system was in or near the centre of the visible universe, and that the evidence pointed to our earth as the one place in it adapted for the residence of rational beings such as ourselves. The idea was vigorously combated by other scientists, and is, perhaps, in the extreme form in which he put it, untenable, or at least unproveable. But, without going his length, note some of the things which belong to this habitation of ours. So far as the solar system is concerned, we appear to be the one planet in it capable of sustaining life. And what a marvellous balancing of things; what a minute calculation seems to have been employed in the forces, and the limitation of forces, that have gone to making it a possible world for us!

Consider, for instance, that little matter of the position of our planet in relation to its orbit. The earth as it races round the sun does not stand upright; it leans over at an angle of 23½ degrees to the plane of the orbit. An odd arrangement surely, but it is to that

we owe the glorious march of the seasons, the splendidly varied programme of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Had the axis been perpendicular to the orbit, we should have had equal day and night all the year round, and no seasons at all. Was that, one asks, a chance affair ? Think, too, of that other little provision, our water supply. The water which fills our ocean-beds and from them is distributed over the earth is a combination on the vastest scale of the two gases oxygen and hydrogen. But observe how the quantity has been calculated. Had the mass been increased by as much as one-tenth, there would have been no dry land at all. The whole surface would have been submerged. And speaking of water, how comes it about that we have that extraordinary reversion of its law of expansion under heat and contraction under cold which takes place in the act of freezing ? At the freezing point this law is reversed, and instead of a great contraction we have a great expansion, so that the ice, instead of sinking to the bottom, floats on the top. Had it been otherwise, we should have had a frozen-up ocean and a frozen-up world ! We are now discovering that what seemed the useless and hurtful things in Nature are really amongst the most valuable elements of our heritage. We have been accustomed to think of dust as a nuisance. We wonder what is the use of the illimitable sandy wastes of Sahara deserts. We now know that the dust particles flung into the atmosphere from the world's deserts and from its volcanic outbursts are vital to the human welfare. Without these dust particles we should have no rain, for one thing ; and for another, we should have no

blue in our sky. We should look, even at noonday, at a dome of ebon blackness!

But this is an endless theme. One would have to write a literature instead of a chapter to set forth in any adequate way the preparation of this estate of ours for our entrance on it. It has all been done for us and not by us. The labours of all the generations of man could not add to the earth one ounce of its weight; could not supply it with a single element, a single force that was not already there. Without our aid it has been shaped, warmed, lighted, supplied with fuel, with water, with all the elements, all the enduring qualities of things. And always new treasures are being disclosed. The estate shows itself as ever richer the more it is explored. Forces our fathers never dreamed of reveal themselves, waiting to be yoked to our service. Higher wants find instantly the higher responses. Man fits himself into his world as a key into the lock.

But this possible realm of things, wonderful as it is, does not bound our heritage. Our greatest possession is in ourselves. Consider the marvel of your personality. Over against the measureless universe here stand you who look at it. And you are more than it all; for it is only in you, as a part of conscious being, that it really exists. Apart from mind, that realises existence, there would be no existence. All the laws that govern outside Nature come to a full stop when they reach the boundary of your mind. The mind that knows the world stands itself outside the world. None of the terms that fit the one will fit the other. The idea of Mont Blanc in your mind occupies no space comparable to Mont Blanc. You

cannot imagine a blue thought or a square emotion. The physicist carries his researches very close to your mind. He can measure the brain; trace its convolutions, show its working as an organ of thought. He can calculate how many vibrations of the atmosphere go to the production of a given note on the musical scale; how many millions of millions of vibrations of the ether are concerned in obtaining a given shade of colour in the spectrum. But how far has he got with his problem? These, it is true, are the concomitants of sensation, but a whole universe of difference lies between them and the sensation itself. It is not by arithmetic we describe the rapture with which we view the colours of an Alpine sunrise. No theory of vibrations touches that inner world where we kindle at the beauty of a spring morning, enter into the logic of a great argument, taste the æsthetic joy of noble music. Here are we in the region of our true heritage, the heritage of the spirit.

The outside world exists for this inside world. All the real values of life are inside values. Nature has no meaning except for the mind that gives it a meaning. In the seeming iron ring of necessity, in the midst of the endless chain of causes, you, the central *you*, stand outside it all, observing it, enjoying it, but belonging to another order, another sphere of things.

But you, standing in your spirithood, in the world yet not of the world, are not alone in this. You are one of a great company of other spirits, around you and behind you. The realm of mind to which you belong is as vast as the realm of matter. Your inner feeling, unnoted by Nature, is responded to by the inner

feeling of your neighbour. It depends, indeed, on that. Your music would be mute were it not for his awakening touch. You would know no love, no sympathy, were there no companion minds that love and sympathise. The words you use are all an inheritance from other minds. There is no harmony till your voice is matched with other voices. This communion of minds has given you a literature, a faith, a knowledge, which no exertions of your own could compass. The simplest word you utter, in the most trivial conversation, would have been impossible but for the travail of intelligences that thought and felt ages before you were born. Your religious hopes and aspirations are a heritage from souls you never met, but whose labour and inner sweat opened the way upward on which you now travel.

Here, then, is our common heritage, your estate, not as a duke or a privileged person, but as a human being. In presence of it, how small indeed are the distinctions of which we are apt to make so much! Cut off from your duke that which he possesses in common with you, and how much of him is left? The vital points for him are, after all, not the strawberry-leaves, but the fact that he has two eyes in his head and two ears; that he sleeps at night and wakes in the morning; that the sun warms him and food nourishes him and water cleanses him; that he has his four limbs and can use them; that his heart beats and his lungs respire; that he can speak and think and remember; that alongside of him are fellow-beings with whom he can exchange ideas and form connections; that he has hopes, activities,

aspirations; that he can love and be loved. Take away any one of these things, we say, and what would his dukedom be worth? The real lordship is the human lordship. "Give me health and a day," cries republican Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

But while all this is true, there is something else true. The very terms we have just been using raise an immense and pressing question. We have spoken of the common heritage, but we have now to ask, how far does the existing condition of the world permit humanity to enjoy this heritage? We come here upon an extraordinary and anomalous spectacle. We all, duke or no duke, derive our life values from our participation in the common humanity. But a state of things has arisen, the result of long ages of violence and of an undeveloped moral sense, which amounts to an invasion and a spoliation of the common stock; a cutting out and appropriation of huge slices of the estate in the interests of a few and at the expense of the many. In this business it has been forgotten that the true interests of one man are, in the long run, always the true interests of his neighbour; that there is no real prosperity which is not a shared prosperity. The spoliators have forgotten that the heritage is man's, and have made it the heritage of *some men*, chiefly themselves. Thus there have been civilisations founded on slavery, where the ease of one class was secured by the ceaseless, unpaid toil and suffering of a much larger class. So slow has man been in his spiritual evolution that it is only to-day we are seriously asking whether, as Professor Marshall

in his "Principles of Economics" puts it, "it is necessary that there should be any so-called 'lower classes' at all; that is, whether there need be large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for others the requisites of a refined and cultured life, while they themselves are prevented by their poverty and toil from having any share or part in that life?"

So slow are we in these matters that we have seen in our day a philosophy preached throughout Europe which is the direct negation of all this; which affirms, in the words of its apostle Nietzsche, that "a people is a roundabout way by which Nature arrives at six or seven great men." The assertion would do well enough if it were not divorced from its proper corollary—that the six or seven great men are produced not for their own sake, but for that of the people. Nature's aristocrats are the assertion of her essential democracy. Their gifts, whether of arts or science, or invention, or government, are, by the very law of things, absorbed at once into the service of the people, become a new asset of the common heritage.

What is coming, helped by a thousand working forces; by the growing intelligence, the growing moral sense, by the discoveries of science, by the developments of industry—what is coming is the advent of a time when humanity as such will be the great possessor; when every human being will have his place on the earth, not a cramped and overcrowded place, but one with room in it for the expansion to its full height of all that is in him;

when every man will have his heritage of labour, the joy of putting his energies into fruitful work; when that labour, in addition to its own joy, will earn for him the bliss of leisure, the means of self-improvement, the honour and esteem of his fellows; when no class will be shut out from its enjoyment to the full of the inheritance it has been born into. Many forces, we say, will combine to this result, but the chiefest of them will be the continuous development of the spiritual sense, of that religion of the heart, the personal precept of which is the love of God and of our neighbour. Without this spiritual growth a merely temporal prosperity would be the ghastliest of failures. For it is only in the recognition of himself as a spiritual being that man can arrive at his true wealth; then only does he enjoy this world when he finds himself above and beyond it; then only does he reach his ultimate height when he finds himself united by intimate personal ties to that unseen but gracious Power that guides the universe, and is revealed in the soul; to the God who made the world for man's habitation, but who is Himself his only and final rest.

XX

LIFE AS TRANSFORMATION

Ours is a magical world. All the fairy tales, all the wonder stories that ever were told, are as nothing compared with the reality. And the chief marvel of life is in its transformations. Evolution, as we have hitherto studied it, is only a phase of a deeper business. It is wonderful enough to think of ourselves as developed out of a multitude of inferior forms; to find the unborn child, through the antenatal period, reproducing one after the other the ascending stages of animal life till it reaches the human. But that is only one out of a thousand lines of transmutation. It is only part of the stupendous fact which is now filling the scientific imagination: that everything in the universe seems capable of changing into everything else. The old alchemists, with their doctrine of the convertibility of metals, had a glimpse of this truth; where they bungled was in their attempts at its application. The world-mind is older now and better equipped. It has not yet made gold, but seems on the way to it. We can turn a gas into a liquid. We can convert motion into heat, into light, into electricity. In electricity, indeed, we convert matter into something which is not matter, according, at least, to all previous defini-

tions of it. Analysis is, in fact, bringing back all the substances we know into the unity of an imponderable ether, out of which they have all emerged and to which they tend to return.

The eternal movement of this into other; the fact that everything we look upon and deal with has in it the seed of something else, when looked into and thoroughly grasped, will be seen to carry momentous consequences. And these are not merely scientific, they touch intimately upon religion, upon morality and the conduct of life. In proportion as the idea is understood, theology and politics will take on new aspects. It will become, in these and other departments, the master light of all our seeing. Let us glance here along some of the directions upon which this view opens.

Note for instance—and this is introduction to much that follows—the way in which outward conditions translate themselves into states of the soul. We can never get over the antinomy between body and spirit. We can never tell by what process vibrations of the atmosphere or the ether, calculable by arithmetic, translate themselves into sound or into sight. But the process is continually going on. Everything outside us turns in some mysterious way into a something inside us, creates changes in our consciousness, becoming part of our inmost life. The soul sits at its ports of entry, taking in its cargoes from the material world. And what men have yet to learn is the art of studying the cargo in the light of what it inwardly produces; of how the exterior works upon the interior. Life's supreme lesson, we

say, is in the art of producing the best inward and spiritual states, and of how to manage our outward with a view to that result. The question is not merely, "What is this thing in itself?" but "What will it turn into inside me?" More than what it is now is the matter of its transformations, of what it will by-and-by become.

When with this in our mind we turn our eye upon modern civilisation we are struck with a sense of its appalling irrationality. One might suppose it a clever contrivance for depressing and crushing out instead of developing, that inner man whose perfecting is the only goal worth trying for. We have not found out yet, it would appear, that for a virile, joyous inner life a man requires a healthy body; and that for a healthy body he must stand in wholesome physical conditions; with fresh air to breathe, and wholesome work to do. Consider the way in which our English population is distributed, and how it is occupied. Our operative class is for the most part crowded into unwholesome cities, toiling by day in close-shut factories, and spending the night in still stuffier hovel-chambers, with no breath of the open upon them during the twenty-four hours. Under this *régime* they are dwindling before our eyes. Compare the height and chest measurement of the Lancashire mill-hand and of the London slum-dweller with that of the Highlander or the Swiss mountaineer! Compare them with the English gamekeeper whom Jefferies describes: "In brief, freedom and constant contact with Nature have made him every inch a man; and here, in this nineteenth century of civilised effeminacy,

may be seen some relic of what men were in the old feudal days when they dwelt practically in the woods."

Above the operative is our middle class, engaged in a mad rush for wealth, and for the luxuries which wealth brings. And crowning the social edifice we have the aristocracy, immersed yet deeper in these luxuries, and that without working for them. There are those who say that this is the inevitable result of history, and of the evolution of life. Let it stand at that; but we have to add that the evolution of life is not over. And what is about to operate on it in effective and startling ways is the new knowledge we are acquiring of the true life conditions. The science of the best life is here, and is offering its questions. In the sphere of industry it asks not only what quantity and quality of cottons and woollens we are producing, but what sort of men? And in the matter of riches and luxuries its query is as to what they turn into as factors in man's inner happiness and well-being. How does the present distribution of them tell on the general sum of manhood, of moral progress? Is it possible for an idle man to be a good man; for a social position which induces idleness and indulgence to be other than a misery to the individual and a menace to the community? It will be when we have reached the habit of translating economic values into inner and spiritual values that the new social state will arrive. The state will then have a new programme. It will be that of "the organisation of the best life."

But this idea of life as transformation—of one thing passing into another, of the outer changing into inner—goes deeper than any question of State adjustment,

increasingly operative and powerful as that is destined to be. It is when we approach the directly spiritual sphere that our theme becomes most vitally significant. Theology has not yet realised all that it means, the new way it proposes of answering some of its most difficult problems. Apart from controversy, and looking at the sheer facts, how wonderful is the spectacle which the history of religion offers! It is one of perpetual transmutation. It exhibits changes as startling as the dreams of the old alchemists, as the triumphs of modern chemistry. It shows us, for one thing, how evil becomes a root of good; how the one transmutes itself into the other. That is not to say that evil is good; that there is no difference between them. But observe how things happen in the material world. We know our sun as a hell of fire, a scene of things which to sentient beings like ourselves would be one of unbearable horror. But not the less is it that this inferno of raging heat is the direct producer of our bright days, of our green fields, of all the beauty of the earth. The one has passed into, has become the other.

Christianity is rooted in a similar transmutation. The Crucifixion, its eye and centre, is the story of an enormous evil turned into an unparalleled good. When we read the bare facts as they took place on the Judæan hill we are in contact with all that is dark and dolorous. On the one side there is a disciple's treachery, the malice of a priesthood, the cynical indifference of a Roman governor, the trained brutality of soldiers, the derision of a mob. On the other the bodily anguish of an innocent sufferer, and a darkness of soul that over-

bore the physical pain. The hour passes, the deed is done. Yet not done. As we watch we see it change. It takes on new outlines, opens from its dread interior new strange qualities and forces. The death becomes a power of life. It enters into men's souls as a divine secret of salvation. Communities arise which carry this death as their emblem. The Golgotha cross becomes a talisman, the theme of preaching, the basis of theology, the centre of passionate devotion, the spring of hope and peace in countless souls. Here again we say the sun which burns as hell works as the power of heaven.

We have spoken here of the theologies of the cross. They have been many, and some of them are curious reading. The attempt to convert that divine Passion into dialectics has been mainly an unhappy one. In the ages that have followed the best interpretation has always been that of simple hearts that have looked upon this great sorrow, and let its unspoken message fall straight into the soul. But when all the controversies that have arisen are over; when this dogmatic position after the other has been given up; there will remain, not as a dogma but as an impregnable historic fact, that human evil, as here exhibited in its darkest, deadliest form, has no permanence as evil, has no supremacy, far less eternity of being, but exists as the instrument of the conquering and final good.

There is another side of Christianity which our doctrine of transformation powerfully affects. As a religion Christianity stands out from other faiths by its fearless exposition of conversion; of the possible change of a man's inner forces by union with another force. Its programme is nothing less than

that of the development of a new humanity; of a spiritual chemistry, which changes our primitive elements by a mystical contact; the emergence from the old Adam of "a new creature." In times of religious decadence the doctrine is apt to be obscured; kept in the background as though it were a vulgarity, something to be ashamed of. A virile Church will keep it at the forefront. For it is a true doctrine, and a vital. It can be stated in scientific terms. It has all analogy on its side. When we realise that everything in the world is here to be changed, to undergo unions, absorptions, distillations, and thereby to be lifted to higher levels, conversion will become to us not only the highest but the most natural of facts. The operation here may have infinite variety—here a sudden convulsion of the soul which the psychologist labours to explain, there a process as gentle as the settling of dew upon a flower; but the broad result is the same. It is the wedding of the soul's life with another higher life which is sought and for which it was made. One witnesses here a transmutation of qualities; a man's fighting instincts, his capacity, his courage, his very dourness and wrath take on fresh forms and work in new directions; his loves, his affections, are touched to new issues. The Church of the future will build itself on the chemistry of souls.

There is yet another aspect of transformation in relation to religion. As we look over the history of the Church we find it one of perpetual change. The doctrines, the institutions, the disciplines, the general outlook of one century, are not those of another. *Semper eadem* is the vainest of words. We are to-day

in the midst of one of the vastest of these movements. It is singular to hear the language of regret, sometimes of despair, with which men greet these transitions; to hear them bewail the fickleness, the lack of stability, that mark their epoch. A little insight should cure them of these tremors. Things change because it is their nature to change. We shall want a new universe if we desire either an unmoving institution or an unmoving theology. We shall never get them as long as the human heart keeps beating, as long as the human brain keeps thinking. As surely as nebulæ turn into stars, and as acorns grow into oaks, so will our systems pass from form to form. When they cease to change they cease to live. Do we suppose our Christianity will be what it is now ten thousand years hence? Sufficient for us to know that the inevitable movement here will be a divinely ordered one, leading ever nearer to the light.

There is a side of this subject which we cannot here enter upon, the transformations, namely, which are from the upper to the lower; such as when the words of a great teacher, falling upon undeveloped souls, are there misinterpreted and robbed of their true significance; of movements begun at the height of some noble personality, and then, in inferior hands, degenerating into instruments of worldly policy; of a spiritual religion debased to a materialism such as we see in the Roman mass. History is full of this, and we have to take account of it. Reaction is the price of high action. The incoming tide drops back from its foremost wave. But the ultimate movement is onward. Our world, which began in fire-mist,

has never stopped in its development; and if its physical substance be ultimately dissolved, that will in no wise destroy the spiritual work that has been wrought there. It will be only its transmutation to a higher form. For in all this scene of transition our hope rests steadfast in Him, the eternal Mover, whose ways are from everlasting, who, changing all things, is Himself unchanged; whose throne, like steadfast rock in stormy seas, abideth for ever.

XXI

THE IDEAL AS INDEPENDENCE

We are all enthusiasts for independence. For the mass of people the word stands for all that is best in life. Robert Burns finds here the true value of money. It is that he may have the bliss " o' being independent." Says Pope to the like effect :

> Give me, I cried, enough for me,
> My bread and independency.

Dependence, the opposite condition, is figured as an epitome of all the sorrows. How we rejoice with Johnson when his annuity of £300 a year delivers him from his drudgery to the booksellers ; from waiting in the ante-chambers of my Lord Chesterfield and the whole race of patrons. We sympathise with Lamb, too, in his apostrophe : " O money, money, thou art health and liberty and strength ; and he that has thee may rattle his pockets at the devil ! " To achieve independence the middle-class man toils day by day at his office ; while across the yard his workmen in the factory combine, form unions, to obtain their share of the same boon. The labourer dreams of his three acres, of being his own master on his own holding. It is the same in all the spheres of life. Men want to be free of the things that cramp and hold them. The artist longs to strike out some new line ; the thinker, the

writer, the preacher, aims to be original, to be rid of enthralling conventions.

And the desire is unquestionably a good one. It is a characteristic of the stronger races. To the struggle for independence we owe most of what has been achieved in modern civilisation. Nature invites us to enter on the struggle, and has endowed us with the faculties for it. But as we engage in it, and especially when, as beginners, we are entering upon it, it is essential that we should know the rules of the game; what can be won, and what is beyond our power.

First of all we have to learn our limitations. The game is like chess; we find all the pieces already on the board, their powers defined, and the moves that are possible to them. Our freedom is, indeed, a limited one. Before we can talk of independence we have to serve a long apprenticeship to dependence. We have here, in fact, to learn that dependence is, not less than its opposite, one of the goods of life, an essential to our well-being. And so, to begin with, we are born helpless. No being on the face of the earth remains for so long a period a charge on the care of others. And when we have learned to think and to look about us, we find ourselves enveloped in a perfect meshwork of relationships, of disabilities. Everything concerning us seems to have been settled beforehand. Everything has been arranged for us, without asking our leave. That we should have come to life in the nineteenth century rather than the thirteenth; that we find ourselves a boy instead of a girl, or *vice versa;* that we are English instead of Italian, or mid-African; that we are in the rank of a duke or of a

costermonger ; that we are six feet or five and a-half ; that we are robust or delicate, with the brains of a genius or of a dullard—considerable things these, when we come to think of it, and yet all settled for us and not by us.

In another direction, also, we find how Nature has hemmed us in. We are in a system of things which we had no share in making, and which we have to take for exactly what it is. Have you considered the theology of the qualities of things? Here is predestination writ large. Why oxygen should have this way of acting and hydrogen that, why fire should burn and water drown, are questions you may ask and whistle for the answers. They are so, and will not alter their ways. It is useless to expostulate with the north wind or to abuse the heaviness of lead. Our revolutionary instincts beat in vain against the cosmic laws. We may harangue them, or vote against them, and they will go on as before. You may upset thrones and empires, but here is a constitution which defies your efforts.

And if you cannot escape from the qualities of things, still less can you from the qualities of actions. You have a choice in what you do. But you have no choice as to the results which follow your doing. The moral world shows itself here as obstinately conservative as the material. The man who takes his pleasure in heavy drinking or in vulgar debaucheries will find himself running up against the law which political economists, in their department, call "the law of diminishing returns." He will find his pleasures becoming ever less and costing him ever more. He

cannot escape from a manhood steadily dwindling in value, from the darkening of his prospect, the augmentation of inner penalties. By no ingenuity will he be able to dodge these laws. They were there before him, and no king or commoner can bribe them into a remission of sentence. He is engaged in the most hopeless of all contests—a quarrel with the nature of things.

And the laws of our inner nature which work thus in the moral realm limit in another direction what we are accustomed to think of as our independence. They draw us by our affections and by our interests into associations which at every point form a curb upon our personal will. Our family life, where it finds us at first, is, as we have said, a training in dependence. And no sooner are we masters of ourselves but we form other ties which are a giving away of our separate personality. Love is a tissue woven of life's finest materials, but it is the surest of bonds. Marriage is a sharing of our inmost self. We are no longer our own. And outside the home life we are constantly entering into connections which, while enlarging, also limit us. We have spoken of the working man seeking independence by his trade union. And undoubtedly it helps him towards it. But the association he has here entered is, on its side, a call to obedience. The condition of belonging to it is that he obey its laws. And we can mingle in no society, however casual, without paying homage to a thousand unwritten prescriptions, to defy which would ensure our speedy ejection.

What, then, *is* independence, and where and how

shall we find it ? Looked at from the standpoints we have so far been occupying, we seem like flies in a web, enmeshed in a universe which offers no scope for freedom. And yet, as we all know and feel, that were the falsest of conclusions. The chessboard has its rules, which may not be broken, but for that very reason you can play on it the freest of games, no one like another. We talk of the limitations of choice, yet we are choosing all our lives. Metaphysicians may weave their cobwebs round the will, yet we know our will as free. We know it by practising its freedom. We know it as an ultimate fact of the soul, which transcends all explanations. Here comes in the marvellous subtlety of life. We gain our freedom by obedience, by knowing the laws which encircle us and by following them. And as we obey the freer we become. A contradiction, you say ! Yes, for man is the meeting-place of all the contradictions. Our freedom is in choosing our masters, until we are masters ourselves.

Let us see now, by some illustrations, how this principle works. Our independence, we say, lies in the power of choosing our masters. There are all sorts of these, who claim our allegiance. We are never free of them ; it is a case of one or the other. Let any one propose, for instance, to rid himself of the moral law. Is he free ? He becomes now the servant of caprice, of the whim of the moment ; ends by the basest of servitudes, as slave of the lowest in him. On the other hand, the men who stand out as the boldest figures in history, who have set at defiance a world in arms, have done it, we perceive, by a clear perception of the highest kind of law, and by a complete

surrender to it. The great independents are the great obeyers. They see God and the eternal righteousness so clearly that nothing else matters. It is in that perception that Jesus conquers the world ; by it monk Luther overtops pope and emperor at Worms ; and John Knox earns at his death the eulogium of Morton : " Here lies one that never feared the face of man " ; it was this that made George Fox in his suit of leather the most intrepid and the most original man in the England of his time. They leaned themselves up against the invisible, where they found so strong a support that no power could force them back. But their independence was always a dependence ; they were independents because servants of the Highest.

These are historical personages, which few of us are likely to be. But in our own spheres the problem of independence is practically the same. It is an affair of one allegiance *versus* another. Take, for instance, the rules of living. You can choose between the simpler pleasures, which are not only the best, but always the most inexpensive ; and the artificial ones, that are mainly hollow, and that invariably run away with your money. The high joys are Nature's free gifts. For the minimum of current coin you can have the pleasures of the open air, of the world's beauty, of honest work, of service to your fellows, of high thoughts, of sincere friendships, of the spiritual life. Food and raiment, enough for health and comfort, are cheap commodities. It is when you want to overeat yourself, to flash in jewels and splendid robes, that you feel poor. A walk on a country road yields more sheer delight, more opportunities of seeing and enjoying

the world, than the rush of a motor. You may spend thousands in securing introduction to circles of cynics who despise you. Honest John at the corner, whose talk will cost you nothing, will be a better companion. As to the table, Sydney Smith in his old age made a calculation of how much he had eaten, beyond what was necessary for health and strength, between the ages of ten and seventy, and totalled it up to a matter of £7,000 ; and adds : " I must by my voracity have starved to death one hundred persons."

The habit of being independent of the artificial, while for all of us the way to economic freedom and to life's deeper joys, is an essential condition for the religious or any other teacher who desires to say his whole say without fear. For such to seek luxury is to give hostages to the luxurious. But you cannot hit a man who can " do without." Socrates knew that in Athens ; so did Spinoza, who refused a fortune and ground lenses for a livelihood ; so did Wesley, who left nothing at his death but his books and some silver spoons ; so did D'Alembert, who declined Catharine of Russia's splendid offers, and lived in humble rooms, attended by an honest widow, who perpetually chided him for being so poor a thing as a philosopher ; so did Walt Whitman, who told America and the world all his mind, living the while in a house made of an overturned boat.

This is not to say that the world's prophets and teachers are necessarily to dwell in hovels, to debar themselves life's refinements, to be deprived of their share of what is going. As humanity progresses it will take more care that its great voices shall utter

their whole note, and shall suffer no damage thereby. What it does mean is that the spiritual teacher will seek his independence of the lower by obeying the higher; that he will value the truth he holds more than the reception it meets with; that he will conquer the world in himself as the first condition of conquering the world outside; that he will sit easy to consequences, knowing that the order of things he serves—the spiritual order—is a sane and sound order, and must eventually and finally conquer.

An independence reached in this manner, founded on these principles, is at the farthest remove from a mere truculence. Its attitude is one not of pride, but of humility, of a constant willingness to learn. Our teacher is loyal to truth, but he knows the truth did not start with him; it was here before he came. In teaching, also, he remembers he has a service not only to truth, but also to love, a mission which is not so much to smite as to heal, not so much to pull down as to build up. You will waste your time in hammering at falsehood. Teach the truth, and falsehood will wither in its light. Copernicus did not destroy the Ptolemaic system by speaking against it. He simply exhibited the facts as they were, and the old theory died in that statement.

The world, in its search for independence, has come a long journey—a journey in which it has encountered dragons, waded through sloughs of despond, wandered into by-path meadows leading to Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. But it is now in view of its promised land. The independence it is winning is one founded not on ignorance but on knowledge; not in

defiance of Nature's laws, but in obedience to them. Man is conquering his world by understanding and respecting it. He is seeing his way to economic solutions which will secure for everyone his share in life's beneficence, his place in the sunshine.

Man will, in time, achieve his greatest victory here in ridding himself of his fears. He will believe and know his universe to be essentially sound and healthy, with no grisly terrors hid behind its veil. He will accept its losses as ultimate gains, its pains as discipline, its death as birth, its centre as Holiness and Love. He will know himself as of a divine household, where he will serve as a son, and find in that service his perfect liberty.

XXII

LAND AND PEOPLE

On no subject is the education of the people, rich and poor alike, more deplorably deficient than on this of the land. It is at the moment here in England one of acute party controversy, and party controversy is usually the worst sort of teaching. It is full of misleading cries, of falsities engendered by ignorance, and still more by cunning self-interest. On our way to the truth we have to struggle through dense undergrowths of sophistries, legal word-puzzles, skilful concealments of the plain fact. Yet the main truths are simple enough, and what, above all things else, the people need to-day is to be helped to see them. Let us try here to find out what they are, and the sort of action to which they point.

We are all of us related to the land. Man belongs to it as much as does the tree to the soil it grows in. He is born on some square yard of it; its stretching surfaces are among the first things his eye rests on; beneath him it lies, the support of his tottering infant footstep; out of it come his food, his fuel, his entire apparatus of living; on its foundation stands the dwelling that shelters him; finally, when he dies, his body finds here its resting-place. Nature plainly has wedded him to the land, made it the necessity

of his existence ; necessary as is air to his lungs, as language is to his thought.

Here, to begin with, all men are equal. The day labourer and the duke are one in this, that the land is part of their life, and that they can in no wise do without it. But starting from this point, the duke and the peasant speedily diverge. Between the two, as they grow up, rises the enormous question of ownership, of their rights in the land. The one calls himself a proprietor. Over tens of thousands of acres of it he exercises enormous powers. He decrees what shall be done with it ; whether it shall be cultivated or left desolate. He exercises the right of putting up buildings, or the stopping of building ; decides whether people shall view its Nature-scenery or be shut off by notice-boards ; whether even a given religion shall find house-room there or not. The peasant has none of these rights. There are roads on which he can walk ; fields which he can till—for another ; some hovel where, on terms, he can shelter ; a few feet of soil where, when he dies, his body can lie. And there his claim ceases.

And this, with some modifications, is the position of the enormous mass of the English people to-day. Half the land in this country is owned by some 2,500 people. Under these conditions a singular and portentous process is going on. The non-landowners in ever increasing numbers have deserted the fields and hillsides to flock into the towns. In these great, ill-built, ill-smelling, insanitary areas are crowded eighty per cent. of the entire population. In a return of 1903, thirty million acres out of a total of eighty

millions in the United Kingdom are given as uncultivated. What has happened in England is precisely what took place in ancient Italy. Tacitus describes the *latifundia*, the great landed estates there, as having been the ruin of Rome. The entire countryside fell into the hands of a few wealthy patricians, who cultivated it by slave labour. The expropriated small proprietors were driven into the city, becoming there a degenerate and dissolute mob. History here offers us one of the simplest, yet sternest, of Nature's lessons. You shut off the people from the land: you destroy the nation.

We are, it is evident, a perilously long way from the right track. To regain it we must come back to first principles. And the first of first principles is the question of ownership. When we talk of private people owning the land, we must ask what is their owning. Have they the ultimate ownership; and if not, who has? It is astonishing that the world, for such long periods and at such cost to itself, has failed to comprehend that simple question. For the answer is so plain. There is only one ultimate owner, and that is the State, the entire community. That this is so is proved by the entire history of owning. Under every phase of national development; under autocracy, feudalism, limited monarchy, republic—the State has always been supreme proprietor. All private persons of whatever degree have only been sub-owners, their rights and privileges—their kind of owning, that is—being subject to the will of the power above. Under feudalism the dependence of the estate-holder—knight, baron, or what not—was

shown by the terms of his agreement. In return for his holding he must furnish so many men, armed and equipped for the service of the monarch; he must maintain order within his borders; he must uphold the laws. He ruled despotically within his domain because the State idea was despotic. But in all the changes that have come since; under good kings and bad; under the commonwealth; during the growth of constitutionalism and the rise of the people to power, there has been no challenge of the idea that the State is the supreme landlord.

What has changed here—and this is the all-important point—is the idea of *who* governs the State. The evolution of that idea is a very slow one. It is only now dimly apprehended. When the nation has at last reached the full consciousness of itself; realises that the people themselves, by their elected representatives, are the governing power, are the supreme authority in ownership, we shall see changes. We have already gone far in that direction; how far may be shown by a concrete illustration. According to the theory of absolute ownership the square mile round the Bank of England could, on the expiration of leases, be turned by the landlords into a desert, every office, every building being razed and destroyed. But would any landlord dare to make the experiment? The municipal consciousness which makes such a procedure unthinkable is the new power in the world. It is in a limited form the expression of the fact that the community in these matters is supreme; that its welfare is the final law. Over vast breadths of the country this power is at present dormant. But

the common consciousness is rapidly ripening, and will ere long be showing itself in the ownings of Dorset or the Scottish highlands as much as in the heart of the City. The course of things here is inevitable. The people will come to see, and to act on the perception, that, as Mill long ago enunciated, "the claim of the landholder is altogether subordinate to the general policy of the State. When private property in land is not expedient it is unjust."

This is by no means to say that private ownership in land is in itself an evil: is a thing to be destroyed. The history of community in land is not encouraging. It has nowhere shown itself as a condition of prosperity and progress. It is to-day practised among the village communities of India, Russia and the Slavonic countries under Turkey. It was for ages the system of the nomad tribes of Tartary and of the Red Indians of America. None of these peoples have come to much. Community-holding has developed neither industry nor initiative.

Besides, the idea of property-holding, of having something of your own, is one of man's deepest-rooted pleasures: is an incentive to his utmost exertions. The problem is not to get rid of that joy and that incentive, but how rather to spread it most widely; to make the greatest number sharers in it. France solved that problem by the drastic process of her Revolution. It was through blood and fire the people asserted themselves as the State; and in that capacity changed the country from a despotism in which the peasant was a slave into a land of property-owners. To-day France has 8,000,000 landowners,

the bulk of them peasants, who cultivate every inch of the soil—the most industrious, frugal and comfortable of peoples. The French Revolution was bloody and terrible; ours will be a peaceable one. But it is coming; is, in fact, already in full process.

The final principle here, we repeat, is that the State—the people, that is, in its collective, voting capacity—is the supreme landowner. When it reaches the full consciousness of its power it will decide how, in what way and to what extent the private person shall be an owner. It will decide what his ownership amounts to. When a man buys a pistol the State decrees how far it is his. Because he has paid for it he is not permitted its unlimited use. He is not allowed, for instance, to fire it up and down where the crowd is passing in Fleet-street. In the same way, because a man has paid for his land the State will prescribe and limit his powers over it. It will allow him all the pleasures of ownership up to the point where they interfere with the rights of his neighbour, with the general welfare of the community.

It is certain that the application of this principle will, in England and elsewhere, reach the point of determining how much land any one private person may possess. There is only so much land in the country to be divided, and if the enjoyment of ownership is to be a widespread one, that can only be by the restriction of each man's share. If there is only one pudding, and one man wants all of it, the rest go without. Theoretically, one man, on our present system, could have the whole pudding. One man

could own all England, and our forty millions—minus one—be absolutely shut out from possession. We have in England made some progress towards that astonishing consummation when we see a duke or a millionaire owning the best part of a county or half the Highlands.

But that process is drawing to an end. On the outskirts of the Empire the true principle is at last coming into recognition, and the example will soon be followed at the centre. In New Zealand the colony began with unlimited ownership. Vast tracts of the country were acquired by wealthy proprietors, shutting out in this way the chances of the less-endowed. But the enormous danger here has been perceived in time, and New Zealand is now a country of holdings limited by the Government—to the vast advantage of land and people.

What has been found necessary to New Zealand is doubly, trebly necessary to England. We are killing ourselves as a people by town life. It is not simply to grow corn, but to grow men that we are bound to revise our land system. For England, after all, is not so much its broad acres as its Englishmen. More than raising beeves is the raising of the English stature, is the broadening of its chest measurements. It has gone down, all this, so wofully of late, and there is only one way of staying the decline. "Yeomanhood, husbandry," says Richard Whiteing, "above poverty and dependence, below luxury and idleness, what can match it for bringing out the best in man!" To get back that condition English land will have to be redivided—a return organised to the

old, happier state where "every rood of ground maintained its man."

It is under such conditions that we shall reach not only a stalwart manhood, but a true agriculture—that we shall learn the wealth of the English soil. We shall in this way obtain what we see in Belgium and France—the new farming, which, as Prince Kropotkin shows, in his "Fields, Factories and Workshops," aims at cropping not five or six tons of grass, but fifty or a hundred tons of vegetables on the same space; not £5 worth of hay, but £100 worth of various produce. We shall change here as Denmark has changed—Denmark which from a country of large farms has changed in the century to a land of peasant proprietors, and from being a land of extreme poverty to be now one of the richest countries in the world—next to ourselves in wealth per head, but vastly better off than ourselves in the distribution of it and the corresponding diffusion of happiness.

We are preaching here what may seem to some a revolutionary doctrine, but it is one from which there is nothing to fear and everything to hope. It is a doctrine founded on common-sense and the ever-growing human experience. There is, we say, nothing here to be afraid of. When we speak of the growing power of the people in the State, we have always to remember that with the growing power there is that equally growing sense of responsibility which confines the power to a cautious and beneficent use. The rearrangements we speak of will be gradual and without violence. There will be a careful safeguarding of all genuine rights, of all equitable interests.

In resuming its rights the State will discharge all well-founded claims. In that resumption it will, as we have seen, violate no precedent. It has, throughout its history, been always the supreme owner, the final authority. The difference in its procedure will be, that whereas in earlier time the ultimate power was wielded despotically in the interests of the few at the expense of the many, in the new time it will act as the collective will of the whole in the interests of its every member.

XXIII

RELIGION AND THE STATE

THE title suggests an old and still very living controversy with which we do not propose here specially to deal. We leave alone the tempting polemic of Free Church *versus* State Church. Our readers, we take it for granted, have some knowledge of it. The arguments *pro* and *con* still resound from opposing platforms. And the literature of it is open for all men to read ; Hooker and Grotius and Montesquieu, and Chalmers and Morrison ; Gladstone's youthful essay and Macaulay's crushing rejoinder. It is a fruitful and quite necessary study. But there is another, and, we think, a deeper. In speaking here of Religion and the State, what we propose to deal with is the test of the value of a religion which is offered by the action of it upon the State as a community.

You go there to the root of matters in religion. Ours is an age of pragmatism, an age, that is, when we are seeking to solve our problems by the test of results We ask about this system and that, " How does it work ? What effect has it upon the development of society ; on the furtherance of happiness ; on the making of manhood ? " And there is a general consensus that, in the existing state of our knowledge,

you can get no better criterion. We are agreeing to seek our conclusions, not in the inaccessible heights of the transcendental, but here, where we can reach them, in the testimony of facts.

Our age is singularly fortunate in this respect. It has the facts to go upon. We have a long history behind us, and a vastly improved apparatus for investigating it. We are to-day harvesting "the slow result of time." The nations with their current civilisation, their progress or decline, their types of manhood and of character, the height of their thinking and their doing, are invaluable witnesses in the quest we are upon, the quest as to the value of religions and of religion.

In our inquiry the questions we have to ask of history are something of this kind. Can nations do without a religion; can they, that is, do without invisible, spiritual influences and sanctions for conduct? If not, if religion is necessary, what kind of religion has proved itself best for the community? On the first question the early world, which one must remember had an earlier world behind it, was fairly unanimous. The East—Egypt, Assyria, China, India—from the beginning was full of religion. It filled the horizon. India, indeed, may be said to have had no other history than this. And so further West. In Greece Plato proposed to punish atheists as dangerous to the State. Europe has been religious through many centuries. But now the note is changing. In France we have books on "The Coming Irreligion," and there is a laborious attempt to found a morality without God. "God is a hypothesis we are elimin-

ating," says one writer. It is noteworthy, however, that the two men who, more than any others, produced modern France—Voltaire and Rousseau—were of a quite contrary opinion. "If God does not exist we should have to invent Him," said Voltaire. And once, when a discussion on atheism commenced at his table, he ordered the servants out of the room. On being asked his reason, he replied that he did not wish that he and his guests should have their throats cut. Rousseau went much further. In his ideal State he demands of the citizen as a religious minimum, anti-Catholicism, a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, in Providence and in future rewards and punishments.

The two men, revolutionary as they were, spoke from what they knew of the moral effect of non-religion. And Benjamin Franklin, who was so intimately related to the French movement, adds a striking testimony of his own. Speaking of his experience and that of his friends, he says, without religion morality gave way at once, even to common honesty and common decency, and it was only after much reflection that he began to suspect that wrong was not wrong because it was forbidden, but was forbidden because it was wrong. How modern France is faring in its experiment of no religion may be deduced in part from the enormous growth of juvenile crime, and from such testimonies as, to select one out of many, this of a contemporary writer, M. Chas. Deherme: "More than a hundred years after the great Revolution, after thirty years of a Republic, by turns Conservative, Opportunist, Radical and

Socialist, we find ourselves wallowing in the mud . . . with prostitution and alcohol for our joys, the Press and politics for our activities; with money and appearance for ideal." We are surely not exceeding the limits of moderation when we say that whatever future the non-religion outlook may have, in France or elsewhere, its present record is not inspiring.

But supposing we accept religion as, in some form or other, a necessity to the communal well-being, the next question is, " What religion? " There are a good many, and we have to choose. Of those which history offers us, there are some about which there is no difficulty. They are extinct, and for the excellent reason that they were not good enough to survive. Long before the Greek and Roman paganisms succumbed they had lost all moral weight. Bad gods are worse than none. A worship such as that of the Aphrodite of Corinth, where a thousand prostitutes were included in the service of her temple, stood self-condemned. The serious people of the time sought in philosophy what they could not find in ceremonial. And since then the feeling has spread till it has become well-nigh universal that a religion which does not morally lift people is not worth house-room on this planet.

Of extant religions outside Christianity, we have Mohammedanism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism with its allied Taoism. Great faiths, which have nourished millions of souls, and which our generation is learning at last to speak of with respect. They have all, in different degrees, addressed them

selves to man's nobler part. They have established a morality and inspired it. They have regarded human life as a high mystery, related to the infinite and the eternal. It is impossible for us to think that the myriads who have lived and died under them were without Heaven's guidance and care.

But in studying them we are forced upon comparisons. We have to ask what has been their relative effect upon the evolution of character and the general well-being? And here history and the present state of the world offer their verdict. It is the simple fact that no one of these religions is the faith of the first-class races. Mohammedanism has lifted the peoples it dominated a certain stage, but has left them there. Brahminism and its offspring Buddhism, rooted as they are in pessimism, have sunk the East in a vast lethargy without movement or initiative. It is the simple truth that the nations which call themselves Christian are the leaders of the world. The fact may, we know, be explained in more ways than one. But it is there. Say what you will of Christianity; here, at any rate, is the point, that the most virile peoples of to-day, the peoples whose arts, industries, ideas, rule the earth, are peoples amongst whom Christianity through long centuries has been the accepted faith. Against all adverse criticisms the trainer, in answer, produces his pupil.

Confronted with this fact we inquire for the secret. In searching for it we have to admit—for the history here is again plain and unmistakable—that Christianity, in its dominant forms, has been mixed up with all manner of errors, superstitions, tyrannies, cruelties.

But this also we note, that it has always produced the protest against them, and has not ceased in the process of ridding itself of them. And, meanwhile, it has gone on producing great races. Is there not some secret here, not of dogma or theology perhaps, but of life? Is not that estimate of Montesquieu—sanest and best equipped of observers—a help towards understanding the secret where, comparing Christianity with the faiths it superseded, he speaks of it as "a religion which envelops all the passions, which is not more jealous of actions than of desires and thoughts; which holds us not by chains but by innumerable threads; which leaves behind it human justice and begins another justice"?

The secret of Christianity is, in short, the secret of the highest life, and its history has shown it to be such by revealing its capacity for constant development. It has retained its position by an incessant internal growth. Its story has been one of constant revivals which have always been reforms. Here it is that Protestantism came in as a necessary phase in its movement. It is, we observe, that amongst the divisions of Christendom the Protestant Christian races are those at the top. The evidence for Protestantism is again the historical one; the evidence of the people it has developed. Had Christianity been tied to Romanism it could not have kept its place. Ranke's cool judgment pronounces thus on the Roman supremacy before the Reformation: "I know not whether any man of sound understanding could seriously wish that this state of things had remained unshaken and unchanged in Europe; whether any

man believes that the will and power to look truth in the face—the manly piety acquainted with the grounds of its faith—could ever have been matured under such influences ? "

There are two things which to-day render Romanism impossible as the leader of progressive peoples ; one is its attitude to the intellect, the other its attitude to morals. As to the former, the Abbé Loisy, himself a Catholic, in his " Evangile et l'Eglise," puts his finger on the spot. " We cannot deny," says he, " that the tendency of Catholicism has been towards the effacement of the individual, to place man under tutelage, to control all his activities in a way which does not help initiative. Its rock is to want too much to govern men in place of elevating souls." Modernism is the cry of Rome's imprisoned intellect to-day, and we see how it is being treated. Rome's answer to learning and argument is brute force. Its latest deed, the refusing the rites of burial to Father Tyrrell, one of the noblest intellects and purest spirits of our time, reveals the spirit by which it is now, as of old, possessed—its fear of truth, its hatred of freedom.

And next we say is its relation to morals. Nothing has occurred in its later history to weaken the indictment which Michelet, speaking of the French social life of his time, brought against the domestic system of Rome : " The priest, there is our enemy. Why is he the open wound of modern society, the ferment of discord between husband and wife, between father and daughter? Because the priesthood is founded on a double immorality, celibacy and the confessional."

The two things in their conjunction are a conspiracy against man's better nature. They corrupt the priest and through him the social life where he has influence. They first debar him from the legitimate exercise of his manhood's instincts, and then turn him loose upon the womanhood of his parish, compelling him by the confessional to enter into their most intimate secrets. What that confessional means may be gathered from its official text-books. To-day the "Moral Theology" of Liguori is the authorised manual of the Roman clergy. In recent times both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have declared it the norm of morality for all Catholic confessors. Of this work Robert Grossmann says: "I have found in it descriptions of all kinds, terrible in their grossness and immorality; descriptions of things of which respectable men scarce know the existence. The sexual perversions to which it introduces us would only be known in the asylums of the most infamous pornography."

From this, as any student of human nature knows, there could be only one result. The testimony both of ancient and modern times is the same. A Bull of Pope Gregory XII., in the fifteenth century, speaks of the fearful libertinage of monks and nuns. Says Erasmus in the sixteenth: "There are priests now in vast numbers, seculars and regulars, and it is notorious that very few are chaste." Of the same period Zwingli, who had been a priest, observes of the Catholic clergy, "Scarce one in a thousand was chaste." As to our own time, a French Abbé, conversing with the present writer, said he believed that about one-third of the French priesthood might be regarded as strictly

continent. One could multiply this evidence to any extent. The thing is notorious, and one may say inevitable. We repeat, till Rome has set itself right with the intellect and with morality, it must renounce its pretension to be the representative of Christianity, to be a leader of the higher civilisation.

Our study here is necessarily a very slight one, but it seems to lead us to some conclusions. Religion is an integral and necessary element in human affairs. We cannot, as communities, get on without it. Amongst the competing faiths Christianity exhibits itself as the religion of the foremost races. It holds its place as, in its essence, a manifestation of the highest life. During its course through the ages it has been encrusted with divers errors and evils, but has developed in itself the force by which these contradictories have been successively discovered and thrown off. In all ages, in our own not the least, where its spirit has been loyally accepted, it has developed the noblest types of humanity, has shown its capacity to lift the soul to the highest possibilities. Its future depends on the extent to which it prunes itself of its excrescences, and works on its ultimate principle, as the pure love of God and the pure love of the brotherhood of man.

XXIV

OUR POOR RELATIONS

One might have much to say about the poor relation as we know him in society. In this mad world of ours, for every man who succeeds there are half-a-dozen who fail, and who lean up against this strong one as a supporting wall. The thriftless brother, the orphan niece left on his hands, the thirty-second cousin who has tried so many things and comes back always on his prosperous relative as his one reliable asset—with all these we are so familiar. But our thoughts are not now in this direction. There is a relative—a blood relation—lower down, whose position and whose claims upon us we have hardly yet begun to understand; whom it is high time we made some endeavour to recognise.

In our desperate fight for success as competitors with our fellows we are apt to forget the extraordinary position we occupy in relation to another set of competitors—the animal world. In thinking of dukes and princes as at the top of things we lose sight of the fact that in a deeper, vaster sense we are all at the top. The human, as such, apart from acres and titles—by the mere fact of being human—is master on this planet. Have we ever asked how it would have been with us had we come into a world where we were second

and not first? It is so entirely conceivable. To millions of beings who woke this morning—to horses, dogs, cattle, to all things breathing except ourselves, it is the fact of their lives. And there is nothing, so far as we know, in the ultimate reason of things, to have made it impossible for a race to have been co-dwellers on this planet, as superior to ourselves as we are to the dog; possessed of powers that would have reduced us to the second rank, made us the instruments of their supremer will. But it has not been so. We are in possession. In the world-struggle we have conquered.

The size and quality of our brain has more than counterbalanced all our defects of eye and limb. We cannot see as far as the eagle, but eagles do not invent telescopes. The flexor of the thigh of a tiger is the most wonderful muscle in the world, but the tiger goes down before man's rifle. The bird has a secret of flying which we are clumsily trying to imitate. But bird flights alone are no key to mastery. When *we* fly we shall do so to more purpose than ever bird has done. We are, we say, in the astonishing position of having countless myriads of beings, all the beings we can see, in their endless range of division, sub-division, genus, species, absolutely in our power, to do with as we will, and no one to stay us. If dogs could formulate a theology they would think of us as gods.

When we come to the question of man's use of his power the answer is not so flattering. Especially is that true in the West. The earlier civilisations have a better record here than the later ones. In the East, from immemorial times, the treatment of animals has been a religious question. The animal has indeed been

a subject of worship. There has been a cult of the cat, the ibis, the sacred bull. Kropotkin thinks the primitive morality was founded largely on association with animals, that it was in fact a herd-morality. And the offering of animals in sacrifice was always a tribute to their religious significance. In India the doctrine of the transmigration of souls entered profoundly into the question. You will think more of a fly if you believe it may contain the soul of one of your ancestors.

The West, at any rate the later West, has had no traditions of this kind. It has had next to no religion about animals, and it is only now that we are beginning to think there may be an ethic about them. The ruling supposition has been that animals have no rights. Think of our use of them, of the highest of them! When modern nations go to war they do not admit the horse to their counsels. Where he comes in is in the cavalry charge—to be stabbed with bayonets, or disembowelled with exploding shells, to lie in helpless agony on the stricken field. He is not reckoned in the casualty list. "So many killed and wounded" refers to his masters. And yet being killed or wounded may be conceived as something even to him. A cavalry man in the midst of a murderous charge, when shots were flying and men falling, is reported to have said to his comrade, "This is a d——d queer way, Bill, of earning a living!" Queer enough, truly, and to the horse under him not less than the man. But the horse's ideas on the subject are not reported.

There are signs, however, that the apathy of the West in these matters is breaking up. Its conscience, extending the range of its mandate, has reached the

case of the poor relation, and is asking all manner of embarrassing questions about it. It is feeling the appeal of this absolute helplessness. These vast hosts of sentient beings, with no votes, no appeal courts, no voice but that of their agony, have begun to haunt our moral consciousness, to stir our latent chivalry. And, in strict accord with our energetic Western spirit, the movement once started is going at racehorse speed, at a pace which may easily land us in the wrong place. For we are here involved in some fundamental questions, for the solution of which a mere humanistic enthusiasm is by no means enough.

Take, for instance, the question of the slaughter of animals for food. Vegetarianism is to-day, in Europe and America, making an excellent case for itself. Man, like the horse and the elephant, can develop brawn and muscle on fruits and vegetables as well as on flesh and fowl. And it is cleaner feeding. Says Maeterlinck: "It was only yesterday that man began to suspect he had probably erred in the choice of his nourishment." It is indeed a question demanding our best thinking and experimenting, how these two rival systems of food act respectively on our mental and moral condition. But what are we to say of the doctrine that flesh-eating is a cruelty, a crime against the animal world? Candidly, we do not think the argument holds. Indeed, if we state the question between the two systems as one of the relative pleasure and pain to the animals concerned, the verdict seems to lie clearly on the other side. Not to kill our sheep and cattle would diminish rather than increase the sum of animal enjoyment. For if flesh-eating ceased these

animals would not be bred at all. We should kill them, if the "bull" may be permitted, by not permitting them to be born. All that sum of quiet enjoyment where the cattle, in the warm summer days, wander in the lush grass, chew their cud, cool themselves in the running stream, would be non-existent. Is not that to be considered? "But there is a violent death at the end!" Yes, but it is a death which casts no shadow before. It is one bad quarter of an hour at the finish of innumerable pleasant hours. If our herds passed their lives in full consciousness of that tragic wind-up the case would indeed be altered. But death is not a trouble of the animal mind. It is we only of earth's inhabitants who walk in that shadow.

There are, we repeat, numbers of excellent arguments for the vegetarian cult, but this, we say, does not seem one of them. We cannot avoid death; we cannot avoid inflicting it. If we stopped killing sheep, or rats and mice and the smaller vermin, and allowed ourselves to be overrun by their hordes, we should still be slaughterers. We slay by our mere living. In our blood the phagocytes wage incessant war with hostile germs. There are Waterloos and Sedans inside us.

The argument here has its bearing on the neighbour-question of hunting and shooting. We may have our own opinion as to the quality of a life which spends itself in shooting grouse in one season and hunting foxes in another. But on this matter of the animal pleasure and pain involved, what has been just said has to be repeated. If a plebiscite were taken among the birds as to whether they preferred life with a leaden dose at the end to no life at all, one wonders how the

vote would go! There are enthusiasts who say that reynard enjoys being hunted. We strongly doubt it. But if he were not hunted he would certainly be exterminated in some other way. And again one wonders what his own vote would be? Animals, if they live at all, must die somehow. Is the quick death which man inflicts, a death unforeseen by its subject, a greater addition to the sum of pain than that of the slow decay which unassisted Nature imposes?

We have to conform ourselves here to the system we are living under; which is not man's system, but Nature's. And it is a system which means, amongst other things, death; death everywhere on the highest scale. It follows life as the shadow follows the sun. The animal world preys one on another. Whatever humanity we may preach among ourselves, we cannot preach it to tigers or crocodiles. St. Anthony may harangue the fishes; but "the eels went on eeling, the pikes went on stealing." "Battles far more deadly than those of Gettysburg or Gravelotte," says Fiske, "have been incessantly waged on every square mile of the earth's life-bearing surface since life first began." Why this is so is hardly our affair. It is enough that it *is* so, and by the ordination of another will, of another power than our own. We have to adapt ourselves to it, as we do to gravitation or the weather. Shall we not say with Marcus Aurelius: "Even the lion's jaw, venom and all things baleful, thorns, mud or what not, are consequents of things grand and beautiful!" Plainly we are not to make too much of death. We see only one side of it—the rough side. In relation both to animals and to man, may it not be as with the

clouds whose underside, the side we see, is ever dark and menacing, but whose upper, shone on always by the sun, is superbly and everlastingly beautiful?

But if in our dealings with animals we cannot avoid death, or the infliction of it, we can avoid, and by our endeavour prevent, an enormous amount of suffering. And it is here that the Western conscience is being awakened and needs yet more to be awakened. We want a science of killing. Hitherto developments have been directed especially to our brother man. The study has been to kill the largest numbers of him in the quickest time. The inventor of the newest shell, filled with the highest explosive, thinks only of human dismemberment over the widest area; the question of pain or no pain is not his affair. But we want a new science of killing, a science devoted not to the increase of suffering, but to the minimising, the extinction of it, a science which will reform the slaughter-house, the abattoir; which will reduce the animal's bad quarter of an hour, of which we spoke, to a single moment; which will improve on Nature's death by slow decay by an instantaneous, painless extinction. And our children, our youth, need a new training. The "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" should be a society of all our homes, of all our schools. The boy, as one of his first lessons, should be taught a code of honour to his poor relatives. He should be taught that to torture a frog, to pull off the wings of a fly, is an infamy, a thing to be classed with lying and stealing.

And do not his elders require to be taught? We need a crusade against vicarious cruelty; the cruelty of gentle people who permit and make use of horrors that

they do not see. Would ladies wear osprey feathers if they were compelled to assist in the process by which they are obtained ? The question of vivisection comes, we know, into a different category. We do not forget that it has been defended by men of the highest character—by a Playfair, by a Pasteur. We do not forget that its end is not the gratification of mere pride or luxury, as in a lady's bird-adornments, but the relief of the acuter human pain, by the infliction on a lower life of a lower pain. But has not anti-vivisection a case, and a tremendous one ? Would to God its allegations were unproved, were shown to be unfounded ! There is room here for a searching investigation. Science needs to prove the absolute necessity of its work before it erects its torture-chambers. Who wants to benefit by investigations which require that animals of the higher sensitiveness—our faithful dog, often better than some humans in its trusts and affections—should be taken to pieces bit by bit ; its cry unheeded, its long-drawn agony treated as of no account ? Medical research has here entered on its crookedest road ; it has piled up against itself a huge indictment. The feeling of the modern conscience against this department of its endeavour amounts to an entirely serious demand to reconsider its actions and to set its house in order.

The world of our poor relations is opening for us all manner of new questions. It does more than accuse our treatment of it ; it startles us by its irruption into our own problems of life and religion. Evolution has lowered our pride of exclusiveness. It has shown us how much closer we are to it than we thought. Our boasted reason is not a monopoly. Ants are reasoners.

Bees invented the hive. This new-discovered closer relation is forcing itself into our theology. It touches it at all points. If it is so difficult to define where animal ceases and man begins, why wonder at the difficulty of showing where man ends and God begins? In the question of sin, too, no theologian of the future will be able to discuss the problem without study of the animal consciousness. And the unseen something, the sense and volition which guide an animal in life and depart from it at death—what relation has *that* to the unseen something in us which in like manner directs our life and shares this fate of death? What is certain is that our Gospel in all its thinking, in all its doing, in its theology, its ethic and its practice, must not stop with ourselves. In its commands and prohibitions, in its hope and its fear, in its justice and its compassion, it must include every creature that God has made.

XXV

THE IDEAL AND HEALTH

"ALL that a man hath will he give for his life." He will, and a great deal for his health. Medicine thrives on that fact. So also does the crowd of irregular and unlicensed curers that surrounds the orthodox body. The prophets proclaim a time when science will abolish disease. But it has not come yet. Multitudes of us are at half-power. The list of human ailments makes the bulkiest of catalogues. We are sketches of men rather than finished specimens. You never see a perfect eye or hand. And the best-made of us grow old. Everywhere the cry goes up :

> 'Tis life, of which our nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller that we want.

Dumas, in one of his stories, has a scene where Cagliostro administers the elixir of life to a number of aged and decrepit guests. He describes the ecstasy with which the senile company realises once more the sensations of youth. The world still waits for that elixir. When it comes, radium will be a cheap commodity beside it.

The question of healing has of late taken on some

new features. Or rather let us say that it has witnessed the revival of some old ones. After a long lapse of indifference, the Church has taken up the subject, as belonging to its own realm. No foreign mission is considered to be properly equipped which has not its medical department. But things have gone farther. We hear of spiritual therapeutics. In America and in this country institutions are being formed, under ecclesiastical patronage, where religion is called in as a directly curative power. It is being recognised that Christianity has a mission to the body as well as to the soul. There is nothing surprising about this. The only wonder is that the idea has been in abeyance so long. For the early Church certainly stood for this. Amid all the controversies concerning Christian origins, a point on which scholarship is unanimous is that the primitive Gospel was, amongst other things, a mission of healing. The most ruthless critics admit that Jesus wrought bodily cures. The apostolic witness, as every Bible-reader knows, tells the same story. And the Church history of the early centuries has volumes of reports and testimonies to the like effect. Tertullian, Augustine, Jerome, Chrysostom, teem with references. Conyers Midleton, in his famous "Inquiry," it is true, played havoc with a good deal of this evidence. But modern experience makes us sure that it could not all have been fraud or delusion.

The thread of testimony has been continued through the ages. Bernard of Clairvaux declares that when preaching the Crusade he witnessed miracles of healing which surpassed those recorded in the Scriptures.

There are the cures wrought at the tomb of Becket, and later at that of the Archbishop of Paris. In our own time there is Lourdes, and more wonderful still, the career, in the France of the Second Empire, of that humble priest, the Curé d'Ars, whose parish near Lyons was for forty years crowded by pilgrims from all parts of the world, and the records of whose healing work fill two bulky volumes.

But what in our day has most stirred the English-speaking peoples on this subject has been the emergence of the singular religious phenomenon which goes under the name of Christian Science, and is associated with the career of Mrs. Baker Eddy. The story of that career, on one side of it at least, is grotesque and even sordid. The claims of this latest prophetess, her triumphs, her assumptions of authority, are a revelation of human vanity on the one hand, and of human credulity on the other. Here is a woman who cannot write decent English, whose books on their every page give evidence of her illiteracy, who has no faculty of consecutive thought, but who, while possessing not even a tinge of Biblical scholarship, offers to her followers an interpretation of the Bible which they are to accept as inspired ; who prescribes their public worship and their private reading ; who ascribes to herself divine powers ; who suggests that she is the woman clothed with the sun of the Book of Revelation ; and who, like the late Dr. Dowie, whose methods so closely resembled her own, has accumulated immense sums from the exploitation of her disciples' faith.

What, we have to ask, is the meaning of this extra-

ordinary career? Is it a question of sheer fraud and imposture? Does Mrs. Eddy take everything in exchange for nothing? Assuredly not. The thousands of men and women who obey her have not given up their spiritual liberty; have not placed themselves under this capricious and narrowing despotism for no equivalent. The prophetess has based her power upon what is undoubtedly a reality. She offers people the greatest of gifts, the sense of health, the way to it. She has made a discovery, as did Dowie—that of the power of her own mind upon other minds; and of each individual mind, when properly directed, over itself.

Hypnotism—the power of suggestion and of self-suggestion—is now a force recognised by science, which is diligently seeking to track its enormous possibilities. The faculty of it, and the susceptibility to it, reside in us all, but in very different degrees. And we have to remember that hypnotism is only one form, a condensed form, of the mentality, the mind-force, which is so much more than itself. It is, one may say, what lightning is to electricity. The way one mind influences another in ordinary life might be called a species of hypnotism, though it employs none of its forms. When a great orator fills an audience with his own enthusiasm; when a Napoleon by a look, a word, inspires an army to brave wounds and death, one sees the operation of a magnetic force. The great leaders everywhere are indeed full of magnetism. It is the outflow of it, the pouring upon others of their own higher vitality, which constitutes their influence. The exercise of it is ever a

mystery. How your mind moves your arm; how this intangible something you call your will can cause this piece of flesh and bone to lift itself, is as great a wonder as the one by which Napoleon's volition moved his armies.

The great leaders, we say, possess everywhere this surplus of magnetic force, and the religious leaders especially. By it they affect the mind, and also the body. When Wesley preached, masses of people, as his Journal tells us, fell down in convulsions. An American doctor at a camp-meeting revival, where numbers of people were similarly affected, observed that it was only people in front, in the eye of the speaker, who showed these physical symptoms. There were no cases amongst the people behind him. Now the force which produces such effects on the body could doubtless produce others. Are we not here, indeed, close upon the secret of all the healings in Church history, ancient and modern? It is no irreverence surely to say that Jesus wrought His cures by this power. He used the forces that were to His hand. As He nourished His body by eating and drinking, and breathing the air around Him, so He called on the forces that lay within Him, natural we may say, but supereminent, to accomplish the healing effects of which we read.

This force, under different names, has been in exercise from the dawn of history. India is full of it. The cult there of mentality, as a power over bodily conditions, has been carried to extraordinary lengths. The stories of the *yogi*, of the initiates, which come to us from so many sources, are assuredly not without

foundation. The present writer has listened to accounts from European observers long resident in India which seem almost incredible to the Western mind. And let it be here observed that powers of this order, while exercised, as history shows, often by the noblest natures, and for the noblest purposes, are not in themselves necessarily moral or spiritual. They are just *powers*, and their morality or otherwise depends on the will that uses them. It may be with them as with music or speech, which may inspire the soul to angelic or diabolic deeds.

Forces of this kind have, there is no question, been possessed at times by people of no eminence of moral character; often where morality has been entirely wanting. As illustration take the marvellous story of Alexander of Abonotichos so inimitably told by Lucian. As we follow the career of this Dowie of the second century, while he passes in triumphal procession from one city of the empire to another, amassing enormous sums, indulging in every luxury, followed by swarms of devoted worshippers, who regarded him as a kind of god, we see in him the most salient example of a gifted being, full of magnetisms, of hypnotisms, possessing men for the time with the vitality which surged up in himself, yet using his power for ignoble and purely selfish ends.

It is this force which, in its original state of raw mentality, or in its specialised development in hypnotism and suggestion, in our day has come so prominently into view as a religious factor. Not that religion has discovered it. That has been the work of outside investigators. In France especially the

physiological phenomena of hypnotism—such as the exteriorisation of sensibility, by which pin-pricks at a yard away from the body are felt within the body; by which surgical operations are performed without any pain to the patient, and where even sight is made possible without eyes—these phenomena are obtained and observed by scientists who have no interest in religion. But these results are reacting in every way upon religion. They explain numbers of mysteries connected with it in past ages. They are a new witness to religion's supreme contention, that the soul is greater than the body, rules the body, makes it, and may survive it. They explain also what we so need to understand to-day, that the exploitation of these powers in the name of religion by persons of undeveloped moral character may, as we are now witnessing, lay the foundation of spiritual despotisms of the most degrading and hurtful kind.

What we need to-day is the true faith-healing, a healing dependent not on prophets or prophetesses, but upon God and ourselves. For faith to-day, as in the day of Jesus, can move mountains. It cures. The world is to you what you think it, and if you think it good, it is good. When you believe in the Divine Presence; when you find God with you here and now; when you take every event, however gruesome-seeming, direct from His hand; when you look through and beyond present appearances to the reality beneath—a reality which is infinite and unfailing—you achieve an inner serenity which is the best of all physicians. A heart at rest in God keeps

the blood in circulation, helps you to breathe freely, gives relish to your daily bread, makes your sleep sound, floods your nature with the sunshine in which it grows and thrives. This faith does not ask for impossibles. It accepts the human conditions. It accepts the end and what precedes it. It knows you cannot be cured of being seventy years old. But it knows old age and death as God-given conditions, and therefore wholesome and hopeful ones. It looks to the end as what will be the finest of healings, of restorations.

Believe in God, we say, and in His order, and then believe in yourself. Why rush to this prophet or that? What is it you want from them? Can you change your nature into theirs? At most all you gain here is a second-hand virtue. Whereas what you need is to develop your own. It is what is in you, not in them, that is your concern. Have faith in your capacity, and do not listen to your incapacity. The whole secret is there. "When I am weak, then am I strong," says the apostle. The sense of his weakness surged up in him, but he refused to accept its verdict. He acted instead on the supposition that he was strong; took on tasks that demanded strength, and lo! he could do them!

It is becoming recognised in physiology that function precedes structure; in the organic life it is function which creates structure. In other words, it is the soul that makes the body; it is, as it were, the inner purpose and aspiration that fashions the organ of it. Believing in sight helped to make the eye. And it is

by your willing that you are making yourself to-day. Will to be higher than you are, and you will daily become higher. Act on the supposition of your inner strength and you will do strong things. "All things are possible to him that believeth." This is the ideal healing.

XXVI

THE POWERS OF DARKNESS

The intermixture in our life of the material and the spiritual has no more striking illustration than in the influence upon us of darkness. The "power of darkness" is a real power, and that apart from any theological considerations. The revolution of this planet on its axis, which for a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four shuts from us the light of day, has had in every age the profoundest effect on man's inner states. It has told enormously on his religion. It has created a vocabulary—a very sinister one. It lies at the origin of fear. It binds the reason and sets loose the imagination. We are not the same at midnight as at midday. The child mind, and the savage mind, which is so closely akin to it, are reawakened in us. "I do not believe in ghosts," said Fontenelle, "but I am afraid of them." We can all feel with him there. As you traverse the deep wood alone, with the shadows creeping round you, the scene becomes spectral. The trees with their swaying branches seem alive. There are weird whisperings, uncanny shapes. Old legends leap to the mind, appealing to the primitive man in you. You

are away from the twentieth century, back in a haunted world. Night is the time when villainies are hatched, when assassins creep forth, when gloom and melancholy find their hour, when the worst asserts itself.

The opposition of day and night, we say, has woven itself into the world's religion ; has been the creator of much of it. In the literature of every creed darkness is the symbol of evil, and light of the good. Heaven is sunlight, hell the blackness of darkness. For the Manichæans, for the Persian Zoroastrians, history is the eternal conflict of the embattled hosts of light on the one side, and of darkness on the other. Amongst savage tribes, from the Eskimos of the polar snows to the black races of Central Africa, there are rites and incantations for the warding off of the spirits of evil that are abroad in the dark. The witches and warlocks of the North, whose antics form the scenes of Burns's immortal " Tam o' Shanter," chose midnight for their revels. But amid primitive tribes and the earlier civilisations darkness was not wholly connected with evil. It was the condition of mysticism and of the exercise of mysterious spiritual powers. The oracle sat in the gloom of the cave. The crowning rite of the Eleusinian mysteries was the admittance at night into the innermost sanctuary of the temple. The Australian savage goes to the graveyard at night to communicate with the spirits of the departed. Amongst the Tuareks of the Sahara, when the men depart on an expedition, their women go at night to the graves of their dead to obtain telepathic communication with their distant husbands. It is at " the witching hour " that Hamlet sees his father's

ghost. The modern medium is in line with all this when he darkens the room for his *séance.*

The materialism which ruled in science and largely in philosophy during the later Victorian period made havoc with notions of this kind. It proposed to depopulate the unseen universe. Everything was comprised in the ideas of law and uniformity, of force and matter. The action on men of invisible personalities was scouted as a remnant of savagery. There might conceivably be inhabitants of Mars, but the Miltonic idea that "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake," was only a poet's dream. The immense scope given to personalism in Christianity was seized upon as its weakest side. The New Testament accounts of demoniac possession and of exorcism; its doctrine of maleficent forces, of "principalities and powers," of the "prince of darkness," were held up as evidences of its legendary and non-scientific character. In like manner the witchcraft stories of the Middle Ages were treated as pure fiction, the product of a darkness of ignorance, which had vanished in the light of science. Luther's encounter with the devil was of the same order of credibility as Goethe's account of the witches' festival on the Brocken in *Faust.*

The pendulum swung to its farthest reach in that direction, and now we are witnessing a curious reaction. And the remarkable thing in this counter movement is that it has come—not so much from theology, which seemed specially attacked, as from science itself. It is from that empirical observation, the sheer study of facts and occurrences, on which

science bases its conclusions, that a new theory of personality, of its qualities and possibilities, of its presence and potency in hitherto unexpected places, has been established, which is making all the difference to the modern outlook. Psychology is upsetting the old materialism. The researches of a Lombroso, a Myers, a Richet, a Crookes, a Flammarion, a Lodge, a Wallace—names that stand foremost amongst modern scientists—have produced a mass of evidence which it is impossible to ignore, on the soul's hitherto undreamed-of capacities. Under hypnotism there are cases of seeing without eyes and hearing without ears. Under its influence the old tricks of witchcraft are reproduced. It used to be a favourite accusation, for which many a witch has been burned, that the offender had made an image of wax of the person aimed at, and by running pins into the image had caused dire pain to the victim. To-day this very thing has been accomplished by Paris specialists. Our forefathers, it seems, were, in these matters, not quite such fools as we had imagined.

Not less remarkable is the new evidence concerning possession. That the same organism can find room inside it at times for entirely separate personalities is a fact which we must accept as proved. Myers long ago hazarded the suggestion that in addition to the dominating " ego " which we recognised as our special personality, there were other half-formed ones struggling for expression, and which might conceivably take its place. But that is not the whole account of the matter. If human testimony is to be regarded as of any account at all, then we shall have

to admit the evidence of eye-witnesses who speak of persons in the trance state as writing and speaking languages of which they had no previous knowledge, exhibiting qualities and dispositions quite foreign to their nature, revealing secrets unknown to any but the person implicated, and predicting events which afterwards came to pass. Stainton Moses, an Anglican clergyman, very often found in his automatic writings atheistic and Satanic sentiments. We may take this for what it is worth. Perhaps there was some spice of Satanism in his composition, as there seems to be in the best of us, and this may have surged up from his subconscious self when in these abnormal conditions. We are inclined to give more weight to the testimony of a missionary in North China, well known to the present writer, a man of exceptional ability and knowledge of Chinese conditions, who, in a recent correspondence, declares demoniac possession to be the only adequate explanation of phenomena he has witnessed there.

Our universe is clearly not so simple an affair as naturalism has painted it. The Büchner theory of matter and force as the origin and controller of things is everywhere breaking down. Space is not so empty as it seemed. Nature may care even less for a vacuum than we imagined. Why may not our earth, and all the cosmic realm around it, be sphered and insphered with invisible being? Who are we to claim that we see all there is to see? Modern psychological discovery has made science turn with a new attention to the testimony of the past. The evidence on these themes of primitive peoples the

world over—its unbroken continuity and its marvellous unanimity—are facts to which competent observation is every day giving more weight.

And if we have to make room in our minds for this larger, intenser area of life and personality, what reason have we for denying that the possible unseen life around us may be of every variety of moral complexion, ranging here from heights above us to abysses beneath us? Our own humanity is surely too signal an example of this possibility to permit any dogmatism of negation on the point. Angelic and diabolic, who shall say that the words do not stand for realities? That ancient scheme of things which represented man on his progress through this life as surrounded by invisible hosts, "principalities and powers, mustering their unseen array," some seeking to lift him to their own height of purity, and others to draw him to their baser levels—have we quite done with it? We do not think so. It has something to say for itself. We prefer it vastly to that which represents us as a sordid herd of chance-begotten creatures stumbling across our span of existence to the nothingness from whence we came.

Yet while we speak of evil, of "the hour and power of darkness," we may face its questions without fear, still more without despair. The physical darkness is an ordered one, and we owe much to it. You cannot develop the photographic plate without its aid. It gives us sleep and refreshment. It discloses to us the stars. It creates in us moods and ideas which are necessary to the wholeness of life. The dark hour of Jesus was hard to endure, but it wrought

imperishable and glorious results. And it passed into day. And as to evil, there is no evil in things. The world is made of good stuff. Evil is in persons, and with them we take it—as did Aristotle, and the Greek Fathers, and Scotus of Erigena and the mystics—as a negative rather than a positive, as a relativity, as a want, a defect from the good. And it is there to be mastered by the good—the sure and only goal of created being.

Truly, this human life of ours is no petty campaign. It is a warfare against forces visible and invisible, a great fight with infinite issues. Yet humble, earnest souls may go into it without fear. They are on the winning side. They that are for us are more than they that are against us. The kingdom of light will outlast the kingdom of darkness. Good is mightier than evil. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual, mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

XXVII

OUR UNUSED SELVES

Professor Royce, of Harvard, in one of his philosophical lectures, speaks thus: "When I seek my own goal I am seeking for the whole of myself. In so far as my aim is the absolute completion of my selfhood, my goal is identical with the whole life of God." It is a large and lofty saying, which we shall not attempt here to live up to. If it does not prove anything, it suggests much. It sets one thinking on that part of our uncompleted self which we may speak of as the unused. There is a vast acreage of our inner estate that has never been touched by the plough. And there are other portions of us, once worked over, that have fallen out of cultivation. The survey of this unoccupied region is full of interest, sometimes of a strangely pathetic interest.

Beginning at the lowest point, it is worth noting that both in the physical and the moral realm there are parts of us that are there simply as survivals of an earlier and a lower state. They are unused because we have outgrown them. Our bodily frame is, amongst other things, a museum full of the relics of the past. The male human carries in his breast rudimentary mammæ for which, whatever part they played in his earlier development, he has no more

use. There are traces in us of a gill formation for breathing in the water. And our caudal vertebræ suggest a forefather who carried a tail. No discoveries of flint instruments or of prehistoric remains can compare, as evidences of antiquity, with these weird bits of our anatomy which we carry with us to-day. They take us back into the abysses of geological time.

That, however, is an affair of science. Closely associated is a deeper affair of morals. It is not only the body that tells of this early relation to " monsters of the prime, that tare each other in their slime." There is also a mental relation. We have risen from beasthood into manhood, but we still carry some of the beast in us. Good Christian men, peaceable citizens, who love God and their neighbour, who desire to spend themselves in the service of their kind, have in them, and they know it, far down in the consciousness, elemental passions whose possibilities they sometimes wonder at and shudder at. They form an unused part of them, but might there not be circumstances where they would suddenly flame into use? We are not yet past the war stage, though one hopes we are passing it. But think what a battle brings out! Take as illustration—one might cite a thousand—this bit from Carlyle's description of the battle of Zorndorf in the Seven Years' War: " Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz Cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. . . . The Russian infantry stood to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead men. More remote

from Seidlitz they break open the sutlers' brandy casks, and in a few minutes get roaring drunk ; soldiers flop down to drink it from the puddles ; furiously remonstrate with their officers and kill a good many of them. A frightful blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief nucleus of chaos then extant above ground." And so the horrible story goes on ; one, we say, of a thousand such. And yet all the people engaged in this devil's business were mothers' sons, little innocent lads, here in Russia, there in Prussia, who grew to manhood, loving their homes and families, striving for an honest livelihood, and then at the will of their rulers sent off to march against other mothers' sons, who also loved their homes and their kind, and with whom they had no quarrel ! Alas ! the beast is in us yet. We are still close to these horrors. Men still talk of war. But a time is coming when the relics of our guns and bayonets, our whole slaughter apparatus, will be looked upon by our successors with as strange a feeling as that with which we contemplate the flesh and blood survivals of our apehood.

The beast in us, then, let us hope, is destined to be less and less used. But observe now another and a higher order of our inner machinery that is also for the present quite idle. Our life, when its earthly history has been completed, will be found to consist of a given line of experiences. "That," we might say, in summing it up, "is all that has happened to me." But outside that thin line lies the boundless region of what might have happened. We have been this, but how many other things we could have been ! And what we want here to note is that we

have in us the apparatus for receiving, tabulating, recording in our consciousness all the infinite sum of things that might have happened to us, and did not. Here is an unused machinery! How would you feel were you made a millionaire to-morrow; or condemned to-morrow to be hanged; or found yourself to-morrow charging a battery, with men falling in swathes around you? You do not know; but there is a machinery within you that knows; that is prepared to produce with hairsbreadth accuracy the appropriate sensation for these happenings on the dial-plate of your consciousness. It will, probably, never be used, because you will probably never have these experiences. You have only one line of happenings, but there are a million other lines to east and west of you. Your actual self so far is one; but your possible self is a million times that one. Will this unused in us remain always unused? Or may it not be that our future existence may be occupied in gathering up one by one that vast sum of our unrealised personality?

Of these unused portions of us there are some whose history is specially pathetic. There are multitudes of us made for love, but who have never found their love. The music in them has not met its awakener. All the tendernesses of love, its sweet and exquisite vocabulary, are there locked up in them, rusting, decaying, a capital never put out at interest. The homes that live in imagination, but are never founded, the kiss that has never been given, the inner hunger that is never appeased, the dream of the lonely man who sits at his solitary

hearth and thinks of the wife, of the children that might have been; who

> Sees their unborn faces shine
> Beside the never-lighted fire

—these are the unspoken tragedies of life.

Closely akin to them are the sorrows of bereavement. Who has sounded the heart of a mother who has lost from her arms the infant of days; or the little one whose prattle has been the home's sweetest music? Now her motherhood seems wasted; gone all the promised delight of watching the growth and unfolding of this precious flower of life that had been given her. Is there any pang comparable to that with which we look upon the face of a dead child?

> Fold the hands across the breast
> So, as when he knelt to pray,
> Leave him to his dreamless rest;
> Baby died to-day.

What she would have been to him, and he to her when he was ten, twenty; the strong man who should close her eyes at the end, all gone and lost, with no use for her shut-up treasury of love.

In studying this side of life one might easily exclaim against its mystery, its hardness. And, indeed, the sting of it would be at times almost unbearable were our view shut up to the sphere of the visible. But to enlightened eyes, the very exposure of our nature to crushing griefs of this sort is a sure evidence of our larger destiny. Were we of and for this world only, we should have been fitted to its limitations. To the ox that grazes in the field, the field there is all he

wants. But our field is not big enough for us. It satisfies only the beginning of our wants. Grief and disappointment are a capital we carry in us, that has to be put out to a wider sphere.

> God gives us love. Something to love
> He lends us; but when love is grown
> To ripeness, that on which it throve
> Falls off, and love is left alone.

In noble natures, taught of the Spirit, earthly affections, robbed of their first satisfaction, are etherealised. They become a world's possession. Such live no longer for one, but for humanity. The world's finest work is done by people whose hearts have bled. And beneath it all they carry in them the conviction that what they have experienced here is only the beginning, the training of their being for results and achievements that are not yet disclosed.

There is another aspect of this theme which is also not without its pathos. You will find often a side of a man's nature that seems unused, but is not really so. It takes apparently several generations to produce a great man. Meanwhile in his forebears what hopes and aspirations that are unrealised in their own lives A Mendelssohn, a Rossini, a Bach, had behind them fathers full of music, but who were not great musicians. John Wesley had for ancestry on both sides, a line here of Anglicans, there of Puritans, to whom religion was of the first importance, but they were none of them, in the great sense, religious leaders. Their story is like that of the geyser, issuing from a stream that runs for a long way underground, ere it leaps up in one magnificent exhibition. Their use is to nourish

in them a life that waits for its final expression. But after all, how great a business is this! How great a thing is it for us of humble abilities to cherish in our lives a noble purpose, to train and discipline our nature along the ways of God! We have come to nothing apparently. But what is in us will issue in something. No atom of truth and goodness that is there but, faithfully conserved, will have its fullest value realised, if not now and here, somewhen and somewhere!

There are aspects of this theme which should be for us at once a reproach and a stimulus. Most of us have failed to use half our machinery. Diderot has this note on a passage of Seneca. The Stoic writer says: "Pass in review your days and years; take account of them. Say how often you have allowed them to be stolen by a creditor, a mistress, a patron, a client! How many people have been allowed to pillage your life, while you were not even aware that you were being robbed!" Diderot says: "I have never read this chapter without blushing; it is *my* history." It is, indeed, a common history. In the time we have wasted we might have enriched ourselves with arts, with skills, with languages and literatures which are now all outside us. What studies have been dropped! Sydney Smith says that during his school days he must have made some ten thousand Latin verses, and in after life had never made another. He did not think it worth while, and was probably right in that. But what solid acquisitions, of which in earlier years we had laid the foundation, are now missing in us from sheer neglect! We could have been

so much more than we are. The faculty was there, waiting to be used, but the will was wanting. The thief of indolence has come in and robbed us at leisure. Who can read these lines of William Watson without a pang of self-reproach ?

> So on our souls the visions rise
> Of that fair life we never led :
> They flash a splendour past our eyes,
> We start, and they are fled ;
> They pass and leave us with blank gaze,
> Resigned to our ignoble days.

Let us not accept that last line. There are habits we can still break off, and better ones that we can acquire. Cato learned Greek at seventy ; at eighty Michel Angelo was still a learner. The universe, time, and yourself—here are three factors of which we are to make the best. Immense are the possibilities if only we will attend to that last factor !

The unused in ourselves and our fellows is an enormous capital that has yet to be worked. What a different England shall we have, for instance, when among the masses of our people the faculty of beauty, in all its phases, has been developed ; when the appreciation of the beautiful has been expressed in the build of our towns, of our public edifices, of our home interiors ! What a different England when the children of our criminal classes, caught early, and placed under wholesome conditions, have had the brute in them closed down, and the spiritual faculty brought into play !

And this last suggestion raises our final point. The irreligious man, to whatever class he belongs, is

going about with the best part of him unused. It is there in him, but dormant; dormant this richest portion of him, source of life's highest joys, of its most enduring strength. For never do we come to our true self till we have reached the hidden life of God. It is the Church's eternal task to develop in man that spiritual nature which is at present only in its germ, but whose growth and dominance, towards which all the great inner forces are working, will secure for our race its lost paradise.

XXVIII

FAILURE AND THE IDEAL

DISRAELI speaks somewhere of "the hell of failure." And there are times in the life of most of us when the word has not seemed too strong. From the lad who, after the long-worked-for examination, finds his name missing in the pass list, to the general who has lost his battle, every kind and degree of us has tasted this bitterness. To come bump up against your limitations ; to see your rival drawing easily ahead of you ; to break down when the prize seemed within your grasp ; to lose your money ; to lose your lover—how infinite the forms of failure, and how heartbreaking are they all ! Failure, we say, is a universal experience. The sense of it, be it noted, comes not less to the so-called successful than to those they have surpassed. Is there any greater failure than, having reached your triumph, to find its inner result quite different from what you looked for ? Is there a crueller experience than such a one (and they are so frequent) as Greville puts down in his Memoirs ? " In the course of three weeks I have attained the three things which I have most desired in the world for years past, and upon the whole I do not feel that my happiness is at all increased." That "*vanitas vanitatum*" which the writer of Ecclesiastes puts into the mouth of the great King, when his gardens, his palaces, his knowledge, his riches have this " vanity of vanities " for summary, is surely despair's last word ! We have all to reckon

with failure. It is life's sternest lesson, and we owe it to ourselves to try and understand it.

For so universal an experience must have some meaning of its own. And in a universe which in a thousand other ways has shown such goodwill towards us, we may well believe that the meaning is beneficent. That belief is borne out as soon as we look deeply into the matter. A number of things begin to emerge. One of them, we perceive, is the relation of failure to Nature's way with us. That way is a large and leisurely one. It includes a thousand things which are to be accomplished, but each in its own way, in its own time. As we may see later, the highest ideals are to be realised, but never in a hurry. Humanity, both as a whole and in the individual, is conceived as long-lived, an entity that can afford to wait. And so failure, as we know it, is not an ultimate, but always part of a process. *Respice finem;* wait for the end before you pronounce on it. And to most of us, after we have passed a reasonable time on this planet, there has come the feeling that we are somehow part of a plan that is larger than our own. The circle of your volitions is enclosed in a wider. It is with you, as with your horse, which, as it trots in harness in front of you, has, doubtless, views on its own life and on horsehood in general. You coincide with them to a certain extent, to the extent of feeding, watering, housing and comfort in general. But your views go beyond his. We also are in harness. We planned our life, but it is not our plan that is being carried out. We begin dimly to perceive that in missing the things we aimed at we did not miss entirely; our miss was, in fact,

someone else's hit. Our failures here and there were parts in a scheme that is succeeding ; and it is a better scheme than our own.

Nature, indeed, insists that we should be chary in our use of this word failure. It is a purely relative term. It belongs to the near-sighted view. It is a question of aspect. The X-ray is in one sense a failure. It is a ray that has been turned out of its direct path by meeting with an obstacle. The splendid energy of radium is in one view a failure. It is a failure of the atom to maintain its stability. It is a leakage of its force. Human life is full of this. Is that man's career a failure ? Is it a success ? It is all as you view it. A lawyer reaches the woolsack, the top seat of lawyerhood. And this is how the achievement, in some of its instances at least, is viewed by a Carlyle : " A poor, weather-worn, tanned, curried, wind-dried human creature, called a Chancellor, all, or almost all, gone to horsehair and officiality." You succeed as a courtier, but suppose a Montesquieu comes and defines the courtier career for you ! As thus : " Ambition in idleness, baseness with pride, the desire of enriching oneself without work, the aversion to truth ; flattery, treason, perfidy, contempt for the duties of the citizen, fear of a prince's virtues, hopes founded on his vices, and more than all a perpetual ridicule thrown upon virtue, form, I believe, the character of the majority of courtiers, in all countries and in all times ! "

We need to beware of what we call success. The men who live in the region of easy successes never come to much. They match themselves against small things. It is in encountering the great things, where failures are

so plentiful, that we come to our best. You aimed at the moon and hit a tree. Well, the endeavour was worth while, and perhaps you hit something besides the tree. It is often the invisible hits that count. The outside mark is untouched, but if you have made bull's-eyes in the region of fortitude, of patience, of industry, of self-mastery, the scoring has not been bad. When Madame de Chantal declares "there is something in me that has never been satisfied," she is striking a note of failure that really means success. It means that we are made for such high things that the lower, however large they bulk, do not enter in the calculation.

All the great successes have begun as failures. "The folly of the Cross," says Professor William James, "so inexplicable by the intellect, has yet its indestructible, vital meaning. Naturalistic optimism is mere syllabub and sponge cake in comparison." The career of Jesus is indeed the highest teaching on this subject of failure. He was its most conspicuous example. By all the standards of judgment in His time He had failed. And He meant it; meant it to its bottommost dregs. In order to live His greatest He must die. And as with the leader so with the followers. Paul, his greatest exponent, followed the Master's road. We who read his epistles as the pith of the New Testament are apt to think of him as always paramount in the Church. It was not so. Rejected by the Jerusalem orthodoxy as heretical, dogged everywhere by the Judaisers, deserted in his last hours in Rome by the officials of the Church, his death was followed by an apparently almost complete obliteration of his influence in the Churches he had planted and had most dearly loved. In Ephesus,

in that Asia Minor region where he had toiled and suffered most, the Pauline tradition was swamped by another. He, too, next to his Lord, the mightiest force in to-day's Christian thinking and being, must fail in order to succeed.

It is worth while to study the after Christian history, and to study it closely, if only to observe the working throughout it of this law of failure and success. Everywhere we discern movements that break down, die out, as it seems, and yet succeed ; succeed, but in a quite different way from what their promoters intended; bearing fruit they would hardly recognise, yet the real and abiding fruit of their endeavours. Take Montanism, the Phrygian movement of the second century. Full of the crudenesses and wild enthusiasms of that always excitable people, the movement, after sweeping parts of Asia Minor and North Africa, where it gains so great a man as Tertullian, finally fails against the discipline of the historic Church. Its books are burned, its prophets thrown to the beasts, its existence as an organism ceases. Yet, dead as it seems, it wins. Its testimony to the continuous development of revelation, to the rights of women as teachers in the Church, to the necessity of spiritual power as against mere mechanical officialism as a qualification for ministry—all this has survived, and is a factor to-day in the Church and in the higher life of man. Its tradition works mightily all through the Middle Ages ; it is reborn in the Albigenses, in the Waldensians, in the fourteenth-century " Friends of God " ; in community after community of daring, pious souls who insist upon a free, primitive, democratic

Gospel, and suffer all extremities of ecclesiastic tyranny in proclaiming their faith.

In this history so mixed are success and failure that one has difficulty in disentangling them, and in saying which is which. There are successes that become failures, and yet are successes. Take, for instance, St. Francis and the Franciscans. Of Francis himself Renan said that he was the man who made him realise the possibility of Jesus as an historical person. There is a consensus amongst students of his life that no other has so faithfully and so beautifully reproduced the spirit of the Master. And his success? Well, he is known as the founder of a great order, an order which rose to enormous power and which still lives. But "there's the rub." It was the Order which sprang from him that betrayed him. It was his own spiritual children who reversed his ideals and made the institution stand for something quite different from the thought of his heart. In his lifetime even, a cardinal gets hold of the movement and manipulates it to his own ends. As soon as the breath is out of his body his successor, Frater Elias, begins that work of change in the institution from the old watchwords of poverty, renunciation and service, to aims which end in vast enrichments, in crafty self-seekings, and finally in shocking immoralities. What the later Franciscans had come to we may read in Chaucer, in Langland, in Erasmus. Failure here, it seems, sad and complete. Yet in the midst of it, in spite of it all, we see the success. It *is* there, not only in the devoted lives of those "spiritual Franciscans," as they were called, who protested against the cor-

ruption of their order, and sought to follow their leader as he followed Christ. Far more, in the fragrance which through all the ages since has exhaled from that wonderful life, filling the world with sweet odours as it were of heavenly incense; in the lesson the life shows us of how a soul in one of the fiercest and most ruthless of ages, depriving itself of all luxuries, all external aids, could exhibit to men the loveliness of highest life, the sheer delight the pure heart knows in God, and in God's world; in Nature, in one's brother man. No accidents, no misinterpretations, can ever permanently dim the success of a beautiful soul.

You are never entitled to say that the thing you are upon, if you are putting your best into it, is a failure. There is no failure in good work. It may not be producing the result you expected. But it is producing its own result, which may be far better. Many a seemingly lost battle is won at the end. At Marengo, Napoleon, then at the outset of his career, seemed hopelessly beaten. But fortune loves daring spirits, and at the last moment the arrival of Dessaix, and Kellerman's cavalry charge, turned defeat into victory. Your Marengo may not be on so great a scale, but it is your business never to believe it is a lost battle so long as you are there, to put your courage and faculty into it.

Have you discovered Nature's method here? That all her developments begin in failures? Observe how the child grows into the man. The process is a succession of decays and deaths. The boy stage is reached by the fading and disappearance of childhood's special beauty. You lose your babe by its sheer living as

truly as if it had died. The youth in turn supplants the boy, and the man the youth. And so on to that deeper evolution in which the spiritual destroys the fleshly mind ; the lower fails that the higher may have its chance.

The more we study this theme the more hopeful it grows. Failure is not the final word in this universe. So stern a realist as Marcus Aurelius can see this. He holds to Nature's boundless recreative faculty. " Herein," says he, " is the marvel of her handiwork, that she transmutes unto herself every content that seems corrupt and old and useless, and from the same materials recreates afresh." True, and there is more that is true. Life is stronger than death, good than evil, heaven than hell. Let us believe in the victory of all that is greatest, noblest, highest. Let us believe in our own victory. The stiffest problem for each life is that of its own seeming decay. What tries us to the utmost is the vanishing of powers we once had; the oncoming instead of infirmities, the heightening and thickening of the walls of limitation. The sky darkens, " the night cometh." But across all this the New Testament sounds its high, triumphant note. Its message is the ultimate of evolution. The break up of our mortal frame is to be the putting on of immortality. Death is to be swallowed up in victory. It is the final failure of failure. The universe is a success, for God is All in All.

XXIX

THE ETHICS OF TRADE

THERE seems to have been a widespread and long-established doubt as to whether there is such a thing as an ethic of trade. It is singular to note the general contempt with which the early world looked down upon it. Plato, in the "Laws," takes it for granted that the retail trader will be a rogue. In speaking of the remedies for the corruption of the city, he says, "in the first place they must have as few retail traders as possible; and in the next place, they must assign the occupation to that class of men whose corruption will be the least injury to the State." And further, "he who in any way shares in the illiberality of retail trades may be indicted by any one who likes for dishonouring his race." Aristotle speaks to the same effect. He looks on trade, and all the property that comes of it, as belonging to the sphere of the ignoble and illiberal. It was beneath the Greek "gentleman" who lived by war and the toil of slaves. And the Roman was with the Greek in this feeling. Cicero, in the *De Officiis*, states it as a commonplace that "we are likewise to despise all who retail merchants' goods . . . for they never can succeed unless they lie most abominably." In modern Japan the trader has fallen a good deal under suspicion both at home and

abroad, and the reason assigned is that the class from which hitherto he has been drawn is an inferior one, not possessed by the notions of honour which prevail amongst the upper, military class. And to-day amongst us of the West it cannot be said that trade has too much of an ethic. To the general view it offers rather the appearance of a scramble in which the devil is to take the hindmost.

And yet it becomes increasingly certain that trade cannot do without an ethic, and a clearly-defined one. And that, for one thing, because commerce has become the world's life, a foremost interest. We have quite emerged from the old-world thought about it. There is, it is true, a large adoption of

> The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he may take who has the power,
> And he may keep who can.

But we " take," at least, in a gentler fashion. We do not regard exchange as inferior in nobility to bloodshed. The modern aristocracies are full of finance. National pre-eminence is reckoned on the scale of trade returns. The new universities are built as the allies of industry. The arts and sciences have their largest outlook on commerce. The country gentleman, the scholar, the cleric, as well as the City man, have their investments in the great world market ; they look for their dividends from coal and iron, from the traffic of ships and railways. Plainly, if life is to be ethical, trade must be, for it covers life.

There is, in truth, no escape from ethics. Life in its trade aspect, as in every other, rests ultimately on the

spiritual. It breaks in on your sales and your balance-sheets with its inevitable questions. Even here a man is haunted by his ideals. When one side of him asks, "What are you making out of cloth?" Another side rejoins with "What are you making of yourself?" "How far?" continues the other side, "is your trade contributing to your manhood, to your reaching the best side of existence?" In commerce even, the real powers are principles. Let a man neglect them, and they show at once their tremendous energy of retaliation. When Demosthenes, in one of his orations, tells the Athenians that, as a building is only secure when it is on true foundations, so enterprises are safe only when they have justice and truth beneath them, he was saying what all experience confirms. Man is slow to believe it, but it is being battered into him by the blows of solid fact. Again and again he defies it, and we see the consequences. He has, for instance, tried to enrich himself by slave labour. He tried it in Rome, and it ruined Rome. He tried it in the Southern States and brought on himself impoverishment, war, and the modern chaos of black and white. The devil's trade-system, wherever it is started, spells bankruptcy in the end.

There are illustrations nearer home. An employer proposes to make money by cheating. He enjoins on his assistants to tell lies about his goods. With their help he sells counterfeits for the real article. It is a cool defiance of the moral order, and the moral order will have its revenge. Observe how the thing works. In the first place the man is debauching the character of his employees. Has he not sense enough to see

that, apart from the gross injury he is here inflicting upon others, he is robbing himself? He is robbing himself of the service of good character. He is surrounding himself with knaves. These people, whom he has taught to lie to customers, will they not lie to him? His establishment has become a low-class community, a fact which the public will soon enough find out. He can fool his world for a time, but he will not fool it always. His roguery, matched against the cosmic principles, comes off badly in the end.

We have in England to-day a controversy on trade ethics on the widest scale. It is the question of Protection *versus* Free Trade. Without touching the technique of this subject, let us ask whether the world-ethic, the ultimate principles of things, have anything to say about it. The master idea of Protection is exclusion. It proposes to build walls round a nation to shut out the outside world from a share in its trade life. Well, a principle, a theory, should have some tests of its worth, and one, surely, of the first is the universality of its application. It should cover the whole field of operation. If gravitation were to fail as a theory of motion when applied to an apple, it would have no weight as applied to a sun. If the exclusion policy of the Protectionist is a good one, it should cover with equal beneficence the entire field of exchange. Ought it not to apply to the nation's invisible goods as well as to its visible ones? We are, for the national benefit, to keep out Germany's clocks and gloves; why not keep out Germany's ideas? Have we not a home-made religion, a home-made scholarship, a home-made music? Why not protect

them? Why not preserve the national genius from foreign intrusion? How perverse of our forefathers that they did not think of this; that they allowed admission to the religion of Luther, to the music of Beethoven, to the philosophy of Kant! Is it too late to stop this sinister free trade in ideas? Are people to be allowed to nurse the delusion that this contradiction of all sound Protectionist doctrine has produced a positive enrichment of the nation's inner life?

This may perhaps be called an evasion of the real issue. "We are not talking about ideas. They are in a different category altogether. The question is one of solid goods, of the stuff that is handled at custom-houses." Suppose, then, for argument's sake, we accept this limitation, and keep to solid goods. If, in their case, the exclusion principle is good, it should be good anywhere and to all lengths. If it is good for England to protect herself against French or American imports, why not against Scottish imports? Why should not cities have their tariff walls, as in the old time, and Bristol impose its duties on Birmingham? How odd that the United States, which raises its barriers against us, should not carry so good a principle inwards, Ohio protecting itself against Indiana, New York against Jersey? Why, indeed! While the principle of free exchanges proclaims itself fearlessly as universal—applicable to ideas, to goods, to places the world over—how comes it that this opposite system requires only to be pushed far enough to reveal itself as offering a *reductio ad absurdum?*

Trading, in itself, is an essentially friendly business.

A normal transaction in it leaves everybody pleased. It is a benefit to the seller and equally to the buyer; each has obtained what he wanted. And the community has profited; it thrives on the volume of business done. And there is no greater promoter of friendliness amongst peoples than the broadening of their trade relations. The nations learn in this way how necessary they are to each other; how the prosperity of one helps the prosperity of all. To-day, amid our threatening armaments, the greatest preserver of peace is the consciousness that the outbreak of war would mean commercial ruin. But Protection is the reverse of all this. It is essentially a war principle. Instead of proposing to help all round, it is an attempt to hurt somebody. To slam the door in your neighbour's face can by no juggling be made to appear a friendly act. The very vocabulary of Protection is hostile. It talks of "the foreigner," and always as if he were an enemy. Its promoters call for Dreadnoughts, for conscription, for a nation in arms. And they are logical in this, for their system is in its nature a menace to peace, a barrier to brotherhood.

These, we say, are ethical considerations, and, we repeat, you cannot separate ethics from business. It was the sense of this which led Emerson to cry, "If I could have it—free trade with all the world, without toll or custom house." The damning feature of Protection is that there is no discernible ethic behind it. Says Henry George, speaking of the tariff history of the United States: "The fastening of a protective tariff on the United States has been due to

these influences, and not to the acceptance of absurd theories of Protection upon their own merits." The influence he here speaks of are those of the lobbyists, who insist that the taxes by which they profit shall not be reduced. The stupidity on which Protection trades, and the consequences to which it leads, are summed up by Gustave le Bon, one of the ablest scientists of modern France, in a sentence: "To recognise that Protection ruins the people who accept it requires at least twenty years of disastrous experiences."

With such evidence as this against it one may well ask how it is that Protection has gained its present position in the world? The history of it shows us only too clearly. It is the conspiracy of riches without conscience against the helplessness of the poor. The procedure is singular, almost farcical, were it not so tragic. A Gospel was preached in Palestine two thousand years ago, a Gospel to poor men by a poor Man. The Preacher spoke wholly in the interests of His hearers, Himself ever a poor man, having not where to lay His head. To-day the poor have also a Gospel preached to them. But the conditions are changed. Now it is the plutocrats who exhort the poor; and not for the poor's sake, but for their own. For this propaganda they have purchased speakers and writers. They use the Press. They buy leader-writers; they hire professional statisticians who dress up columns of figures, with their tongue in their cheek. In no department has the art of lying, of the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*, been carried to greater perfection than in the relation and manipulation of

figures. Wonderful Gospel! with millionaires for its proclaimers, and for object the ruthless exploiting of the helpless, witless crowd! Carlyle makes a debtor and creditor account of this sort of procedure: "Debtor to so much lying; forfeiture of the existing stock of worth to such an extent; approach to general damnation by so much."

We have dealt with this aspect of trade ethics at such length because for one thing it is an immediate question of the day; and for another because it illustrates in concrete fashion and on the largest scale the interplay of eternal principles with our human activities. And we may safely predict, even against present appearances, that the eternal principles will conquer. We see clearly what is the trend of these principles; whose side they are on. They are all for union and against disunion; for freedom of movement as against cramps and barriers; for mutual trust as against deceptions and suspicions; for human solidarity as against national jealousies and enmities. The ethics of trade are part of the cosmic ethic, an ethic whose law book is the New Testament, whose chief maxim is to love one another; and whose end is the advancement of humanity towards its predestined perfection.

XXX

MOODS AND THE IDEAL

THERE is a passage in Diderot where he speaks of a marvellous performance by Garrick : " He saw Garrick pass his head between two folding doors, and in the space of a few seconds his face went successively from mad joy to moderate joy, from this to tranquillity, from tranquillity to surprise, from surprise to astonishment, from astonishment to gloom, from gloom to utter dejection, from dejection to fear, from fear to horror, from horror to despair ; and then reascend from this lowest degree to the point whence he had started." An exhibition of that kind suggests something more than the possibilities of facial expression in a great actor. It makes one think of the enormous range of variation in the states of the soul. Our ideal of character may be that of an indomitable steadfastness, of an unfailing good cheer. But human nature as we find it is not on that level. What we are most often struck with in our fellows is their mutability. And this not simply as the calculable reaction of the soul under certain circumstances. We expect that a man will rejoice when he hears good news, that he will laugh at a jest ; that he will sorrow in bereavement, that he will be horror-struck under a tragedy. Here the instrument gives out the note that is looked for from it.

But what we are now concerned with is something deeper, and less easy to be reckoned with.

A man's mood is the incalculable part of him. It is his mental weather, and, like the weather, the cause of change is hid in mystery. The mood suffuses and colours his thinking, but is itself often beyond his thinking. Under its power the man, while in the same outward circumstances, is one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Now you have him bathed in sunshine, anon wrapped in deepest gloom. And this variableness, let us note, is by no means confined to the less developed, the less cultured of minds. You will find, perhaps, the most striking examples in people of unusual gifts. Look into the biographies of poets, of artists, of leaders of literature, and even of religion. A Wordsworth may, year in and year out, preserve his calm serenity, but what of Byron, of Keats, of Shelley, of Cowper? Gray has depicted for us in moving language his devouring melancholy. Lamb is half a dozen different creatures in twenty-four hours. You might find heaven or hell in Carlyle, according to the mood you hit upon.

But we need not enumerate. The thing is so patent to us all. We know our own moods. The mood is, we say, irrational, in the sense that it is outside of reason. It may govern your logic, but it is not logic that produces it. It is a state of the inner atmosphere, rising out of the subconscious realm, as clouds come up from beneath the horizon. The mood, like the weather, belongs to the as yet unreclaimed, unconquered part of us. We have not yet obtained control of the winds and the clouds, but who

knows that we shall not do so? And in the end the inner conquest may be not less complete.

Meanwhile the mood, as we now know it, has played so important a part in history, and plays so great a part in our own lives, that we may well give it some attention. It is a humiliating consideration, but one which no observer can afford to overlook, that human history hitherto, both of the Church and of the State, has been largely that of moods and their outcome. It has been one of temper rather than of intellect. It has been so in politics and not less so in theology. Controversies have raged, battles been fought, kingdoms destroyed, sects created, and the cause has been not in reason but in passion. After the decision, and when the movement is in full swing, it has always been easy to find arguments. Only it was not these arguments that made the decision.

Pascal says the history of the world would have been different had Cleopatra's nose been shorter. It is a touch of cynicism on which one could ring infinite variations. How different, for instance, would history have been had some statesman, at a critical moment, not got up with a fit of bile! To take a modern example: should we have had the split of the Liberal party over the Home Rule question, with all its momentous consequences, if one statesman, at a crisis in the movement, had not snapped his fingers at another? It is said that Catherine of Russia joined the coalition against Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War because of a cutting sarcasm upon her by the Prussian monarch, which travelled from Sans Souci to St. Petersburg.

Moods and the Ideal

We have hardly yet properly estimated the power of the mood in theological and religious controversy. Theology has represented so often not the state of things in the universe, but the bilious condition of some prominent writer. How often it means that two able men, for private reasons, have learned to hate one another, and therefore feel each compelled to controvert whatever the other says! Who that reads Luther's "*De Arbitrio Servo*" as against the work of Erasmus on Free Will, but realises how far sheer personal hatred enters into the controversy! The present writer could never read Athanasius with pleasure because of the venom he shows. Old friends fall out and straightway the doctrine of each becomes damnable to the other. Read what Jerome has to say of the teaching of Rufinus in his later period. Allies once, they quarrelled, and their quarrel became theology. At the end, when his enemy died, Jerome called his funeral "the burial of a scorpion." Have our readers ever looked into the "Quinquarticular" or "Five-Points" controversy between Wesley and his Calvinistic contemporaries; into the volumes and pamphlets of Toplady and Hill and Fletcher and others? Free Will and Predestination are the bludgeons with which these heated adversaries seek to beat out each other's brains. Lecky truly observes of one of these combatants: "How strange it is that anyone who wrote prose in such a truly demoniacal spirit as Toplady should be the author of so many beautiful hymns!" We have improved somewhat in these matters in our later day, but we are as yet by no means rid of the mood in theology. We probably never shall

be, but then there are some moods which are so much better than others. Is it not time we expelled arrogance and atrabiliousness from our religious teaching? There are theological productions still issuing from the press whose interest for us is in the study they offer of bad mental states. This acrid and gloomy dogmatism, this more than papal infallibility, this vehemence of denunciation against all who differ, has little or nothing to do with the truth about man and God. It is pathological, to be studied as a physician studies a case of abnormal mental conditions.

It is time to say, however, that in speaking of it as outside rationality, and as sometimes evil, we are by no means condemning the mood as such. We might as well condemn the weather, which is always with us. There are great moods, as well as the small and petty ones; conditions in which the soul is ready for the highest, in which it breeds its noblest thoughts, does its heroic deeds. Heine, in one of his poems, depicts a youth, by nature homely and awkward, who rises into grace and dignity at the approach of his lady-love. He is representing in this way the poet visited by his muse. And, poet or no poet, we all get our divine moments, when the gates swing back and we have our glimpse into the City of God. Alas, that these high times and tides of the spirit visit us so rarely! We want more vision hours; hours such as that of which an American physician, quoted by Professor James, speaks: "I saw that the universe is not composed of dead matter, but is, on the contrary, a living Presence; I became conscious in myself of eternal life; I saw that men are immortal; that the cosmic rule is such that all

things work together for the good of all." Or that moment of which Lowell speaks: "I never before so clearly felt the Spirit of God in me and around me. The whole room seemed to me full of God. The air seemed to waver to and fro with the presence of Something, I knew not what."

There are moods of this kind which not only possess an individual, but, of mightier sweep, lay hold of and transfigure a people, a nation, a generation. At such times a single idea, powerless for other ages or peoples, flashes through a community like fire among stubble, and sets everything ablaze. Men then become more than themselves. The impelling power of neighbour souls is in them, doubling, quadrupling their force. The period of the Crusades was such an epoch; the Renaissance and Reformation time was another. So was the French Revolution, the time when men were heroes one day and demons the next; when young girls offered themselves as soldiers, desiring, as one of them said, "to avenge my country, combat the tyrants, and share the glory of destroying them." May not the late Welsh revival be described as an exalted national mood; a wave of common feeling in which the spiritual side of man asserted itself with overwhelming force, to the exclusion of all else that belonged to him?

We have gone hitherto on the idea of the mood as being something beyond reason, yet influencing the reason. This theory, however, has its limits. If this were all, it would leave us in a kind of fatalism, with our thinking and our deciding at the mercy of an impalpable something outside. But that is

not the case. Admit all there is to be said as to the mystery and power of the mood. Yet it is not omnipotent. If it can work upon our thought, our thought can work back upon it. And the will also has its say—if we choose, an effective say. The mood is movable, often so easily movable. A child's prattle may do it, or a strain of music. Saul knew that when in his hour of depression he called in David and his harp. Man finds he can induce moods by creating certain conditions. He can drug himself into given mental states. Under the influence of drink some become in succession hilarious, quarrelsome, sentimental, maudlin, and finally despairing. We can avoid all that, if we choose, by simply letting the drink alone. On the other hand, who of us has not tasted with Rousseau the kind of mood which follows upon a country walk! Says he: "Walking has something which animates and stirs my ideas. . . . I need a bodily motion to set my soul in motion. The view of the country, the succession of pleasant prospects, the open air, the good appetite, gain by walking. . . . All this frees my spirit, gives audacity to my thought, throws me, as it were, into the immensity of things. . . . I act as master of all Nature." That, too, is the true journeying mood, the rapture of travel, which Goethe depicts for us in his "Wilhelm Meister":

> In each land the sun does visit,
> We are gay whate'er betide,
> To give room for wandering is it
> That the world was made so wide?

What Rousseau and Goethe here enjoin is but the

application of a wider principle, that for healthy moods we need health. Health is naturally joyful. Pessimism is a product of disease. It is another name for a disordered liver. We do not know the author of Ecclesiastes, but we can make affirmations about him. He was old and broken. Every line of the book has in it the accent of weariness, of exhaustion, of bad health. So much of literature is gloomy because diseased men have written it. Were they responsible for that? Partly. Some of us have here a bad bit of heredity to struggle against, but when we remember the extent to which health is an affair of common-sense; the extent to which it is in our own hands; how simple the rules for maintaining it; how perverse the follies which dissipate and destroy it, we shall indeed be culpable if by our negligence, or our indulgence, or our flat disobedience to plain Nature-laws, we allow the priceless inheritance to slip from us.

Our moods, we have said, are the least explored and the least subjugated of the soul's wide territories. The most gifted men are often the most subject to them. That, we suppose, because they are the most sensitive. But is this subjection a necessity? That were indeed a counsel of despair. That were to confess ourselves slaves and not conquerors. Our inner self is indeed a mysterious entity, a realm where winds blow and clouds arise often we know not whence. But this vast vicissitude is not a chaos. It is an ordered scheme. The variety here is as of a great organ with manifold stops. The harmonies and dissonances are alike part of the music. It is part of our training that we are bid to drink of all that life has to offer. Nature

sends her moods that we may accomplish one after the other the diverse things which complete our work in the world. And in sending them she gives to her initiates the key to their mastery. For there *is* a secret of mastery. And the secret is of a will divinely educated and divinely reinforced. That a will thus educated and reinforced is possible is a sure result of religious experience. Fletcher of Madeley in his later years was known for his seraphic temper. A friend once remarked to him that he supposed he was born with it. "On the contrary," said Fletcher, "in earlier life I was the subject of most furious passions." And what was wrought in him can be wrought in you and me. The divine life in us is a life whose reach is to our farthest bounds. Under that sway the soul, while responsive to all life's multitudinous movement, keeps to its centre, knows its home; and when the storm rages at its fiercest without, turns to its inward, unassailable Rest, secure there of finding warmth and shelter.

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

W. SPEAIGHT AND SONS, PRINTERS, FETTER LANE, E.C.

A 033359

A CATALOGUE OF THEOLOGICAL, ILLUSTRATED AND GENERAL BOOKS PUBLISHED BY JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO PRICES,
WITH INDEX OF TITLES AND AUTHORS AT THE END.
NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK.

10/6 Net

THE POLYCHROME BIBLE

A New English Translation of the Books of the Bible. Printed in various colours, showing at a glance the composite nature and the different sources of the Books. With many Notes and Illustrations from Ancient Monuments, &c. Each volume is the work of an eminent Biblical scholar of Europe or America, and the whole work is under the general editorship of PAUL HAUPT, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, assisted by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

"Really one of the greatest and most serious undertakings of our time. It has been planned on the grandest scale. It is being produced in magnificent style. . . . The various books are entrusted to the ablest scholars that are alive."—*Expository Times.*

The Book of Ezekiel. Translated by the Rev. C. H. TOY, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, and Lecturer on Biblical Literature in Harvard University. 208 pp. (89 pp. translation and 119 pp. notes). With nine full-page Illustrations (including a Map of Western Asia and 102 Illustrations in the Notes. Cloth, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

"They [Joshua and Ezekiel] will be of great use to the careful student. . . . The books include the best results of the higher criticism."
—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

For other Volumes in this Series see page 3.

7/6

J. Guinness Rogers, D.D.: An Autobiography. Demy 8vo, Photogravure Portrait and Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

"The reminiscences of Dr. Guinness Rogers go back over nearly eighty years. It is hard to open the book anywhere without coming on something of interest."—*Manchester Guardian.*

A History of the United States. By JOHN FISKE, Litt.D., LL.D. For Schools. With Topical Analysis, Suggestive Questions and Directions for Teachers, by FRANK ALPINE HILL, Litt.D., formerly Headmaster of the English High School in Cambridge, and later of the Mechanic Arts High School in Boston. With 180 Illustrations and 39 Maps. Crown 8vo, half leather, gilt top, 7s. 6d.

Henry Barrow, Separatist; and the Exiled Church of Amsterdam. By F. J. POWICKE, Ph.D., Author of "John Norris" and "Essentials of Congregationalism." Medium 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

6/- Net

THE POLYCHROME BIBLE

The Book of Joshua. Translated by the Rev. W. H. BENNETT, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of Old Testament Languages and Literature at Hackney and New Colleges, London, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 94 pp., printed in nine colours (43 pp. translation and 51 pp. notes, including an illustrated Excursus on the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets and a List of Geographical Names). Eleven full-page Illustrations (one in colours) and 25 Illustrations in the Notes. Cloth, gilt top, 6s. net.

The Book of Judges. Translated, with Notes, by G. F. MOORE, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary. 98 pp., printed in seven colours (42 pp. translation, 56 pp. notes). Seven full-page Illustrations (including a Map in colours and 20 Illustrations in the Notes). Cloth, gilt top, price 6s. net.

For other Volumes in this Series see page 2.

6/-

By S. R. CROCKETT

Vida; or, The Iron Lord of Kirktown. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 6s.

"Not a dull page in it. . . . Remarkably exhilarating and well knit. . . . Never done anything better."—*The Standard.*

Kid McGhie. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 6s.

"As smart and as pat as ever."—*The Times.*
"Admirers of Mr. Crockett will not be disappointed in 'Kid McGhie.'"
—*The Daily Chronicle.*

The Loves of Miss Anne. Large crown 8vo, 416 pp., cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A fine rousing story, comedy and tragedy being admirably co-mingled, and there are some excellent studies of character. A bright, breezy, well-written book, with clever descriptions of country life."—*Birmingham Post.*

Flower-o'-the-Corn. Large crown 8vo, 464 pp., cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mr. Crockett once more shows his skill in weaving an ingenious plot."
—*The Times.*
"The narrative moves briskly, and secures the banishment of dulness with the frequency of adventure."—*Newcastle Daily Leader.*
"Fertile of incident."—*Daily Mail.*

Cinderella. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"A decidedly pleasing tale."—*St. James's Gazette.*
"Most animated from beginning to end."—*Dundee Advertiser.*
"Will assuredly not lack a kindly welcome on its merits."
—*Bristol Mercury.*

Kit Kennedy: Country Boy. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mr. Crockett has never given better evidence of originality and dramatic power. . . . There is no doubt that 'Kit Kennedy' will add to his reputation and popularity."—*Manchester Guardian.*

6/-

***The House of the Secret.** By KATHARINE TYNAN, Author of "For Maisie," "Her Ladyship," &c. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth boards, 6s.

***Anne Killigrew.** By DUNCAN STUART. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth boards, 6s.

Faces in the Mist: A Romance of Reality. By JOHN A. STEUART, Author of "The Minister of State," "Wine on the Lees," &c. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth boards, 6s.

The City of Delight: A Love Drama of the Siege and Fall of Jerusalem. By ELIZABETH MILLER. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth boards, 6s.

Sidelights on New Testament Research. Being the Angus Lectures delivered in 1908 by Rev. J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A., Litt.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

The Web of Circumstance. A New Novel. By ISABEL BURGIN. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, illustrated, 6s.

The Heart of Jessy Laurie. By AMELIA E. BARR, Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards. Illustrated. 6s.

The Rise of Philip Barrett. By DAVID LYALL, Author of "The Land o' the Leal," &c. Crown 8vo, bevelled boards, gilt top, 6s.

"The book is remarkable for the arresting interest of all, or nearly all the characters. Altogether Mr. Lyall is to be congratulated on an interesting story."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

A Popular History of the Free Churches. By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A. Crown 8vo, 464 pp. and 39 full-page Illustrations on art paper. Art vellum, gilt top, 6s.

"A vigorous and interesting book by an enthusiastic believer in the Puritan spirit and the need of religious equality."—*The Times.*

The Black Familiars. By L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Stay-at-Homes," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

". . . 'Black Familiars' is among the most able and attractive books of a very productive season."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Friend Olivia. By AMELIA E. BARR. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

A Rose of a Hundred Leaves. By AMELIA E. BARR. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

Through Science to Faith. By Dr. NEWMAN SMYTH, Author of "The Place of Death in Evolution," "Old Faiths in New Lights," "The Reality of Faith," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"We commend Dr. Smyth's work to the attention of all thoughtful readers."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The Rights of Man. A Study in Twentieth Century Problems. By LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"This is one of his best books. It is good throughout."
—*Expository Times.*

6/-

America in the East. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, formerly of the Imperial University of Japan, Author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Corea, the Hermit Nation," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with 19 Illustrations, 6s.

"We need hardly say that there is much that is interesting in the book."
—*Spectator.*

Rev. T. T. Lynch: A Memoir. Edited by WILLIAM WHITE. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Memorials of Theophilus Trinal. By T. T. LYNCH. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The Mornington Lecture. By T. T. LYNCH. Thursday Evening Addresses. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

5/-

The Making of Personality. By BLISS CARMAN, Author of "The Kinship of Nature," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

Faith and Verification. With Other Studies in Christian Thought and Life. By PRINCIPAL E. GRIFFITH-JONES. Large crown 8vo, with Photogravure Portrait, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s.

The Private Relationships of Christ. By T. VINCENT TYMMS, D.D., Author of "The Mystery of God," "The Christian Idea of Atonement," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s.

"Altogether charming. To pass to it from musty problems of metaphysics and the desperate conjectures of criticism is like passing from the stuffy atmosphere of a sick-room to the breezy freshness of a summer morning."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Theology and Truth. By NEWTON H. MARSHALL, M.A., Ph.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s.

"The book is masterly both in constructive power and in exposition. . . . It is a book which ought to be widely read."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

PROFESSOR GARVIE says: ". . . Cordial congratulations to the author for his valuable contribution to the solution of one of the most important and urgent problems of the day."

Cartoons of St. Mark. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"Certainly reproduce to a degree attained by few preachers the vivid picturesqueness of the Gospel."—*The Manchester Guardian.*

"This is, we think, the best book Dr. Horton has written."
—*The British Weekly.*

The Growing Revelation. By AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The Incarnation of the Lord. A Series of Discourses tracing the unfolding of the Doctrine of the Incarnation in the New Testament. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D., D.Litt. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 5s.

"A scientific and stimulating examination of the New Testament *data* on the Incarnation. It will fully sustain Dr. Briggs's reputation with those English readers who know his previous works."—*The Christian World.*

4/6 Net

J. B. Paton, M.A., D.D., Educational and Social Pioneer. By JAMES MARCHANT. Large crown 8vo, Photogravure Portrait, and Illustrations on Art paper, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The Life and Letters of Alexander Mackennal, B.A., D.D. By D. MACFADYEN. Large crown 8vo, Photogravure Portrait, and Illustrations on Art Paper. Bound in Art Vellum. 4s. 6d. net.

4/6

The Christian World Pulpit. Half-Yearly Volumes, cloth boards, 4s. 6d.

"A notable collection of the utterances of Protestant preachers on a wide variety of subjects which many people will rejoice to ponder at leisure."
—*The Glasgow Herald.*

4/-

***The Rosebud Annual for 1911.** The Ideal Book for the Nursery. Four coloured plates and one-half of the pages in colour. Handsome cloth boards, 4s. Coloured paper boards, varnished, 3s.

"A veritable treasury of the best of good things."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Social Salvation. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

Tools and the Man. Property and Industry under the Christian Law. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

Ruling Ideas of the Present Age. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

Higher on the Hill. A Series of Sacred Studies. By ANDREW BENVIE, D.D., Minister of St. Aidan's, Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

3/6 Net

***The Transfigured Church.** By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Passion for Souls," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

***The Art of Exposition.** By H. JEFFS, Author of "The Art of Sermon Illustration," "Practical Lay Preaching," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

***Heavenly Visions.** Studies in the Book of Revelation. By Rev. CHARLES BROWN, Author of "Letters of Christ," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

***Life and the Ideal.** By J. BRIERLEY, B.A., Author of "Ourselves and the Universe," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6 Net

***Westminster Sermons.** By Canon H. Hensley Henson, of S. Margaret's, Westminster. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

***Religion and Miracle.** By George A. Gordon, D.D., Author of "Through Man to God," "The Christ of To-day," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

***The Winning of Immortality.** By Frederic Palmer, Author of "Studies in Theologic Definition." Cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

***Christian Certitude: Its Intellectual Basis.** By E. Digges La Touche. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Aspects of the Spiritual. By J. Brierley, B.A., Author of "Sidelights on Religion," "Ourselves and the Universe," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Life in His Name. By David M. M'Intyre, Author of "The Hidden Life of Prayer," &c. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt edges, with headband and marker, 3s. 6d. net.

Interludes in a Time of Change: Ethical, Social, Theological. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. (Yale), Author of "Divine Satisfaction," "Gloria Patri," &c. Cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Modern Theories of Sin. By W. E. Orchard, D.D. Thesis approved for the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of London. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Evangelical Heterodoxy. By J. Morgan Gibbon, Author of "The Epistle to the Galatians." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Christian of To-Day. A Brief Description of His Thought and Life. By Robert Veitch, M.A., Author of "The First Christians," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P. A Biography and Appreciation. By Frank Elias. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Art of Sermon Illustration. By H. Jeffs, Editor of *The Christian World Pulpit*. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The First Things of Jesus. By John Reid, M.A., of Inverness, Author of "Jesus and Nicodemus: a Study in Spiritual Life." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Sidelights on Religion. By J. Brierley, B.A., Author of "Our City of God," "Ourselves and the Universe," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6 Net

Messages of Hope. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "Thoughts for Life's Journey," &c. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net.

Jesus: Seven Questions. By J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil., Author of "The New Evangel," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Evolution of Old Testament Religion. By W. E. ORCHARD, B.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Church and Modern Life. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., Author of "Who Wrote the Bible?" &c. Cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

My Belief. Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D., Author of "Cartoons of St. Mark," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

The Story of Congregationalism in Surrey. By E. E. CLEAL. Demy 8vo, 464 pages, 46 Illustrations on art paper and Map, cloth, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d. net.

Thoughts for Life's Journey. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "Leaves for Quiet Hours." Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net.

A Working Woman's Life. The Autobiography of MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

The Gospel of Grace. By J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D., Author of "Christ's Pathway to the Cross," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Jesus and His Teaching. By ERICH VON SCHRENCK, Mag. Theol. Translated by J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

The Atonement in Modern Thought. A Theological Symposium. By Professor AUGUSTE SABATIER, Professor HARNACK, Professor GODET, Dean FARRAR, Dr. P. T. FORSYTH, Dr. MARCUS DODS, Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT, Dr. JOHN HUNTER, Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, Dean FREMANTLE, Dr. CAVE, Dr. R. F. HORTON, Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Principal ADENEY, Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, Rev. BERNARD J. SNELL, and Dr. T. T. MUNGER. Cheap Edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

"This interesting work. . . . Among the writers are men of great distinction. . . . Deserves careful attention."—*The Spectator.*

A Voice from China. By GRIFFITH JOHN, D.D. Edin., Hankow. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6 Net

The Inward Light. By AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D., Author of "The Growth of the Soul," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

"A work of real spiritual and intellectual power."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

The Story of the English Baptists. By J. C. CARLILE. Large crown 8vo, 320 pages, 8 Illustrations on art paper, 3s. 6d. net.

The Courage of the Coward. By C. F. AKED, D.D., Author of "Changing Creeds and Social Problems." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, with Photogravure Portrait, 3s. 6d. net.

The First Christians; or, Christian Life in New Testament Times. By ROBERT VEITCH, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6

By J. BRIERLEY, B.A. ("J. B.")

Religion and Experience. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A., Author of "The Eternal Religion," &c. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"This book is quite worthy to be placed alongside of Mr. Brierley's best work."—*Daily News.*

The Eternal Religion. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A., Author of "Ourselves and the Universe," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"Well written and helpful."—*The Times.*

The Common Life. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A., Author of "Problems of Living," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"A book which every minister ought to possess."—*British Weekly.*

Problems of Living. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A., Author of "Ourselves and the Universe." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"These beautiful and charming essays."—*Hibbert Journal.*

Ourselves and the Universe: Studies in Life and Religion. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A. Tenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"We have not for a long time read a brighter, cheerier, or wiser book."
—*Daily News.*

Studies of the Soul. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

DR. HORTON says:—"I prefer this book to the best-written books I have lighted on for a year past."

Our City of God. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A., Author of "Ourselves and the Universe," &c. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"We say without hesitation that this is a most inspiring work."
—*Westminster Gazette.*

For other books by J. Brierley see pages 6 and 7.

3/6

The Pearl Divers of Roncador Reef, and Other Stories. By LOUIS BECKE, Author of "Tom Wallis," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

Fragments of Thought Gathered on Life's Journey. By C. H. BETTS. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

A Gamble with Life. By SILAS K. HOCKING, Author of "To Pay the Price." Large crown 8vo, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

One of the best stories written by this popular author.

Gloria Patri; or, Our Talks About the Trinity. By J. M. WHITON. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

God's Greater Britain. Letters and Addresses by JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., D.D. With Two Portrait Groups, one showing Dr. Clifford and party "in miner's attire." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"It should be in the hands of all thinking men."
—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

The Christ that is To Be: A Latter-Day Romance. By Sir J. COMPTON RICKETT, M.P. New Edition. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

His Rustic Wife. By Mrs. HAYCRAFT, Author of "A Lady's Nay," &c. Cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"A fresh and very capable story."—*Newcastle Daily Leader.*

Family Prayers for Morning Use, and Prayers for Special Occasions. Compiled and Edited by J. M. G. Cloth, pott quarto, 3s. 6d.

"We cordially recommend the volume to all who share our sense of the value of family religion."—*Willesden Presbyterian Monthly.*

Industrial Explorings in and around London. By R. ANDOM, Author of "We Three and Troddles." With nearly 100 Illustrations by T. M. R. WHITWELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Preaching to the Times. By Canon HENSLEY HENSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"Sound sense and scholarly solidity."—*Dundee Courier.*

The Dutch in the Medway. By CHARLES MACFARLANE, Author of "The Camp of Refuge," &c. With a Foreword by S. R. CROCKETT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Quickening of Caliban. A Modern Story of Evolution. By Sir J. COMPTON RICKETT, M.P., Author of "Christianity in Common Speech," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Nineteen Hundred? A Forecast and a Story. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "The Clarence Family," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"A pleasant and entertaining story and picture of life."
—*Methodist Recorder.*

3/6

EMMA JANE WORBOISE'S NOVELS

Crown 8vo, uniformly bound in cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

St. Beetha's.
Violet Vaughan.
Singlehurst Manor.
Overdale.
Grey and Gold.
Mr. Montmorency's Money.
Chrystabel.
Millicent Kendrick.
Robert Wreford's Daughter.
Joan Carisbroke.
Sissie.
Esther Wynne.
His Next of Kin.

AMELIA E. BARR'S NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

The Beads of Tasmer.
A Sister to Esau.
She Loved a Sailor.
The Last of the MacAllisters.
Woven of Love and Glory.
A Border Shepherdess.
Paul and Christina.
The Squire of Sandal Side.
Between Two Loves.
A Daughter of Fife.

For other books by this Author see pages 4 and 18.

THE MESSAGES OF THE BIBLE

Edited by FRANK KNIGHT SANDERS, Ph.D., Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University, and CHARLES FOSTER KENT, Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and History in Brown University. Super royal 16mo, cloth, red top, 3s. 6d. a vol. (To be completed in 12 Volumes.)

I. THE MESSAGES OF THE EARLIER PROPHETS.
II. THE MESSAGES OF THE LATER PROPHETS.
III. THE MESSAGES OF ISRAEL'S LAW GIVERS.
IV. THE MESSAGES OF THE PROPHETICAL AND PRIESTLY HISTORIANS.
V. THE MESSAGES OF THE PSALMISTS.
VIII. THE MESSAGES OF THE APOCALYPTICAL WRITERS.
IX. THE MESSAGES OF JESUS ACCORDING TO THE SYNOPTISTS.
X. THE MESSAGES OF JESUS ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.
XI. THE MESSAGES OF PAUL.
XII. THE MESSAGES OF THE APOSTLES.

Volumes VI. and VII. will appear at intervals.

"Such a work is of the utmost service to every student of the Scriptures."
—*The Dundee Advertiser.*

3/- Net

***Church Questions of our Time.** By J. B. PATON, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Unemployable and Unemployed," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. net.

The Personality of Jesus. By CHARLES H. BARROWS. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. net.

Poems. By MADAME GUYON. Translated from the French by the late WILLIAM COWPER, with a Prefatory Essay by D. MACFADYEN, M.A. Fcap. 8vo, handsomely bound in leather, 3s. net.

Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers in My Study. By CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. net.

3/-

***The Rosebud Annual for 1911.** The Ideal Book for the Nursery. Four Coloured Plates and one-half of the pages in colour. Coloured paper boards, varnished, 3s.; cloth boards, 4s.

"A rich fund of enjoyment for the nursery."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

School Hymns, for Schools and Missions. With Music. Compiled by E. H. MAYO GUNN. Harmonies Revised by ELLIOT BUTTON. Large Imp. 16mo, 3s.

EMMA JANE WORBOISE'S NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. each.

Heartsease in the Family **Maud Bolingbroke** **Helen Bury**

For other books by this Author see pages 11 *and* 17.

2/6 Net

***Life's Beginnings.** Wisdom and Counsel for Daily Guidance. Printed on India paper and handsomely bound in leather, round corners and gilt edges, boxed, 2s. 6d. net (uniform with "The Pilot"). Also in silk grain cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

A choice selection of extracts from the greatest writers of both the past and the present age, and carefully arranged under subjects for each day of the year. As a book of help and guidance for those just entering on life it will fill a long-felt want.

***The True Christ, and other Studies in "Whatsoever things are true."** By W. L. WALKER, Author of "The Spirit and the Incarnation," "The Teaching of Christ," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

***A Young Man's Ideal.** By WILLIAM WATSON, M.A., Author of "Prayer," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

***Modern Minor Prophets.** Edited, with a Chapter on "Lay Preaching and its By-Products," by H. JEFFS, Author of "The Art of Sermon Illustration," "Practical Lay Preaching and Speaking to Men." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

2/6 Net

***Christ and Everyday Life.** By EDWARD INCREASE BOSWORTH, Dean of Oberlin Theological Seminary. Fcap. 8vo, India paper, cloth boards, round corners, 2s. 6d. net.

***Fifty Years' Reminiscences of a Free Church Musician.** By E. MINSHALL. Crown 8vo, Photogravure Portrait, 2s. 6d. net.

***The Ministry of the Modern Church.** By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Problems of Immanence. Studies Critical and Constructive. By J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil., Author of "The New Evangel," "Jesus: Seven Questions," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Sculptors of Life. A Book for Young Men and Young Women. By THOMAS YATES. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Education of a Soul. By CHARLES H. BETTS, Author of "Fragments of Thought." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Songs of Joy and Faith. Poems by MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

An Impregnable Faith. A Modern Pilgrim's Progress from Scepticism through Morality and Religious Optimism to Jesus Christ and the "Good Kingdom." By Rev. DAVID MELVILLE STEWART. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

A Lifted Veil. A Novel. By J. G. STEVENSON. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 4 Illustrations, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Things Most Surely Believed. By J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D., Author of "The Gospel of Grace," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Lyrics of the Soul. A Book of Poems. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "Harvest Gleanings," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net.

Conquering Prayer; or, The Power of Personality. By L. SWETENHAM, Author of "Religious Genius." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Immanence of Christ in Modern Life. By FREDERICK R. SWAN. With Introduction by J. BRIERLEY, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The New Evangel: Studies in the "New Theology." By Rev. J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

"May be studied with advantage."—*Spectator.*

Health in the Home Life. By HONNOR MORTEN, Author of "A Complete Book of Nursing," "How to Treat Accidents and Illnesses," &c. Crown 8vo, art leather cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Ungilded Gold; or, Nuggets from the King's Treasury. Selected Passages from the Bible, arranged for Daily Devotional Reading (uniform with "The Pilot"). 384 pages, leather boxed, 2s. 6d. net; also silk grain cloth, gilt lettering, red edges, 1s. 6d. net.

2/6 Net

The Poems of Mackenzie Bell. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt extra, 2s. 6d. net.

Practical Lay-Preaching and Speaking to Men. By H. Jeffs (Editor of "The Christian World Pulpit"). Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Challenge, and Other Stories for Boys and Girls. By Rev. J. G. Stevenson, Author of "The Christ of the Children." 4to, cloth boards, 240 pp. Eight Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.

Leaves for Quiet Hours. By George Matheson, F.R.S.E., D.D., LL.D., Author of "Words by the Wayside," &c. New and cheap edition. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, with chaste design in gold, and gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net. Leather, 4s. net.

The Pilot. A Book of Daily Guidance from Master Minds. Contains nearly 2,000 of the choicest extracts systematically arranged for every day of the year. Printed on India paper and handsomely bound in leather, with round corners and gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net.

"A book of real daily value."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously accepted a copy of this book.

My Neighbour and God. A Reply to Robert Blatchford's "God and My Neighbour." By W. T. Lee. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Liberty and Religion. By P. Whitwell Wilson, Author of "Why We Believe," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Why We Believe. Papers on Religion and Brotherhood. By P. Whitwell Wilson. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

A Popular History of the Free Churches. By C. Silvester Horne, M.A. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 464 pp. and 8 full-page Illustrations on art paper. Cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The New Testament in Modern Speech. An idiomatic translation into everyday English from the text of "The Resultant Greek Testament." By the late Richard Francis Weymouth, M.A., D.Lit., Fellow of University College, London, and formerly Head Master of Mill Hill School, Editor of "The Resultant Greek Testament." Edited and partly revised by Ernest Hampden-Cook, M.A., formerly Exhibitioner and Prizeman of St. John's College, Cambridge. New and revised Edition. Cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net. Thumb Index, 3s. 6d. Leather, 4s. net. Also on Oxford India paper, 3s. 6d. net. Leather, 5s. net. Persian morocco, yapp, leather lined and silk sewn, round corners, red under gold, 8s. net. Turkey morocco, limp, 8s. 6d. net.

2/6 Net

A Young Man's Religion and his Father's Faith. By N. McGhee Waters. Small crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.

"It is an earnestly religious and well-written work."—*The Scotsman.*

The Resultant Greek Testament. Exhibiting the Text in what the majority of Modern Editors are agreed. By the late Richard Francis Weymouth, D.Lit. Cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Job and His Comforters. By J. T. Marshall, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Harvest Gleanings. A Book of Poems. By Marianne Farningham, Author of "Girlhood," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

"A delightful sheaf of little poems. They are messages of love, of comfort, of sympathy, of hope, and of encouragement."—*Northampton Herald.*

Morning and Evening Cries. A Book of Prayers for the Household. By Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Sunday Morning Talks with Boys and Girls. By Rev. F. H. Robarts. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

"They have the marks of simplicity, directness, and charm."
—*Baptist Times.*

The Baptist Handbook. Published under the direction of the Council of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Paper boards, 2s. 6d. net; cloth boards, 3s. net.

2/6

The Good New Times. By H. Jeffs, Author of "Practical Lay Preaching and Speaking to Men." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

The Rise of Philip Barrett. By David Lyall, Author of "The Land o' the Leal," &c. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

The Ten Commandments. By G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

A Popular Argument for the Unity of Isaiah. By John Kennedy, D.D. With an Examination of the Opinions of Canons Cheyne and Driver, Dr. Delitzsch, the Rev. G. A. Smith, and others. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The Epistle to the Galatians. By J. Morgan Gibbon. The Ancient Merchant Lecture for January, 1895. Fcap. 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt top, 2s. 6d.

The Earliest Christian Hymn. By George S. Barrett, D.D. Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. 6d.

Nonconformist Church Buildings. By James Cubitt. Cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

2/- Net

***The Inner Mission Pamphlets.** By J. B. PATON, M.A., D.D. Volumes I. and II., cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Church and the Next Generation. By RICHARD ROBERTS, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Story of Joseph the Dreamer, told by Himself, and Other Poems. By ALFRED CAPES TARBOLTON. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Judges of Jesus: Judas, Annas, Peter, Caiaphas, Herod, Pilate's Wife, Pontius Pilate. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Value of the Old Testament. By BERNARD J. SNELL, M.A., Author of "The Value of the Apocrypha," "Gain or Loss?" &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Purpose of the Cross. By B. G. COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

Atonement and Progress. By NEWTON H. MARSHALL, M.A., Ph.D., Author of "Theology and Truth." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

Authority and the Light Within. By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

Ideals for Girls. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of "Music and Morals." New Edition, crown 8vo, handsomely bound in bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s. net.

A book that all parents should place in the hands of their daughters.

The Glorious Company of the Apostles. Being Studies in the Characters of the Twelve. By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. Cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. net.

"Many think that a readable sermon is a contradiction in terms. Let them read these pages and discover their mistake."—*Examiner.*

The Model Prayer. A Series of Expositions on the Lord's Prayer. By Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. New Edition, cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. net.

"Mr. Jones brings a cultured mind, a well-stored memory, and a gift of spiritual insight to the illustration of the Lord's Prayer."
—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

2/-

Simple Cookery. Comprising "Tasty Dishes" and "More Tasty Dishes." Over 500 Tested Receipts. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

A book that should be in every household.

My Baptism, and What Led to it. By Rev. JAMES MOUNTAIN. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

Adrift on the Black Wild Tide. A Weird and Strange Experience in Dreamland, and a Nautical Version of "The Pilgrim's Progress." By JAMES J. KANE, G.T. Chaplain, U.S. Navy. Cloth gilt, 2s.

2/-

The Children's Paul. A Life of St. Paul specially written for the Young. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON, Author of "The Christ of the Children." 4to, cloth boards, 8 Illustrations on art paper, 2s.

The Christ of the Children. A Life of Jesus for Little People. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON. Cheap Edition. 4to, cloth boards, 12 Illustrations, 2s.

"It is the very loveliest life of Jesus for children ever written by a long way."—Rev. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND in *The Methodist Recorder*.

Stories of Old. Bible Stories Retold. By C. D. MICHAEL, Author of "Noble Deeds," "Deeds of Daring," &c. Cheap Edition. 4to, 288 pp., cloth boards, 8 Illustrations, 2s.

Early Pupils of the Spirit, and What of Samuel? By J. M. WHITON, Ph.D. New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

The Religion of Jesus. By J. ALLANSON PICTON, M.A., J.P. Crown 8vo, 2s.

CLARKE'S COPYRIGHT LIBRARY

Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in cloth boards, **2s.**

The Loves of Miss Anne. By S. R. CROCKETT.
Kit Kennedy. By S. R. CROCKETT.
Cinderella. By S. R. CROCKETT.
Flower-o'-the-Corn. By S. R. CROCKETT.
The Black Familiars. By L. B. WALFORD.
Kid McGhie. By S. R. CROCKETT.

POPULAR EDITION OF EMMA JANE WORBOISE'S NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **2s.**; bevelled boards, **2s. 6d.**

Abbey Mill, The.
Brudenells of Brude, The.
Canonbury Holt.
Chrystabel.
Emilia's Inheritance.
Esther Wynne.
Father Fabian.
Fortune's Favourite.
Fortunes of Cyril Denham, The.
Grey and Gold.
Grey House at Endlestone, The.
Heirs of Errington, The.
His Next of Kin.
House of Bondage.
Husbands and Wives.
Joan Carisbroke.
Lady Clarissa.
Margaret Torrington.
Millicent Kendrick.
Mr. Montmorency's Money
Nobly Born.
Oliver Westwood.
Overdale.
St. Beetha's.
Singlehurst Manor.
Sissie.
Story of Penelope, The.
Thornycroft Hall.
Violet Vaughan.
Warleigh's Trust.
A Woman's Patience.

For other books by this Author see pages 11 and 12.

2/-

NEW SERIES OF COPYRIGHT BOOKS

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **2s.**

***Woven of Love and Glory.** By AMELIA E. BARR.
***The Last of the MacAllisters.** By AMELIA E. BARR.
The Beads of Tasmer. By AMELIA E. BARR.
A Morning Mist. By SARAH TYTLER.
A Sister to Esau. By AMELIA E. BARR.
The Debt of the Damerals. By BESSIE MARCHANT.
A Town Romance; or, On London Stones. By C. C. ANDREWS.
A Daughter of Fife. By AMELIA E. BARR.
The Pride of the Family. By ETHEL F. HEDDLE.
Unknown to Herself. By LAURIE LANSFELDT.
The Squire of Sandal Side. By AMELIA E. BARR.
The Bow of Orange Ribbon. By AMELIA E. BARR.
The Scourge of God. By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.
The New Mrs. Lascelles. By L. T. MEADE.
Miss Devereux, Spinster. By AGNES GIBERNE.
Jan Vedder's Wife. By AMELIA E. BARR.

1/6 Net

THE "FREEDOM OF FAITH" SERIES

Fcap. 8vo, 128 pp., handsomely bound in Green Leather, with chaste design in gold. Price **1s. 6d.** net.

The Simple Things of the Christian Life. By G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.
The Wideness of God's Mercy. By F. B. MEYER, B.A.
The Letters of Christ. By Rev. CHARLES BROWN.
Christ's Pathway to the Cross. By J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D.
The Crucible of Experience. By F. A. RUSSELL.
The Passion for Souls. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A.
The Value of the Apocrypha. By BERNARD J. SNELL, M.A.
Inspiration in Common Life. By W. L. WATKINSON, M.A.
Prayer. By WILLIAM WATSON, M.A.
A Reasonable View of Life. By J. M. BLAKE, M.A.
Common-sense Christianity. By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

"There are precious things in every volume, and the Series deserves success."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Chats with Women on Everyday Subjects. By EDITH C. KENYON, Author of "A Queen of Nine Days," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Faith and Form. An Attempt at a Plain Re-statement of Christian Belief in the Light of To-Day. By HENRY VARLEY, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

The Invisible Companion, and Other Stories for Children. By EDWARD W. LEWIS, M.A., B.D., Author of "The Unescapeable Christ," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

1/6 Net

***The School of Calvary.** By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Passion for Souls," &c. Small crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

***The Reasonableness of Jesus.** By FRANK Y. LEGGATT, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

***The Making of Heaven and Hell.** By J. M. BLAKE, M.A., Author of "A Reasonable View of Life," &c. Small crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

***Ideals in Sunday School Teaching.** By ALFRED H. ANGUS, B.Sc. With Foreword by J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

***Notes on the Life and Teaching of Jesus.** By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A., Author of "Authority and the Light Within." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net; limp cloth, 1s. net.

The Holy Spirit. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

The Faith of a Wayfarer. By ARTHUR PRINGLE. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Jesus or Christ? By Rev. J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil., Author of "The New Evangel," "Jesus: Seven Questions." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

A Baptist Manual of the Order and Administration of a Church. By Rev. J. R. WOOD and SAMUEL CHICK. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Manual for Free Church Ministers. Compiled by Revs. G. P. GOULD, M.A., and J. H. SHAKESPEARE, M.A. A New and Revised Edition, containing an Order for the Solemnisation of Matrimony, an Order for the Burial of the Dead, and a Form of Service for the Dedication of Children, to which are added suitable Hymns. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net; paste grain, round corners, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net.

Who Wrote the Bible? By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., Author of "The Growing Revelation," &c. New and cheap Edition, 256 pages, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Reasons Why for Congregationalists. By Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Ungilded Gold; or, Nuggets from the King's Treasury. Selected Passages from the Bible, arranged for Daily Devotional Reading (uniform with "The Pilot"). 384 pages, silk grain cloth, gilt lettering, red edges, 1s. 6d. net; leather boxed, 2s. 6d. net.

Women and their Work. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "Harvest Gleanings," "Women and their Saviour." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

1/6 Net

***The Inner Mission Leaflets.** By J. B. PATON, M.A., D.D. Two Series in one Volume, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Sunny Memories of Australasia. By Rev. W. CUFF. Crown 8vo, cloth boards. Portraits and Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net.

Britain's Hope, Concerning the Pressing Social Problems. By JULIE SUTTER, Author of "Britain's Next Campaign," &c. Cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Seven Puzzling Bible Books. A Supplement to "Who Wrote the Bible?" By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Burning Questions. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Trial and Triumph. By Rev. CHARLES BROWN. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Reform in Sunday School Teaching. By Professor A. S. PEAKE. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

The Forgotten Sheaf. A Series of Addresses to Children. By Rev. D. J. LLEWELLYN. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Let us Pray. A Handbook of Selected Collects and forms of Prayer for the Use of the Free Churches. By C. SILVESTER HORNE and F. HERBERT DARLOW, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

"An interesting and fascinating volume."—*London Quarterly Review.*

1/6

Storehouse for Preachers and Teachers. A Treasury of Outline Texts and Sermons. By J. ELLIS, Author of "The Seed Basket," &c., &c. Cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Words by the Wayside. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "Leaves for Quiet Hours," "Thoughts for Life's Journey," &c. New Edition. Oblong, cloth boards, gilt top, 1s. 6d.

Ancient Musical Instruments. A popular Account of their Development, as illustrated by Typical Examples in the Galpin Collection at Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex. By WILLIAM LYND. Linen cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

The Church and the Kingdom. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"This most interesting little book is heartily welcome."
—*Morning Leader.*

Race and Religion. Hellenistic Theology, its Place in Christian Thought. By THOMAS ALLIN, D.D. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

The Children's Pace; and Other Addresses to Children. By Rev. J. S. MAVER, M.A., of Paisley. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"Mr. Maver has produced one of the best books of the kind published for some time."—*Banffshire Journal.*

1/6

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS

Pott 8vo, bound in buckram cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

The Christ Within. By Rev. T. Rhondda Williams.

Old Pictures in Modern Frames. By J. G. Greenhough, M.A.

The Taste of Death and the Life of Grace. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D.

The Conquered World. By R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D.

The Angels of God. By John Hunter, D.D.

Social Worship an Everlasting Necessity. By John Clifford, D.D.

Types of Christian Life. By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A.

Faith the Beginning, Self-Surrender the Fulfilment, of the Spiritual Life. By James Martineau, D.D., D.C.L. Second Edition. Sixth Thousand.

How to Become Like Christ. By Marcus Dods, D.D. Second Edition.

The Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. By Alexander Mackennal, D.D.

The Way of Life. By H. Arnold Thomas, M.A.

The Ship of the Soul. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

The Christian Life. By W. M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

Character Through Inspiration. By T. T. Munger, D.D.

Infoldings and Unfoldings of the Divine Genius, in Nature and Man. By John Pulsford, D.D. New Edition.

The Jealousy of God. By John Pulsford, D.D.

Martineau's Study of Religion. By Richard A. Armstrong.

The Supreme Argument for Christianity. By W. Garrett Horder.

1/- Net

***At the Gates of the Dawn.** By F. B. MEYER, B.A., Author of "The Wideness of God's Mercy," &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. net; leather, round corners, 2s. 6d. net.

***The Comforts of God.** Lectures on the 14th Chapter of St. John. By R. GLOVER, D.D. New and Revised Edition. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, round corners, 2s. 6d. net.

***The Life, Faith and Prayer of the Church.** By J. B. PATON, M.A., D.D., Author of "Applied Christianity," &c. Cloth boards, 1s. net.

***Practical Points in Popular Proverbs.** By F. A. REES, Author of "Plain Talks on Plain Subjects." With an Introduction by the Rev. CHAS. WILLIAMS, of Accrington. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. net.

The Garrisoned Soul. Meditations on "Peace, Perfect Peace," by C. E. P. ANTRAM. Fancy cloth, 1s. net.

"It is just the sort of book, chaste and beautiful, contents and binding alike, that would make a pretty present on a birthday or a Church festival. Its size and its type make it suitable also to send to an invalid. Indeed, its cheering chapters would to many such, we are sure, act like a tonic, and be an efficient co-worker with the physician."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

Do We Need a New Theology? By HAROLD E. BRIERLEY. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. net.

Women and their Saviour. Thoughts of a Minute for a Month. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "Harvest Gleanings," &c. Cloth, 1s. net.

"These 'thoughts of a minute for a month of mornings' are the outpourings of an entirely unaffected piety."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Reasons Why for Free Churchmen. By Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. Small 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. net.

The Price of Priestcraft. By HOWARD EVANS. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

"We wish for it a very large circulation. No one has served the cause of religious freedom better than Mr. Howard Evans by his labours in the Press and elsewhere."—*British Weekly.*

Plain Talks. By Rev. E. BAKER, of Capetown, Author of "Revivals of the Bible," "Return of the Lord," &c. Crown 8vo, paper, 1s. net.

Christian Baptism: Its Significance and its Subjects. By J. E. ROBERTS, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. net.

Sunday Afternoon Song Book, with Tunes. Compiled by H. A. KENNEDY and R. D. METCALFE. 1s. net. Words only, 12s. 6d. per hundred net.

"The airs have been selected and arranged under the editorship of Mr. R. D. Metcalfe, and add so much to the value of the collection that this edition will easily supersede all others and give the work a new popularity with choral societies and others interested in church music."

—*The Scotsman.*

1/-

***The Merry Animal Picture Book.** Pictures by HARRY B. NEILSON, J. A. SHEPHERD, and LOUIS WAIN, with Stories in Verse and Prose. Crown 4to, coloured paper boards, varnished, 1s.

Holidays in Animal Land. Pictures by HARRY B. NEILSON, J. A. SHEPHERD, and LOUIS WAIN. Coloured paper boards, varnished, 1s.

Animal Playtime. Pictures by J. A. SHEPHERD, LOUIS WAIN, HARRY B. NEILSON, &c., with Stories in Verse and Prose. Coloured paper boards, varnished, 1s.

Animal Gambols. Comical Pictures of Animals drawn by LOUIS WAIN, HARRY B. NEILSON, J. A. SHEPHERD and others, with Stories in Verse and Prose. Crown 4to, coloured, paper boards, varnished, 1s.

Fireside Fairy Tales. Full of Appropriate Pictures. Crown 4to, coloured paper boards, varnished, 1s.

Outline Text Lessons for Junior Classes. By GLADYS DAVIDSON, Author of "Kindergarten Bible Stories," &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

"The book is simple and practical, and will be found suggestive and helpful by teachers."—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

Golden Truths for Young Folk. By J. ELLIS, Author of "The Seed Basket," "Tool Basket," "By Way of Illustration," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

"Useful, direct and easily understood set of talks to children."
—*British Weekly.*

How to Read the Bible. Hints for Sunday-school Teachers and Other Bible Students. By W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Principal of Lancashire College, Manchester, Author of "The Bible Story Retold," &c. New and Revised Edition. Nineteenth Thousand. Cloth boards, 1s.

"A most admirable little work. We know of no book which deals with this subject so clearly and adequately within so small a compass. It speaks of itself modestly as 'Hints for Sunday-school Teachers and other Bible Students,' but it is one of the very few manuals which are well worth the study of the clergy."—*The Guardian.*

Health and Home Nursing. By Mrs. LESSELS MATHER, Health Lecturer to the Northumberland County Council. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

A book that should be in every household. Contains chapters on The Care of the Invalid, Homely Local Applications, Feeding the Invalid, Infection and Disinfection, Care of the Teeth, The Value of Foods, Influenza, its Causes and Prevention, Consumption, its Causes and Prevention, Digestion and Indigestion, Headaches, Home Nursing of Sick Children, What to do till the Doctor Comes, Habits in Relation to Health, The Health of the Town Dweller.

1/-

A Religion that will Wear. A Layman's Confession of Faith. Addressed to Agnostics by a SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

Helps to Health and Beauty. Two Hundred Practical Prescriptions by a Pharmaceutical Chemist.

"This little book contains two hundred practical prescriptions or formulæ for preparations for the hair, hands, nails, feet, skin, teeth, and bath, in addition to perfumes, insecticides, and medicaments for various ailments. As far as possible technical language is avoided, and the directions are clear and concise."—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

Morning, Noon and Night. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Fcap. 8vo, parchment cover with gold lettering, 1s.

"Deeply suggestive, and as earnest as its fancies are pleasing and quaint."
—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Wayside Angels, and Other Sermons. By W. K. BURFORD, Minister of the Wicker Congregational Church, Sheffield. Pott 8vo, cloth, 1s.

Tasty Dishes. A Choice Selection of Tested Recipes, showing what we can have for Breakfast, Dinner, Tea and Supper. It is designed for people of moderate means who desire to have pleasant and varied entertainment for themselves and their friends. It is a book of genuine and tested information. New Edition. Thoroughly revised and brought up to date. 130th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 1s.

"No home ought to be without this timely, useful, and practical family friend."—*Brighton Gazette.*

More Tasty Dishes. A Book of Tasty, Economical, and Tested Recipes. Including a Section on Invalid Cookery. A Supplement to "Tasty Dishes." New Edition. Price 1s.

"Every recipe is so clearly stated that the most inexperienced cook could follow them and make dainty dishes at a small cost."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"The recipes given have been carefully tried and not been found wanting."
—*The Star.*

Talks to Little Folks. A Series of Short Addresses. By Rev. J. C. CARLILE. Crown 8vo, art vellum, 1s.

"No one who reads this book can reasonably doubt that Mr. Carlile is master of the difficult art of catching and sustaining the interest of young people. He is wise enough to dispense with the preacher's framework, texts, introductions, &c., and at once he arrests attention by a direct question or a brief story."—*Literary World.*

Oliver Cromwell. By R. F. HORTON, D.D., Author of "John Howe," "The Teaching of Jesus," &c., &c. Sixth Edition. Nineteenth Thousand. 1s.

"Worthy a place in the library of every Christian student."
—*Methodist Recorder.*

1/-

Rome from the Inside; or, The Priests' Revolt. Translated and Compiled by "J. B." of *The Christian World*. Third Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, price 1s.

This pamphlet may be described in brief as a record of the new revolt in the French priesthood. Its contents are chiefly letters and addresses from priests and ex-priests. These, it will be recognised at once, are a testimony of the very first order as to what modern Rome really stands for in relation to spiritual life, to morality, and to intellectual progress.

The Bible Definition of Religion. By GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D. Printed on deckle-edged paper, with red border lines and decorated wrapper, in envelope. Price 1s.

The Awe of the New Century. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. Decorated parchment cover and decorated margins to each page printed in colours. Gilt top. Each copy in envelope. Second Edition.

"A most impressive and delightful little book, displaying all the best qualities of the popular pastor of Hampstead."—*The Western Mercury.*

The Sceptre Without a Sword. By Dr. GEORGE MATHESON. In envelope. Pott 8vo, 1s.

"This is a very charming little book—both externally and internally."
—*Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald.*

Our Girls' Cookery. By the Author of "Tasty Dishes." Crown 8vo, linen, 1s.

"A most artistic-looking little volume, filled with excellent recipes, that are given so clearly and sensibly that the veriest tyro in the culinary art will be able to follow them as easily as possible."—*The Lady.*

The Divine Satisfaction. A Review of what should and what should not be thought about the Atonement. By J. M. WHITON. Crown 8vo, paper, 1s.

Christianity in Common Speech: Suggestions for an Everyday Belief. By Sir J. COMPTON RICKETT, M.P. Demy 8vo, 1s.

By MARY E. MANNERS

Crown 8vo, Linen Covers, 1s. each.

A Tale of a Telephone, and Other Pieces.

"Narrative pieces, suitable for recitation."—*Outlook.*

The Bishop and the Caterpillar (as recited by the late Mr. Brandram), and Other Pieces. Dedicated by permission to Lewis Carroll. Fourth Edition.

"The first two pieces are quite worthy of Ingoldsby, and that reverend gentleman would not have been ashamed to own them. The pieces are admirably suited for recitation."—*Dramatic Review.*

Aunt Agatha Ann; and Other Ballads. Illustrations by ERNOLD A. MASON and LOUIS WAIN.

"Excellent pieces for recitation from a popular pen."—*Lady's Pictorial*

1/-

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS

(CHEAP EDITION)

Bound in red cloth, 1s. each.

Social Worship an Everlasting Necessity. By JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.

The Taste of Death and the Life of Grace. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.

The Conquered World. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

The Christian Life. By Archdeacon SINCLAIR.

The Ship of the Soul. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

Faith and Self-Surrender By JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D., D.C.L.

Martineau's Study of Religion. By RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG.

The Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. By ALEXANDER A. MACKENNAL, D.D.

6d. Net.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

Six Booklets by J. B. PATON, M.A., D.D.

Price 6d. net.

1. **The Unemployable and the Unemployed.**
2. **Applied Christianity.**
3. **Counter-attractions to the Public-house.**
4. **Secondary Education for the Industrial Classes, &c.**
5. **Continuation Schools from a Higher Point of View.**
6. **How to Restore the Yeoman-peasantry of England.**

The six Booklets in case, price 3s.

The Birthday of Hope. By J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. Illustrated. Printed on art paper, with fancy cover and ribbon, 6d. net. Padded white cloth, lettering in gold, boxed, 1s. 6d. net.

The Ship's Engines. A Parable. By the late T. CAMPBELL FINLAYSON, D.D. In vellum cover, 6d. net.

REV. J. H. JOWETT says :—"I am so glad you are issuing the article in the shape of the little booklet. I am sure it will be very helpful to many people, and will bring light and leading to many bewildered souls."

6d.

England's Danger. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Price 6d. Contents : ROMANISM AND NATIONAL DECAY ; ST. PETER AND THE ROCK ; TRUTH ; PROTESTANTISM ; HOLY SCRIPTURE ; PURGATORY.

"Good fighting discourses. They contend that Roman Catholicism has ruined every country in which it prevails, and controvert the leading positions taken by Roman theologians."—*Scotsman.*

6d.

CLARKE'S SIXPENNY SERIES

Demy 8vo, Paper Covers.

Margaret Torrington. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE.
Between Two Loves. By AMELIA E. BARR.
Studies of the Soul. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A.
Violet Vaughan. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE.
The Bow of Orange Ribbon. By AMELIA E. BARR.
The Fortunes of Cyril Denham. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE.
Jan Vedder's Wife. By AMELIA E. BARR.
St. Beetha's. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE.
A Daughter of Fife. By AMELIA E. BARR.
Ourselves and the Universe. By J. BRIERLEY.

4d. Net

Holy Christian Empire. By Rev. PRINCIPAL FORSYTH, M.A., D.D., of Hackney College, Hampstead. Crown 8vo, paper cover, 4d. net.

"Rich in noble thought, in high purpose, in faith and in courage. Every sentence tells, and the whole argument moves onward to its great conclusion. Dr. Forsyth has put the argument for missions in a way that will nerve and inspire the Church's workers at home and abroad for fresh sacrifice."
—*London Quarterly Review.*

The Unique Class Chart and Register. By Rev. J. H. RIDDETTE. Specially arranged and absolutely indispensable for keeping a complete record of the scholars according to the requirements of the Meggitt Scheme of Sunday-school Reform. Linen cover, 4d. net.

3d. Net

School Hymns, for Schools and Missions. Words only. Compiled by E. H. MAYO GUNN. Cloth limp, 3d.; cloth boards, 6d.; music, 3s.

2d. Net

The Sunday Afternoon Song Book. Containing 137 Hymns. For use at "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons," and Other Gatherings. Compiled by H. A. KENNEDY, of the Men's Sunday Union, Stepney Meeting House. Twentieth Thousand, 2d.; music, 1s.

"Contains 137 hymns, the catholic character of which, in the best sense of the term, may be gathered from the names of the authors, which include Tennyson, Ebenezer Elliott, Whittier, G. Herbert, C. Wesley, Thomas Hughes, J. H. Newman, Longfellow, Bonar, and others. While the purely dogmatic element is largely absent, the Christian life, in its forms of aspiration, struggle against sin, and love for the true and the good, is well illustrated."—*Literary World.*

Index of Titles

	PAGE
Abbey Mill, The	17
Adrift on the Black Wild Tide	16
America in the East	5
Ancient Musical Instruments	20
Angels of God, The	21
Animal Gambols	23
Animal Playtime	23
Anne Killigrew	4
Apocalyptical Writers, The Messages of the	11
Apostles, The Messages of the	11
Applied Christianity	26
Aspects of the Spiritual	7
Asquith, TheRight Hon. H. H., M.P.	7
At the Gates of the Dawn	22
Atonement and Progress	16
Atonement in Modern Thought, The	8
Aunt Agatha Ann	25
Authority & the Light Within	16
Awe of the New Century, The	25
Baptist Handbook, The	15
Baptist Manual of the Order and Administration of a Church, A	19
Barrow, Henry, Separatist	2
Beads of Tasmer, The	11, 18
Between Two Loves	11, 27
Bible Definition of Religion, The	25
Birthday of Hope, The	26
Bishop and the Caterpillar, The	25
Black Familiars, The	4, 17
Border Shepherdess, A	11
Bow of Orange Ribbon, The	18, 27
Britain's Hope	20
Brudenells of Brude, The	17
Burning Questions	20
Canonbury Holt	17
Cartoons of St. Mark	5
Challenge, The	14
Character through Inspiration	21
Chats with Women on Every-day Subjects	18
Children's Pace, The	20
Children's Paul, The	17
Christ and Everyday Life	13
Christ of the Children, The	17
Christ that is To Be, The	10
Christ, The Private Relationships of	5
Christ Within, The	21
Christ's Pathway to the Cross	18
Christian Baptism	22
Christian Certitude	7
Christian Life, The	21, 26
Christian of To-day, The	7
Christian World Pulpit, The	6
Christianity in Common Speech	25
Chrystabel	11, 17
Church and Modern Life, The	8
Church and the Kingdom, The	20
Church and the Next Generation, The	16
Church Questions of our Time	12
Cinderella	3, 17
City of Delight, The	4
Comforts of God, The	22
Common Life, The	9
Common-sense Christianity	18
Conquered World, The	21, 26
Conquering Prayer	13
Continuation Schools from a Higher Point of View	26
Counter-attractions to the Public-house	26
Courage of the Coward, The	9
Crucible of Experience, The	18
Daughter of Fife, A	11, 18, 27
Debt of the Damerals, The	18
Divine Satisfaction, The	25
Do We Need a New Theology?	22
Dutch in the Medway, The	10
Earlier Prophets, The Messages of the	11
Earliest Christian Hymn, The	15
Early Pupils of the Spirit	17
Education of a Soul, The	13
Emilia's Inheritance	17
England's Danger	26
Epistle to the Galatians, The	15
Esther Wynne	11, 17
Eternal Religion, The	9
Evangelical Heterodoxy	7
Evolution of Old Testament Religion, The	8
Exposition, The Art of	6
Ezekiel, The Book of	2
Faces in the Mist	4
Faith and Form	18
Faith and Verification	5
Faith of a Wayfarer, The	16
Faith the Beginning, Self-Surrender the Fulfilment, of the Spiritual Life	21, 29
Family Prayers for Morning Use	10
Father Fabian	17

	PAGE
Fifty Years' Reminiscences of a Free Church Musician	13
Fireside Fairy Tales	23
First Christians, The	9
Flower-o'-the-Corn	3, 17
Forgotten Sheaf, The	20
Fortune's Favourite	17
Fortunes of Cyril Denham, The	17, 27
Fragments of Thought	10
"Freedom of Faith" Series, The	18
Friend Olivia	4
Gamble with Life, A	10
Garrisoned Soul, The	22
Gloria Patri	10
Glorious Company of the Apostles, The	16
God's Greater Britain	10
Golden Truths for Young Folk	23
Good New Times, The	15
Gospel of Grace, The	8
Grey and Gold	11, 17
Grey House at Endlestone	17
Growing Revelation, The	5
Harvest Gleanings	15
Health and Home Nursing	23
Health in the Home Life	13
Heart of Jessy Laurie, The	4
Heartsease in the Family	12
Heavenly Visions	6
Heirs of Errington, The	17
Helen Bury	12
Helps to Health and Beauty	24
Higher on the Hill	6
His Next of Kin	11, 17
His Rustic Wife	10
History of the United States, A	2
Holidays in Animal Land	23
Holy Christian Empire	27
Holy Spirit, The	19
House of Bondage, The	17
House of the Secret, The	4
How to Become Like Christ	21
How to Read the Bible	23
How to Restore the Yeoman-peasantry of England	26
Husbands and Wives	17
Ideals for Girls	16
Ideals in Sunday School Teaching	19
Immanence of Christ in Modern Life, The	13
Impregnable Faith, An	13
Incarnation of the Lord, The	5
Industrial Explorings in and around London	10
Infoldings and Unfoldings of the Divine Genius	21
Inner Mission Leaflets, The	20
Inner Mission Pamphlets, The	16
Inspiration in Common Life	18
Interludes in a Time of Change	7
Invisible Companion, The	18
Inward Light, The	9
Israel's Law Givers, The Messages of	11
Jan Vedder's Wife	18, 27
Jealousy of God, The	21
Jesus and His Teaching	8
Jesus or Christ?	19
Jesus: Seven Questions	8
Jesus, The First Things of	7
Jesus, The Messages of, According to the Gospel of John	11
Jesus, The Messages of, According to the Synoptists	11
Joan Carisbroke	11, 17
Job and His Comforters	15
Joshua, The Book of	3
Judges of Jesus, The	16
Judges, The Book of	3
Kid McGhie	3, 17
Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, The	21, 26
Kit Kennedy: Country Boy	3, 17
Lady Clarissa	17
Last of the MacAllisters, The	11, 18
Later Prophets, The Messages of the	11
Leaves for Quiet Hours	14
Let us Pray	20
Letters of Christ, The	18
Liberty and Religion	14
Life and Letters of Alexander Mackennal, The	6
Life and Teaching of Jesus, Notes on the	19
Life and the Ideal	6
Life, Faith, and Prayer of the Church	22
Life in His Name	7
Life's Beginnings	12
Lifted Veil, A	13
Loves of Miss Anne, The	3, 17
Lynch, Rev. T. T.: A Memoir	5
Lyrics of the Soul	13
Making of Heaven and Hell, The	19
Making of Personality, The	5
Manual for Free Church Ministers, A	19
Margaret Torrington	17, 27

	PAGE
Martineau's Study of Religion 21,	26
Maud Bolingbroke .	12
Merry Animal Picture Book, The . . .	23
Messages of Hope . . .	8
Messages of the Bible, The .	11
Millicent Kendrick . 11,	17
Ministry of the Modern Church, The . . .	13
Miss Devereux, Spinster .	18
Model Prayer, The . .	16
Modern Minor Prophets .	12
Modern Theories of Sin. .	7
More Tasty Dishes . .	24
Morning and Evening Cries .	15
Morning Mist, A . . .	18
Morning, Noon, and Night .	24
Mornington Lecture, The .	5
Mr. Montmorency's Money 11,	17
My Baptism . . .	16
My Belief	8
My Neighbour and God . .	14
New Evangel, The . .	13
New Mrs. Lascelles, The .	18
New Testament in Modern Speech, The . . .	14
Nineteen Hundred ? . .	10
Nobly Born	17
Nonconformist Church Buildings	15
Old Pictures in Modern Frames	21
Oliver Cromwell . . .	24
Oliver Westwood . . .	17
Our City of God . . .	9
Our Girls' Cookery . .	25
Ourselves and the Universe 9,	27
Outline Text Lessons for Junior Classes . .	23
Overdale . . . 11,	17
Passion for Souls, The .	18
Paton, J. B., M.A., D.D. .	6
Paul and Christina . .	11
Paul, The Messages of .	11
Pearl Divers of Roncador Reef, The . . .	10
Personality of Jesus, The .	12
Pilot, The	14
Plain Talks	22
Poems. By Mme. Guyon .	12
Poems of Mackenzie Bell, The	14
Polychrome Bible, The . 2,	3
Popular Argument for the Unity of Isaiah, A . .	15
Popular History of the Free Churches, A . . 4,	14
Practical Lay Preaching and Speaking to Men . .	14
Practical Points in Popular Proverbs . . .	22
Prayer	18
Preaching to the Times . .	10
Price of Priestcraft, The .	22
Pride of the Family, The .	18
Problems of Immanence .	13
Problems of Living . .	9
Prophetical and Priestly Historians, The Messages of .	11
Psalmists, The Messages of the	11
Purpose of the Cross, The .	16
Quickening of Caliban, The .	10
Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers in My Study .	12
Race and Religion . .	20
Reasonable View of Life, A .	18
Reasonableness of Jesus, The.	19
Reasons Why for Congregationalists . . .	19
Reasons Why for Free Churchmen	22
Reform in Sunday School Teaching . . .	20
Religion and Experience .	9
Religion and Miracle . .	7
Religion of Jesus, The . .	17
Religion that will Wear, A .	24
Resultant Greek Testament, The	15
Rights of Man, The . .	4
Rise of Philip Barrett, The 4,	15
Robert Wreford's Daughter .	11
Rogers, J. Guinness . .	2
Rome from the Inside . .	25
Rosebud Annual, The . 6,	12
Rose of a Hundred Leaves, A .	4
Ruling Ideas of the Present Age	6
Sceptre Without a Sword, The	25
School of Calvary, The .	19
School Hymns . . 12,	27
Scourge of God, The . .	18
Sculptors of Life . .	13
Secondary Education for the Industrial Classes, &c. .	26
Sermon Illustration, The Art of . . .	7
Seven Puzzling Bible Books .	20
She Loved a Sailor . .	11
Ship of the Soul, The . 21,	26
Ship's Engines, The . .	26
Sidelights on New Testament Research . . .	4
Sidelights on Religion . .	7
Simple Cookery . . .	16
Simple Things of the Christian Life, The .	18

	PAGE
Singlehurst Manor . 11,	17
Sissie 11,	17
Sister to Esau, A . . 11,	18
Small Books on Great Subjects 21,	26
Social Questions of the Day .	26
Social Salvation . . .	6
Social Worship an Everlasting Necessity . . 21,	26
Songs of Joy and Faith .	13
Squire of Sandal Side, The 11,	18
St. Beetha's . 11, 17,	27
Storehouse for Preachers and Teachers . . .	20
Stories of Old . . .	17
Story of Congregationalism in Surrey, The . . .	8
Story of Joseph the Dreamer, The	16
Story of Penelope, The . .	17
Story ot the English Baptists, The	9
Studies of the Soul . 9,	27
Sunday Afternoon Song Book 22,	27
Sunday Morning Talks with Boys and Girls . .	15
Sunny Memories of Australasia	20
Supreme Argument for Christianity, The . . .	21
Tale of a Telephone, A . .	25
Talks to Little Folks . .	24
Taste of Death and the Life of Grace, The . . 21,	26
Tasty Dishes . . .	24
Ten Commandments, The .	15
Theology and Truth . .	5
Theophilus Trinal, Memorials of	5
Things Most Surely Believed .	13
Thornycroft Hall . . .	17
Thoughts for Life's Journey .	8
Through Science to Faith .	4
Tools and the Man . .	6
Town Romance, A . .	18
Transfigured Church, The .	6
Trial and Triumph . .	20
True Christ, The . .	12
Types of Christian Life . .	21
Unemployable and the Unemployed, The . . .	26
Ungilded Gold . . 13,	19
Unique Class Chart and Register . . .	27
Unknown to Herself . .	18
Value of the Apocrypha, The .	18
Value of the Old Testament .	16
Vida	3
Violet Vaughan . 11, 17,	27
Voice from China, A . .	8
Warleigh's Trust . . .	17
Way of Life, The . . .	21
Wayside Angels . . .	24
Web of Circumstance, The .	4
Westminster Sermons . .	7
Who Wrote the Bible ? . .	19
Why We Believe . . .	14
Wideness of God's Mercy, The	18
Winning of Immortality, The.	7
Woman's Patience, A . .	17
Women and their Saviour .	22
Women and their Work .	19
Words by the Wayside . .	20
Working Woman's Life, A .	8
Woven of Love and Glory 11,	18
Young Man's Ideal, A .	12
Young Man's Religion, A .	15

Index of Authors

	PAGE
Abbott, Lyman 4,	8
Adeney, W. F. 8,	23
Aked, C. F. .	[illegible]
Allin, T. . .	20
Andom, R. . .	10
Andrews, C. C. .	18
Angus, A. H. .	19
Antram, C. E. P. .	22
Armstrong, R. A. . . 21,	26
Baker, E. . .	22
Barr, Amelia E. 4, 11, 18,	27
Barrett, G. S. .	15
Barrows, C. H. .	12
Becke, Louis .	10
Bell, Mackenzie .	14
Bennett, W. H. .	3
Benvie, Andrew .	6
Betts, C. H. 10,	13
Blake, J. M. 18,	19
Bloundelle-Burton, J. . . .	18
Bosworth, E. I. .	13
Bradford, Amory H. 5,	9
Brierley, H. E. .	22
Brierley, J. 6, 7, 9,	27
Briggs, C. A. .	5
Brooke, Stopford A. . . 21,	26
Brown, C. 6, 18,	20
Burford, W. K. .	24
Burgin, Isabel .	4
Campbell, R. J. .	8
Carlile, J. C. . 9,	24
Carman, Bliss .	5
Cave, Dr. . .	8
Chick, S. . .	19

	PAGE
Cleal, E. E.	8
Clifford, John	10, 21, 26
Collins, B. G.	16
Crockett, S. R.	3, 17
Cubitt, James	15
Cuff, W.	20
Darlow, F. H.	20
Davidson, Gladys	23
Dods, Marcus	8, 21
Elias, F.	7
Ellis, J.	20, 23
Evans, H.	22
Farningham, Marianne,	8, 10, 13, 15, 19, 22
Farrar, Dean	8
Finlayson, T. Campbell	26
Fiske, J.	2
Forsyth, P. T.	8, 21, 26, 27
Fremantle, Dean	8
Furness, H. H.	2
Gibbon, J. Morgan	7, 15
Giberne, Agnes	18
Gladden, Washington	6, 8, 19, 20
Glover, R.	22
Godet, Professor	8
Gordon, George A.	7
Gould, G. P.	19
Greenhough, J. G.	15, 21
Griffis, W. E.	5
Griffith-Jones, E.	5, 21
Grubb, E.	16, 19
Gunn, E. H. M.	12, 27
Guyon, Madame	12
Harnack, Professor	8
Harris, J. Rendel	4
Haupt, P.	[illegible]
Haweis, H. R.	16
Haycraft, Mrs.	10
Heddle, Ethel F.	18
Henson, Canon H. Hensley	7, 10
Hill, F. A.	2
Hocking, S. K.	10
Horder, W. Garrett	21
Horne, C. Silvester	4, 8, 13, 14, 18, 20
Horton, R. F.	5, 8, 19, 21, 24, 25, 26
Hunter, John	8, 21
"J. B." of *The Christian World*	25
J. M. G.	10
Jefferson, C. E.	12
Jeffs, H.	6, 7, 12, 14, 15
John, Griffith	8
Jones, J. D.	8, 13, 16, 18, 19, 22, 26
Jowett, J. H.	6, 18, 19
Kane, James J.	16
Kennedy, H. A.	22, 27
Kennedy, John	15
Kent, C. F.	11
Kenyon, Edith C.	18
Lansfeldt, L.	18
La Touche, E. D.	7
Lee, W. T.	14
Leggatt, F. Y.	19
Lewis, E. W.	18
Llewellyn, D. J.	20
Lyall, David	4, 15
Lynch, T. T.	5
Lynd, William	20
Maefadyen, D.	6
Macfarlane, Charles	10
M'Intyre, D. M.	7
Mackennal, Alexander	21, 26
Manners, Mary E.	25
Marchant, Bessie	18
Marchant, J.	6
Marshall, J. T.	15
Marshall, N. H.	5, 16
Martineau, Jas.	21, 26
Mason, E. A.	25
Mather, Lessels	23
Matheson, George	8, 14, 20, 25
Maver, J. S.	20
Meade, L. T.	18
Metcalfe, R. D.	22
Meyer, F. B.	18, 22
Michael, C. D.	17
Miller, Elizabeth	4
Minshall, E.	13
Moore, G. F.	3
Morgan, G. Campbell	15, 18
Morten, Honnor	13
Mountain, J.	16
Munger, T. T.	8, 21
Neilson, H. B.	23
Orchard, W. E.	7, 8
Palmer, Frederic	7
Paton, J. B.	12, 16, 20, 22, 26
Peake, A. S.	20
Pharmaceutical Chemist, A	24
Picton, J. Allanson	17
Powicke, F. J.	2
Pringle, A.	19
Pulsford, John	21
Rees, F. A.	22
Reid, J.	7
Rickett, Sir J. Compton	10, 25
Riddette, J. H.	27
Robarts, F. H.	15
Roberts, J. E.	22
Roberts, R.	16
Rogers, J. Guinness	2
Russell, F. A.	18
Sabatier, A.	8
Sanders, F. K.	11
Schrenck, E. von	8
Scottish Presbyterian, A	24
Shakespeare, J. H.	19
Shepherd, J. A.	23
Sinclair, Archdeacon	21, 26
Smyth, Newman	4
Snell, Bernard J.	8, 16, 18
Steuart, J. A.	4
Stevenson, J. G.	13, 14, 16, 17
Stewart, D. M.	13
Stuart, Duncan	4
Sutter, Julie	20
Swan, F. R.	13
Swetenham, L.	13
Tarbolton, A. C.	16
Thomas, H. Arnold	21
Toy, C. H.	2
Tymms, T. V.	5
Tynan, Katharine	4
Tytler, S.	18
Varley, H.	18
Veitch R.	7, 9
Wain, Louis	23, 25
Walford, L. B.	4, 17
Walker, W. L.	12
Warschauer, J.	8, 13, 19
Waters, N. McG.	15
Watkinson, W. L.	18
Watson, W.	12, 18
Weymouth, R. F.	14, 15
White, W.	5
Whiton, J. M.	7, 10, 17, 25
Williams, T. R.	21
Wilson, P. W.	14
Wood, J. R.	19
Worboise, Emma J.	11, 12, 17, 27
Yates, T.	13

W. Speaight & Sons, Printers, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

BJ
1581
B69
1910

Brierley, Jonathan, 1843-1914.
Life and the ideal. London, J. Clark
1910.
287p. 20cm.

CONTENTS.—The quest of the ideal.—Work and the ideal.—Co
of the ideal.—Sin and the ideal.—Faith and the ideal.—Intellect
moral ideal.—Prayer and the ideal.—Philosophy and religion.—Ev
the ideal.—Ideals and life-planning.—Aristocracy and the ideal.—T
in democracy.—Nature and the political ideal.—Of human goodn
route.—The ideal in self-loss.—The ideal and the wall.—Stimulan
estate and the ideal.—Life as transformation.—The ideal as i
ence.—Land and people.—Religion and the state.—Our poor rel
The ideal and health.—The powers of darkness.—Our unused
Failure and the ideal.—The ethics of trade.—Moods and the ideal.

1. Conduct of life —Addresses, essays, lec
I. Title.
CCSC/mmb

022259